ARCH

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

ARY MARTIN

I Want a Divorce

adio's Compelling Drama of a Faithless Wife

WHEN A WOMAN DOCTOR LOVES

The Case History of HILDA HOPE, Daring Radio Heroine

PREVIEW COPY



Yes,

YOU WILL BE MORE BEAUTIFUL WITH PRINCESS PAT ROUGE



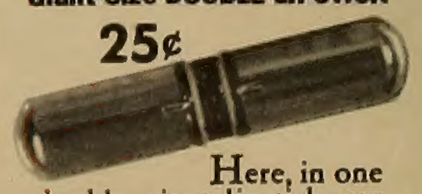
Its Color is Real—Not Artificial

SUPPOSE YOU suddenly discovered a way to brilliant new loveliness . . . wouldn't you want it? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge certainly CAN'T give you all the beauty you *could* have if it leaves you with a painted, artificial look!

But PRINCESS PAT ROUGE is not ordinary rouge—it's duo-tone . . . an *undertone* and an *overtone* make each shade. When you apply PRINCESS PAT ROUGE, a color-miracle takes place. Mysteriously, the true color of youth comes into your skin, so gloriously real *no one will guess it is rouge.* The effect is that the color comes from WITHIN your skin, like a blush, only much more thrilling. Hidden loveliness suddenly blooms. Somehow, you radiate fresh NEW charm . . . your new complexion beauty compels the admiration of those whom you have always wanted to love you. You actually SEE this amazing improvement take place—*instantly.*

But remember this—*only* PRINCESS PAT ROUGE has the *duo-tone* secret. See it perform its color-miracle on YOU. Until you do, you *will never know* how lovely you really are.

PRINCESS PAT
Tu-Shade
Giant Size DOUBLE LIPSTICK
25¢



Here, in one double giant lipstick, are the two lipstick shades that fashion says you *must* wear now. One is a brilliant Bombshell Red—the other a Blue-Blood Red. Armed with a PRINCESS PAT Tu-Shade Lipstick there's no costume, mood or situation that your lips can't meet—with cheers! Two lipsticks in one. And think, it's only 25¢!



HOUGH COPY

Now! A Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps—ONLY CAMAY HAS IT!

Let Camay help you to a Lovelier Skin and a More Radiant Complexion . . . Look for these Three Beauty Cleansing Advantages in the New Camay!









We tested Camay against 6 other best-selling toilet soaps and PROVED its three amazing advantages. Now Camay actually brings most women a definite promise that its gentle, thorough cleansing will help them to a lovelier, more appealing skin.

THOUSANDS of beautiful women—brides, debutantes, wives and mothers—have thanked Camay for aiding them to a lovelier skin!

And now Camay is actually *improved!* You'll *know* it's different the moment you open a cake. There's a new, delightful, longer-lasting fragrance about it that you'll love.

The Promise of a Lovelier Skin!

Today, Camay's three great, beauty cleansing advantages—more abundant lather in a short time—greater mildness—new, exciting fragrance—all work in harmony to help give you new charm and allure.

Yes—now Camay actually brings most women a definite promise that its gentle, thorough cleansing will help them to have a lovelier skin and a more radiant complexion.

Try Improved Camay, NOW!

Start enjoying the advantages of new Camay right away. Not until you try it on your own skin (a 3-cake trial will do) can you realize what a wonderful aid to beauty this new Camay is!

Go to your dealer. Look for Camay in the same yellow and green wrapper. It's cellophane covered for freshness.

Get 3 cakes of Camay. Then give Camay every test you can think of. Note its wonderful, new, longer-lasting fragrance. Feel how your skin responds to its gentle, beauty cleansing care!

THE BEAUTY NEWS OF 1940 IS THE NEW CAMAY!

"EVER SINCE MY MARRIAGE—!"

Read this interesting letter from Mrs. Gilbert Berry, Kansas City, Mo.:

Ever since my marriage I've used Camay. Now more than ever, I love new Camay's gentle, rich lather and longer-lasting fragrance. I know now that Camay helps bring out the loveliness of my skin!

(Signed) MADELEINE BERRY
(Mrs. Gilbert Berry)

November 2, 1939



Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A wonderful, new fragrance that 2 out of 3 women prefer!

You'll agree with the hundreds of women whom we asked to compare Camay's new fragrance with that of 6 other famous toilet soaps. Approximately 2 out of 3 women voted for Camay's delightful fragrance! It lasts in the cake just as long as there is a bit of soap left!





"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter—sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara (Cake or Cream), Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in the new Pink packages are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*



FOR A NEW THRILL—

Try the new WINX Lipstick —in 4 fascinating colors that harmonize with WINX Mascara and Eyebrow Pencil!

HOW TO KEEP BABY WELL

● The U. S. Government's Children's Bureau has published a complete 138-page book "Infant Care" especially for young mothers, and authorizes this magazine to accept readers' orders. Written by five of the country's leading child specialists, this book is plainly written, well illustrated, and gives any mother a wealth of authoritative information on baby's health and baby's growth. This magazine makes no profit whatever on your order, sends your money direct to Washington. Send 10 cents, wrapping coins or stamps safely, to

READERS' SERVICE BUREAU,

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

205 East 42nd Street, Dept. F-3, New York, N. Y.

MARCH, 1940

Radio and Television Mirror

VOL. 13 No. 5

ERNEST V. HEYN, Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS, Editor

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COVER—Mary Martin, by Sol Wechsler
(Courtesy of Paramount Pictures)

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General Offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and advertising offices: Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago office: 333 North Michigan Avenue, C. H. Shattuck, Mgr. Pacific Coast Offices: San Francisco, 420 Market Street; Hollywood: 7751 Sunset Blvd., Lee Andrews, Manager. Entered as second-class matter September 14, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States, Canada and Newfoundland $1.00 a year, 10c a copy. In U. S. Territories, Possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, $1.50 a year; all other countries $2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first class postage, and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. Unaccepted letters for the "What Do You Want to Say?" department will not be returned, and we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. All submissions become the property of the magazine. (Member of Macfadden Women's Group.)

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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE

A YOUNG BRIDE'S ADVICE!

IT seems funny to say, but it helped to save my home. As a sixteen-year-old bride, housework seemed to me a drudgery. After making a grand mess out of trying to make a happy home, I was about to call it quits.

We bought a radio, and now my work is fun, for I do it to music between taking down recipes, menus, and household hints that cut my work in half. All these, including interior decorating and style hints, make it all interesting now.—Mrs. Coldwell Daniel, New Orleans, La.

SECOND PRIZE

HATS OFF TO THE NEWS COMMENTATORS!

Hats off to the splendid news commentators on the radio.

Alert, dynamic, they bring every event within the range of actuality. They also mix a little sense of humor with the news, which is relished by us all when the world is in such chaos.

Certainly, news would be dull if we were forced to read it, all printed.

Three cheers to our most competent radio news men!—Beatrice S. Kemp, N. Adams, Mass.

THIRD PRIZE

"THANKS A MILLION, DON"

I'd like to pay a tribute to Don Ameche, the former master of ceremonies and star of the Chase and Sanborn hour, who had to leave the show on account of his health.

I'd like to tell him how grand we, the American public, think he is. His acting with the various guest stars was always sympathetic.

But, best of all, were his laughs, always so natural and so spontaneous that made you laugh, even if you didn't feel like it.

(*Continued on page 5*)

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

——PRIZES——

First Prize	$10.00
Second Prize	$ 5.00
Five Prizes of	$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than February 26, 1940. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

No Job for Nancy but a big Job for Mum



Why risk underarm odor—when Mum every day so *surely* guards your charm?

SHE TRIES SO HARD—goes everywhere—but somehow for Nancy it's a brief "no opening now!" For business is business. And it never helps to have a girl around who neglects to use Mum!

Constant personal daintiness is a business asset . . . as much in demand as cheerfulness, ability, and speed. Why does any girl risk it? Why don't *all* girls play safe with Mum—*every single day?*

For it's a gamble to depend on a bath alone to keep you fresh and sweet. A bath merely removes perspiration that is *past* . . . but Mum *prevents* odor—keeps you fresh and sweet for the *hours to come.*

More business girls prefer Mum to any other deodorant. Mum is—

QUICK! A daily pat under this arm, under that, and through the longest working day you know you're fresh!

HARMLESS! Apply Mum *after* dressing . . . fabrics are safe. Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to *any* dress. Safe for skin, too.

LASTING! Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps underarms sweet. And Mum does not stop perspiration. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be wise in business . . . be sure of charm! Make a habit of Mum *every* day.

WHY MUM IS FIRST CHOICE WITH BUSINESS GIRLS



Important to You—

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Your Hobby— AND MINE

■ The Editor offers a toast to the winners of the Hobby Lobby Contest and then speaks his mind about a few irritating broadcast manners

BY burning all our Christmas candles at both ends instead of saving them for the tree, Dave Elman, his staff and ourselves reached the last of your letters about hobbies just before a blessed Christmas Eve shut down on any activities except welcoming the holiday. The judges, oblivious to their unfinished shopping lists, went into consultation and finally, as the island of Manhattan darkened and then twinkled into a fairyland of mazda lights—the winners!

Soon, if not already, all of you whose hobbies were judged the most interesting will be receiving your prize checks and one of you, Annie Walker Burns, of Baltimore, Md., will be on the way to New York (unless unforeseen circumstances should arise), to stand in front of a microphone and tell a listening world about the hobby that won the RADIO MIRROR contest. Tune in Sunday, January 28th, to the CBS network, the day that the winner is expected in Manhattan for what I suspect will be the most thrilling time of her life.

My sincere thanks to all of you who joined us in this contest. Before many issues go by, I'll publish as many of those letters that didn't win the big prize as there is room for.

Now, if it's permissible to change the subject from your hobbies to mine—which is talking about radio—let's let our hair down.

Listening lately, I've noticed some things on the air that I feel you and I both could do comfortably without. Probably there are other flaws you've noticed that I missed.

For instance:

The way Cecil B. DeMille insists on pronouncing the word as though it were spelled dram-are instead of simply drama. . . .

And The Good News announcer saying Illinois as though it were Illi-noise. . . .

Not to mention the offensive burst of whistling from the audience at the end of many broadcasts—those sharp, ear-piercing whistles I noticed especially at the conclusion of a We, the People program. Can't carefully constructed gags be stuffed into such noise makers' mouths?

The way Lou Holtz, who amuses me very much the first two or three minutes with his excellent and absurd dialects, bores me very much the next seven or eight minutes. If only Mr. Holtz would keep his story telling down to a reasonable time limit!

And have you noticed how childish is the dialogue of the gangsters who were plotting against Kay Fairchild, Stepmother, the last time I tuned in this program that otherwise is exciting and dramatic and which I can recommend, the prattle of supposedly murderous thugs notwithstanding. . .

In conclusion, beautiful Helen Menken's one flaw in her dramatic acting on the Second Husband program—her continuous state of hysteria, whether she is happy or heartbroken. Brenda Cummings, the heroine she plays, certainly had her calm moments when life flowed on a more quiet level.

—FRED R. SAMMIS

HOBBY-LOBBY CONTEST WINNERS

1—Annie Walker Burns, Baltimore, Md.
2—Mrs. Riley E. Heckert, Harrisburg, Penna.
3—Rosamond Laron, Freeborn, Minnesota.
4—Elsie McDonald, Vernonia, Oregon.
5—Russell McGirr, Sarnia, Ontario.
6—Mrs. Mabel G. Petty, Paynton, Sask., Canada.
7—Warren Hull, Lansing, Michigan.
8—Mrs. Grace V. Marlow, Spokane, Washington.
9—Lola Anderson, Topeka, Kansas.
10—Mrs. Grace Winings, Reading, Penna.
11—Eleanor Lemke, Ansonia, Conn.
12—William Cezinski, Mt. Carmel, Penna.
13—Mr. Joseph F. Figart, Altoona, Penna.
14—Mrs. John D. Ruppel, Kohler, Wis.
15—Joseph J. Lane, Philadelphia, Penna.
16—C. A. Burrows, Harmarville, Penna.

(*Continued from page 3*)

So thanks for the grand evenings you've given us, Don Ameche. Thanks, a million.—Claude Desautels, Montreal, Canada.

FOURTH PRIZE

ROMANCE VIA RADIO

I like the letter "Radio Decides Career," in October RADIO MIRROR. In my case, it is "Radio for Romance." A certain radio singer used to please me very much with his songs. So much, that my friends teased me about him. I didn't care because I enjoyed his songs. I had the last laugh anyway. Because one day when I was in his city visiting, I met him at a radio station. Now we are engaged and I surely thank radio for introducing me to my romance.—Miss E. McDonald, Vernonia, Oregon.

FIFTH PRIZE

TOO MANY DOCTORS?

Why do sponsors allow so many programs to weave their daily serials around physicians?

In the stories they are usually portrayed either as a saint or sinner: never as a man with the right to live his own life.

I respect physicians for their untiring efforts to aid suffering humanity and they deserve a better break than being created from a writer's fancy to use in dozens of daily serials which we hear on the air.

In other words, the "doctor stories" are being over done.—Jessie Ervin, Connersville, Ind.

SIXTH PRIZE

THE INCONSIDERATE HOSTESS

A certain lady played her radio almost incessantly. When guests entered her home they were momentarily deafened by the powerful sounds which filled the room. Yet, the hostess was never known to disconnect the radio or to lower its tone. Consequently, her callers found it necessary to raise their voices to the shouting point, in order to make themselves heard. Stock market reports, patent medicine advertisements, etc., all combined with numerous forms of static, served to torment the guests.

The hostess felt sadly neglected when her friends no longer called at her home. Apparently, she never suspected that she was solely to blame for her unhappy predicament.—Winnie Meeks, Rusk, Texas.

SEVENTH PRIZE

WHO WANTS POLITICS?

Why not keep politics out of the day-time scripts?

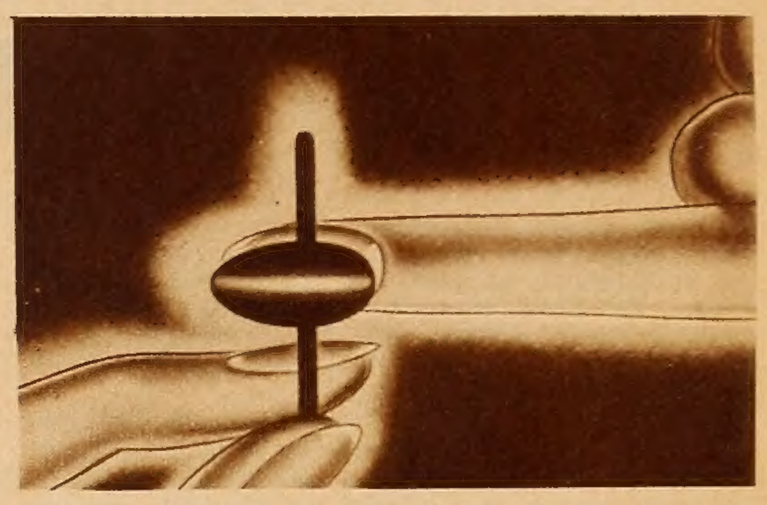
Mary Marlin has been overrun with senators and political talk ever since I can remember. Quite boring if you ask me. And now, here comes Ma Perkins, getting into the political "mud." Her future son-in-law is running for something or other.

Here's hoping none of the others "follow suit."—Mrs. Edward J. Andresen, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Lady Esther says

"Get 12 SHADES—FREE—of my 7-DAY Cream Nail Polish"





Each shade is on a "Magic Fingertip" which you can try on right over your own nail! Find your lucky shade!

NO LONGER need you wonder about which shade of nail polish you should wear—which shade is loveliest on your hands! For now you can try on all the newest shades—right at home—before buying a single bottle of polish!

It's all done with my Magic Fingertips!

I'll gladly send you *free* a set of my 12 Magic Fingertips. Each is shaped like the human nail—made of celluloid—and coated with a different shade of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. You simply hold each Magic Fingertip over your nail—and instantly you see which shade gives your hands enchanting loveliness—goes smartest with your costume colors.

Choose your lucky shade, then ask for it in Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish at your favorite store. You'll be thrilled with this rich, cream polish that gives your nails flattering beauty for 7 long days!

Send for your 12 Magic Fingertips!

Let your own eyes reveal the one nail polish shade that gives your hands enchanting grace and beauty! Clip the coupon now.

Lady Esther's
7-DAY NAIL POLISH



*** 12 shades FREE! ***

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
LADY ESTHER, 7134 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (53)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

MAMMOTH 1940 CONTEST NOW RUNNING

WE WILL PAY

$25,000.00 *in prizes*

FOR FORTY TRUE STORIES

Year after year Macfadden Publications, Inc., extends to men and women everywhere a wonderful opportunity to add handsome sums to their incomes by setting down in words true stories that have happened in their own lives or the lives of friends or acquaintances.

Already we have paid out well over $600,000 in prizes alone for true stories and in addition we have purchased many hundreds of other true stories at our liberal word rates. Of this vast sum, a large, a very large percentage has gone to men and women who never before had written for publication.

The chances are that you have lived or observed a story that we would publish gladly if you would write it and send it in. Do not feel that because you have never written that you cannot write. If these other men and women had felt that way they would be poorer by perhaps a half million dollars. Simply say to yourself—"Others have done it—I can do it—I *will* do it."

In writing your story tell it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings, and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly.

No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure or success, if it contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit regardless of how skilfully written they may be.

Judging on this basis to each of the best ten true stories received will be awarded the munificent sum of $1,000 and to each of the next best thirty true stories will be awarded the handsome sum of $500. And don't forget that even if your story falls slightly below prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories, which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. Also do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By cooperating with us in that way you help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. Contest closes Tuesday, April 30, 1940.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING, THE *TITLE* AND THE *NUMBER* OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

Prize Schedule

10 Prizes of $1,000 each	**$10,000**
30 Prizes of $ 500 each	**15,000**
40 Prizes **Total**	**$25,000**

Contest Rules—Continued

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. ***If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container.*** We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due, if any, will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscripts to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends Tuesday, April 30, 1940.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 40C, P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

COUPON

R.M. 340

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 40C
P. O. Box 629 Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... State.....

(Print plainly. Give name of state in full.)

WHAT'S

THE economy wave that resulted in cutting the Edgar Bergen show to half an hour is still rolling along, so don't be surprised if at least one more program falls under it. For a while it looked almost certain that Good News would become a thirty-minute show, and it may yet—except that they do say around Radio City that a shortened version was auditioned for the sponsors, who didn't like it very well when they heard it. So there's no telling at all.

* * *

Your old professor, Kay Kyser, will be heading for Hollywood again in March to make a sequel to his very successful movie, "That's Right—You're Wrong." As Kay says, there's nothing like his romantic appeal to bring the nickels in at the box-office.

* * *

Look for Claire Trevor to come back on the air one of these weeks, starring in a dramatic program of her own. . . . And there's also a good chance that Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt will begin broadcasting again, starring in a series of sponsored programs. Several sponsors would like to have her, and the First Lady is said to be willing.

* * *

Wandering into an NBC studio during rehearsal for the Saturday-night Camel Caravan show, I ran across Mildred Bailey, humming weird melodies to herself and looking over a letter she'd just received. The two activities didn't seem to go together, so I asked her what was happening. The letter was from a committee of Coeur d'Alene Indians, settled in Tekoa, Washington, who wanted Mildred to compose a tribal song for them. But why did they choose her for the job? Mildred explained—she is one-eighth Indian herself, and was actually born on the Tekoa reservation.

* * *

Remember when I told you, a month or so ago, about Portland Hoffa's persuading Fred Allen to move into an apartment? Fred didn't like the idea at all—he was used to living in hotel rooms and didn't want to



■ Gene Autrey is now the star of his own CBS Sunday show.

NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

By
DAN SENSENEY

change—but he consented. Well, now the Allens have their own apartment, and Portland wishes she'd let well enough alone. Fred likes it so much she can't get him out nights, even to a movie. Fred simply parks himself in the most comfortable chair and recites "Home, Sweet Home" at her, stanza by stanza.

* * *

If you happened to see a policeman driving a bread delivery truck around your town, think nothing of it. It was just a publicity stunt cooked up by the sponsors of the NBC serial, One of the Finest. The hero of the program is a policeman, and the sponsor sells bread; so in the cities of New York, Detroit, Chicago and Toledo the sponsor's truck-drivers were dressed up in policemen's uniforms, purely as a gag. The Toledo police didn't get any laughs out of it, though. They arrested the truck-drivers on a charge of impersonating officers of the law, and wouldn't let them go until they promised to replace their brass buttons with black ones, in order to look a little less like the Toledo cops.

* * *

Radio was only one of the industries that mourned the sudden death of Heywood Broun from pneumonia. Broun, besides his activities as columnist, critic, sports expert, newspaper publisher and occasional novelist and short-story writer, was a regular member of the Author, Author cast, Monday nights on Mutual. His death came only a few hours before the Author, Author broadcast, which was cancelled out of respect to his memory. A few months earlier, Broun had remarked to a friend that his radio work on this program was one of the few things in his life he could take whole-hearted pleasure in—he did it just for fun, without thinking of the money involved.



■ Charlie and Mortimer still keep Bergen hopping and you laughing.

* * *

Life's most embarrassing moment came the other afternoon to Karl Swenson, who plays the title role in NBC's serial, Lorenzo Jones. (He's also Lord Henry Brinthrope in Our Gal Sunday on CBS, but that doesn't have anything to do with this story.) Hastily summoned to the telephone from the midst of a rehearsal, Karl heard a crisp feminine voice on the other end of the wire informing him that he'd just become the father of a bouncing baby boy. Karl knew something was wrong. He's married, but he'd said goodbye only that morning to his wife, and nothing had been mentioned about the arrival of a baby. So for five minutes he vehemently denied the charge, while the hospital nurse as vehemently assured him it was true. Meanwhile, an interested group of listeners gathered around the telephone, which was on the reception desk of NBC's eighth-floor studio. Finally, Karl saw the light. "Are you sure you want *Karl* Swenson?" he asked. "Oh, no," the nurse replied. "Mr. *Al* Swenson is the father of the baby." Karl dropped the telephone and ran to another studio, where Al Swenson was rehearsing as

CHAPPED HANDS ARE CUT HANDS





THEY HEAL QUICKER WITH THIS SOOTHING MEDICATED CREAM— BECOME SOFTER, WHITER, LOVELIER ALMOST OVERNIGHT!



MAKE This Convincing Test! Apply snow-white, greaseless, *Medicated* Noxzema on one hand before retiring. So soothing! *Feel* the smarting and soreness disappear. In the morning compare your two hands. *See* how much *smoother, whiter,* less irritated your Noxzema treated hand looks.

SPECIAL: For a *limited time* you can get a generous 25¢ trial jar of Noxzema for only 19¢. Get a jar *today!*

Famous Medicated Cream Marvelous for Chapped Hands—Grand for Complexions, too



● Nurses first discovered how wonderful Noxzema was for red, rough Chapped Hands. And Nurses were the first to find what an effective Beauty Aid Noxzema is for Poor Complexions. Today over *15,000,000* jars are used yearly by women all over the world!

See for Yourself

If your skin is coarse or rough—if externally caused blemishes mar its natural beauty—if you long for a clearer, softer skin—try this dainty, *Medicated* Beauty Cream. Let Noxzema work Night and Day for your complexion. It helps reduce enlarged pores with its mild astringents . . . softens and soothes rough irritated skin . . . aids quicker healing of so many unattractive blemishes. Use Noxzema as a dainty Night Cream and as a day-long protective Powder Base. See if it can't help improve *your* complexion. Get a special 19¢ trial jar today!



25¢ TRIAL JAR ONLY 19¢

AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES



And.. Wear Dresses SIZES SMALLER

PARIS says, "The hourglass waist is here with its splendid illusion of romantic slimness!"... Yes, and Thynmold's figure control helps you suit the new vogue to your own individuality, thanks to its *laced back!* Let us send you a Thynmold Girdle and Brassiere—test it 10 days—and if you cannot be fitted with a dress *smaller* than you normally wear, it won't cost you a penny!

Appear SLIMMER *instantly!*

■ If you want the thrill of the year, make this simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice all the irregularities caused by bumps of fat . . . notice the thickness of your waist . . . the width of your hips. Now slip into a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere and see the amazing difference. The outline of your new figure is not only smaller, but all the ugly, fat bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed and delighted. If you are not completely satisfied . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Mail Coupon for Free Folder Today!

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help perspiration evaporate . . . its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Mail coupon for illustrated folder and complete details of our 10-day trial offer!

Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
DEPT. 183, 358 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me illustrated folder, describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name _____

Address _____

Great Uncle Allen Chase, III, in another serial, The Chase Twins. It was all right: Al was expecting his wife to have a baby. He'd left word for the hospital to call him as soon as it arrived, but he'd forgotten to give his first name.

* * *

Such energy! Not satisfied with doing right well on the air, many radio stars also operate profitable sidelines which help them pick up an extra dollar or two. Of course, Bing Crosby's sideline, operating the Del Mar racetrack, is a familiar one. But Bob Barron, the villain in the Jack Armstrong serial, in his spare time practices drugless therapy. Bess Johnson, star of Hilltop House, is also the dramatic coach for the Girl Scouts of America. Angeline Orr, villainess of the Trouble with Marriage serial, puts her beauty to work for her and poses for billboard advertisements. Charles Grant, eleven-year-old juvenile in Scattergood Baines, follows the example set by most youngsters his age and sells magazines on his own bicycle route. Irene Winston, actress in the Johnny Presents sketches, designs very beautiful jewelry. And Ezra Stone, the Henry Aldrich of The Aldrich Family, is a stage director as well as an actor.

* * *

It looks as if you'll just have to listen to the Court of Missing Heirs on CBS every Tuesday night. It might cost you money if you didn't—unless you're quite sure you never had a wealthy ancestor. This program, which broadcasts all the information about unclaimed estates in hopes of digging up the rightful heirs, has just started its coast-to-coast career, but it was on a limited mid-western network for 39 weeks, and during that time it distributed two and a half million dollars of unclaimed money to unsuspecting heirs.



■ They're the Novelty Aces—Alan Rinehart, Harold Maus, Clarence Dooley, Leonore Burch and Hazel Turner, heard over station WLW.

CINCINNATI—they call themselves the Novelty Aces, and they violate the rules of poker as it is played in the most polite circles of society by numbering five instead of four. Listeners to Cincinnati's WLW seem to think five Aces are quite all right, though, and even more than all right.

This quintet is composed of three young men, Alan Rinehart, Harold Maus and Clarence Dooley, and two girls, Lenore Burch and Hazel Turner. Rinehart and Maus have been in radio since 1925, when they joined up as a vocal and instrumental duo. Hazel joined them in 1927; Clarence was adopted in 1932, and in 1934 Lenore came along to complete the quintet. Besides being singers, they are all accomplished instrumentalists—Clarence plays the violin, Lenore a piano-accordion, Alan the bass fiddle, Hazel the tenor guitar, and Harold the six-string guitar.

In the two years they've been at WLW the Aces have been on several sponsored shows, and now they have their own daily program, Time to Shine, besides starring on the Boone County Jamboree.

Before they came to Cincinnati, the Aces were in Chicago—and because, like many a radio performer, they had neglected to save their money, a call to Cincinnati to audition for WLW found them broke. They had to borrow the money for their railway fares.

Alan Rinehart didn't like that, and it started him thinking. As soon as WLW hired them, he made each member of the quintet agree to give him $2.50 a week to put in a savings account. A year later the amount was increased to $5, and six months after that to $7, where it stands now. Their savings fund totals more than $2,500 today, but they still have a long way to go because they've set $25,000 as their goal. By agreement, it takes the signatures of four Aces to withdraw any of the money—so far, they haven't made any withdrawals.

All five qualify as radio veterans, but Lenore Burch probably has had the most unusual experience in radio of the group. She worked alone for a while at KFAB in Omaha, where it was part of her duties to sing a hymn at 6:15 every morning. One day she sang "God Will Take Care of You." She didn't know it until the next day, when she got a letter, but that hymn saved a man's life.

He wrote, "Within the last year I have lost my wife and my business, and have become permanently crippled. I contemplated suicide and was up all night trying to reach a final decision. I happened to turn on my

radio at 6:15 this morning and heard you sing, 'God Will Take Care of You.' It was like a message straight from heaven, and I believe you were singing that message for me alone. God bless you. You saved my life."

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—The Golden Gate Jubilee Singers, four colored lads who could have had a big career in New York radio, are a star attraction of Charlotte's station WBT.

The four have been singing together ever since they were students in the Booker T. Washington High School in Norfolk, Va. Their names are Henry Owens, Arlandis Wilson, Willie Johnson, and William Langford, and they're such inseparable pals that if you find one you find the whole quartet. They broadcast regularly over WBT six times a week.

The Golden Gate boys spent a year in New York, singing on a network show, and were heard four times on the Magic Key program over NBC—all but the first time by the vigorous request of listeners—but they feel more at home down South and voluntarily gave up the career they could have had in New York.

They never have an argument. Willie Johnson is the business manager, and he never makes a decision without a unanimous vote. They all like the same things, laugh at the same jokes, sing the same songs.

They even eat together. Willie Johnson's wife is a fine cook, and every night, whether they are in town or on tour, all four sit down to a



■ The Golden Gate Jubilee Singers are a star attraction of station WBT in Charlotte, N. C.

dinner she has prepared, chipping in on the expense. Harry Owens is married too, but Wilson and Langford say they're "still livin'". Wilson and Langford live together.

Willie Johnson is their spokesman, because of his fine command of the English language. He reads Shakespeare every night at bedtime, and can readily quote Hamlet and King Lear.

They aren't superstitious, only if a black cat crosses the road in front of them, it's bad luck if he runs from left to right. If he runs from right to left, that's good luck.

* * *

ATLANTA—You know the story of the gifted understudy who gets her big chance when the star falls ill at the last minute? Well, this isn't it.

Mrs. George Moore, whom listeners to WAGA, Atlanta, know as Martha Hale, wasn't even an understudy. She was just an ambitious girl sitting on the sidelines who liked radio so well nothing could keep her out of it.

Every morning at nine, Martha Hale tells Atlanta housewives about the latest menus, gives them housekeeping suggestions, comments on fashions, and otherwise makes herself a member of every home she enters via the loud speaker.

Before joining WAGA, Martha was a buyer in a department store, a restaurant cashier, and had, on one occasion, worked for an electric concern. She was born in Sandersville, Georgia, and since girlhood has been interested in cooking—so much so that in school she took all available domestic science courses just for the fun of it.

A year of broadcasting requires Martha to supply listeners with 10,095 menus, she says, but she's confident she can produce them. She loves microphone work, and says broadcasting is no effort at all—the tough job is writing the scripts. She never takes a holiday, and Sunday is better than other days. Then she can work on a script without interruption.

Honey says "YOUR SKIN GETS EXTRA DRY IN WINTER — NEEDS EXTRA SOFTENING"

BEAUTY ADVISOR



WANT THRILL-SOFT HANDS?

NO matter how tough the weather or how hard you work, you *can* have the soft hands that thrill a man. Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream to ease away chapping—help tone down redness. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening. Coaxes back the softness that cold weather and indoor heat take away! A grand powder base, too—not sticky. Contains Vitamins A and D. $1, 50¢, 25¢, and 10¢... **TRY Hinds Hand Cream. NEW! Quick-softening, fragrant, not sticky. In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.**

Wednesday Night's Fun Night with
BURNS AND ALLEN
GRACIE SAYS: "I USE HINDS, TOO!"
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast
7:30-8:00 E.S.T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station

Chapping • Dryness
Rough skin, elbows, arms
Weathered skin
Hangnails • Calloused heels
Powder base • Body-rub
After-shaving lotion

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It had



Paramount

■ Most stories about Bob Hope tell about his wit—but here is a different view of him: the gentle, lovable chap with whom Dolores fell in love at first sight. Right, to add to their happiness, the Hopes adopted little Baby Linda.

By PAULINE SWANSON

HE CAME into the smart little Broadway supper club where she was singing on the night of December 21, 1933. They're both very specific about the date.

Someone muttered a few words of introduction, just as she was about to go on. He watched her as she moved into the spotlight, tall, graceful, poised. He liked her soft, naturally curly light brown hair, her straightforward blue eyes. He liked her slender hands, her simple black velvet gown. He marvelled that this girl could be so confidently right in this smoky little New York night club, and yet so different from the other girls who were singing in other little clubs up Fifty-seventh Street, and down Fifty-ninth.

He thought Dolores Reade was the loveliest girl he had ever seen.

She didn't quite catch his name. George Murphy, who was playing in "Roberta", had introduced him, so she thought he might be some minor personality in the show. He might be a chorus boy. But she liked his laugh, and his funny face.

Before that night was over the magic thing had happened. She didn't know that he was the star of the biggest hit on Broadway, "Roberta". She didn't know his name. He didn't know if she were engaged or married or free. But they both knew that they were in love, differently than they had ever been in love before, somehow for the last time.

On February 19th they eloped, and were married by a sleepy justice of the peace in a living room stuffed with horsehair furniture and family photographs, in Erie, Pa. December 21 to February 19—less than two months—are dates which frame one of those unbelievable, breath-taking love stories that every girl hopes one day will unfold for her. It is a modern love story, as modern as skyscrapers and taxicabs pack-jammed in a New York street on New Year's eve, and yet as old as the story of the beautiful Princess and Prince Charming who came by on a white horse to carry her away.

Bob Hope has come a long way

to Happen —

THE UNCONVENTIONAL LOVE STORY OF BOB HOPE



■ Dolores Reade could have been famous as a singer—instead she chose to be just the wife of Bob Hope.

Fink

since that winter of 1933. If he was a star then he is an institution now. On Tuesday nights twenty million people laugh at the nonsensical banter which is the Hope radio trademark. The ski-jump nose and the beforehand chin which captivated Dolores six years ago now are familiar to movie goers from Somaliland to the Virgin Islands.

The girl who was Dolores Reade, and whose own professional future had looked as bright in 1933 as did that of the handsome young star of "Roberta", is now content to be Bob Hope's attractive wife, except when her husband makes personal appearances. Dolores then is part of the act, using her maiden name.

Until Bob walked into the Vogue club in New York that December night six years ago, Dolores Reade wanted nothing so much as success, and the money and fame that go with it. She had already captured hard boiled New York. She was in sight of the top of the heap and the rewards she wanted. That night changed everything. Suddenly she knew that nothing she had been striving for was important, that nothing meant so much as to be with the man she loved, and never to leave him, to be his wife, and to leave the (*Continued on page* 82)



They were laughing when he carried her through the doorway.

"I want a

SHE should never have told Jack she would marry him.

Down in her heart, she knew she was being foolish and wrong. But she thought that time would be on her side. She thought that the days would pass, and the image of Rene would drift farther and farther back in her memory, until it was only a pin-point of pain, instead of this all-enveloping agony. Other women had fallen in love with men who didn't love them—who married someone else—and those other women had still managed to go on living. Why shouldn't she?

But somehow, the minister's words, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony?" and all the rest of it—somehow, even as she repeated them after him, they sent a chill down her body, as if she were hearing not words, but the sound of a steel door closing . . .

There was no honeymoon. Jack was terribly busy at the office, and couldn't get away just then, and she had said she'd rather not wait—knowing miserably, as she watched his face light up, that he completely misinterpreted her words. The truth was, she didn't dare to wait. She needed something now, right away, to help her forget Rene.

After the ceremony, after all the chatter and laughter, they ran to his car, and he drove up Market Street, clear up to where it curves around Twin Peaks and beyond, into a part of San Francisco where the houses sit perched on the sides of steep hills. Eucalyptus trees tower whispering over these houses, with wisps of fog caught all day in their trailing branches.

Jack twisted and turned the car on the winding streets, and finally stopped it before a house like a white, shining box, all square angles and stucco, with a huge window overlooking the valley that spread between there and the sea.

"Here it is," he said shyly. "Our house. Like it?"

"It's beautiful!" she said. "Up here on top of—of everything—"

The sun was shining, yet here on the western slopes the fog swirled about the houses, and the combination of sunlight and mist gave them all a bright, unearthly beauty. She jumped out of the car, and because she felt self-conscious in her white satin gown and veil, started up the walk to the door.

"Wait!" Jack called. "Don't go in yet, Connie."

"Why not?" she asked in surprise, and a look,

■ **"I WANT A DIVORCE!" IS FROM THE RADIO PROGRAM OF HE SAME NAME. ADAPTED FROM A STORY BY HUGH WILEY**

divorce!"

■ **A rare and tender story that will reach your secret heart—the radio drama of a woman who betrayed her love for a delusion of happiness**

sheepish yet pleased, appeared on his square, tanned face, so that he looked like a freshly scrubbed small boy on his way to a party.

"Well—you know, the groom is supposed to carry the bride across the threshold—"

"Jack! The neighbors! Oh—well—all right."

They were laughing when he swept her lightly up into his arms and carried her through the arched doorway, straight into a pine-panelled room where comfortable chairs and graceful tables dug their feet into a deep-piled rose carpet.

"And you bought all this furniture yourself?" she marveled. "Jack, how did you do it?"

"Just asked myself what I'd want if I were a beautiful little wife—and right away I knew exactly what to buy."

He put her down, and she walked around the room, touching, exclaiming. It was perfect. Too perfect. It was the home she had dreamed of sharing with Rene. But Rene was far away, and it was Jack who led her through the kitchen, displaying its treasures of spotless refrigerator and streamlined sink; into the bedroom with its slipper chair and dressing table on one side, its masculine chest of drawers on the other, and between them, side by side, its twin beds.

"You like it, don't you?" Jack asked anxiously, and she forced herself to laugh and say:

"Of course. I love it. It's just that you did all this by yourself, as a surprise, that—that rather bowls me over."

He stopped walking around the room and came over to where she stood, taking both her hands in his. "I want you to be happy, Connie," he said in a voice that trembled a little. "I—well, I don't suppose I'll ever get over the wonder of the moment when you said you'd marry me. I thought all the time that you were in love with Rene, and—"

Her hands, imprisoned in his, contracted sharply, and a vise around her heart forced from her an involuntary gasp.

He heard her, and he nodded.

"Yes. That's what I meant. But don't be unhappy about it, Connie. I know that right now you don't love me as much as—as much as you loved him." It was hard for him to say this. He swallowed, and began again. "I just want you to know that no matter how you feel about me now, you've made me happier than I ever expected to be—just by marrying me. And maybe, after a while—"

Without warning, she (*Continued on page* 62)



The sad end of the road they'd started on six months ago.

■ **LISTEN TO THESE STORIES, SPONSORED BY FOOD AND BEVERAGE BROADCASTERS, SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON NBC**

My Most

■ By radio's fascinating new heroine, Hilda Hope, woman doctor, the story of an operation she could not perform—but must, for the man she loved

ALONG time ago a wise man said that women belong in the healing arts, that their wisdom and tenderness have fitted them for the task of helping those in pain.

Perhaps that is why I became a woman doctor when I could have had love—Bob's love, and been a gloriously happy woman. Instead, I chose a career few women ever enter. It hasn't been easy. You have to be so cold and impersonal if you are to be a good doctor.

And I am a good doctor. Usually I don't think about how an operation is going to turn out. I don't dare to. The responsibility is too great to face. I know, of course, that a human life depends on the skill of my hands. I know it, but I've learned not to let myself think about it.

If I sound heartless, remember that emotion makes one's hands tremble and grow unsure; it clouds one's mind and changes skill into fumbling uncertainty. That is why doctors don't operate on members of their own families.

It is why I should never have operated on Beatrice Warner.

Yet—I was forced into it. If I had not consented to operate, she would have died. I should have been as surely her murderess as if I had plunged a dagger into her heart.

Even today, when it is all over and finished, terror strikes me when I remember Beatrice's whispered words in that darkened hospital room. All over again, I feel the helplessness I felt then. And I



■ "I've never stopped loving you," he said. "Hilda, we were meant for each other, we should have married long ago."

Dramatic Case



■ Specially posed by Selena Royle, who plays the starring role of Hilda Hope on this popular radio drama.

know, once more, that I made the only possible decision, perilous though it was.

But I'd better begin at the beginning, and the real beginning was ten years ago.

It was then that Bob Warner and I broke our engagement. Oh, we were in love, but we were also very young and very intense. We took ourselves and our futures more seriously, I guess, than we should have. Bob wanted me to give up my medical studies when I married him. "I want a real wife," he begged, "not a career woman. I want to be the most important thing in your life. Maybe it's old-fashioned of me—but, Hilda, I know we could never be happy together if you had to divide yourself between me and a job. I'm sorry—but that's the way I feel."

It was an ultimatum, and I accepted it as such. I made my choice. Ever since I was a little girl, I had wanted to be a doctor. Medicine and surgery were the breath of life to me, and I knew that love couldn't take their place entirely. Some people, and I am one of them, are made like that. I let Bob go, and a year later I heard that he was married to someone else. I wrote him, wishing him all the happiness in the world, and I meant it.

REGRETS? Yes, I've had them. Sometimes at night, coming home late from the office, letting myself into a dark and lonely apartment. . . . Or at Christmas time, or Thanksgiving, I've watched other women with their husbands and children. And I've wondered—

But I'm not a person who indulges herself in might-have-beens. I like to think I am willing to abide by my decisions, whatever they may be. So the regrets, when they came, were quickly banished—at least, until I met Bob again.

It seems strange to think that if Bob's profession had not been architecture, that second meeting might never have come about. In ten years our paths had not crossed, and then we met over the plans for the new Children's Clinic. And, having met, it seemed foolish to let the past stand in the way of friendship. We lunched together, and I

HILDA HOPE, M.D., IS HEARD EVERY SATURDAY MORNING OVER THE NBC-RED NETWORK, SPONSORED BY WHEATENA

met Beatrice, his wife, and there were frequent conferences over the blueprints.

I thought he was happy. Beatrice was the kind of wife he had wanted me to be—very feminine, wrapped up in her home, clever at meeting his friends. A little too self-sufficient, perhaps, but most women are that nowadays. She was pretty, too, with a tiny, brunette kind of delicacy—she only came up to Bob's shoulder.

THEN, one afternoon, Bob came to my office and completely upset my neat, efficient plan of existence. Without any preliminaries whatever, he announced:

"Hilda, I can't stand it any longer. Beatrice and I are going to get a divorce."

It was so unexpected, I could only stare at him.

"Don't ask me why," he said. "You ought to know, if anyone does."

"But I don't," I told him. I knew, but I couldn't believe.

"Because I still love you. I've never stopped loving you." He wasn't like a man making love. His dark, sharp-featured face was tortured, and his hands, as he leaned over my desk toward me, were clenched. "Hilda," he said, "we were meant for each other. We should have married in the first place."

"Please," I said. I hadn't realized how fiercely the past could rise up and strike at my heart. "Please—that's all over and done with."

"But it isn't! We made a tragic mistake—I made it, by insisting that you give up your career. I was wrong—I know that now. We've wasted ten years of our lives paying for that mistake. We needn't go on paying until we die! I told Beatrice so, less than an hour ago."

"Bob! You told Beatrice you wanted a divorce so you could marry me? How could you!"

"When a patient of yours needs an operation, don't you perform it as quickly as you can?" he countered. "That's what I had to do with this situation. I couldn't waste time."

"But it was so cruel—and so futile," I said. "I can't marry you, Bob, even if you do leave Beatrice."

"You're just saying that because you think it will force me to stay with her."

"I'm saying it because I mean it," I said as firmly as I could. It wasn't easy, just then, to be firm, because suddenly a whole host of memories had come flooding back. Bob and I, walking arm in arm up Fifth Avenue on a Saturday night, window-shopping, picking out a chair here, a table there, for our own home. His hand, warm and strong, covering mine as we sat in the darkness of a movie house. The touch of his lips against mine. So many things—so many sweet, dear, intimate things that I had made myself forget. And now when I could forget them no longer, here they all were, once more within my grasp—if I could be ruthless enough to reach out and take them. No, it wasn't easy to be firm.

My desk telephone rang, and still keeping my eyes on Bob's, I picked it up.

"Mrs. Warner is here to see you, Dr. Hope," the voice of Miss Gilmore, my office nurse, said.

"Just a minute." I held my hand over the mouthpiece. "Beatrice is outside, Bob."

"I know. She said she would come to see you. Let her come in."

I thought a moment. "All right. But she came to see me. I think you'd better go. Use that side door, so you won't see her."

"I'll go. But," he promised, "nothing's going to change my plans. I'm going to leave Beatrice—and then I'm coming back for you."



The Beatrice Warner who came into my office was not the self-possessed young woman I had known before. Her eyes were red-rimmed, and she hadn't bothered with her usual make-up. She looked lost, miserable, confused.

Standing in the doorway, she asked, "Has Bob been here yet?"

"Yes."

"He didn't lose much time, did he?" she remarked bitterly.

"I'm so terribly sorry—" I began, but she interrupted me.

"It isn't your fault. This was bound to happen some time."

"I told Bob," I said, "that no matter what happened—between you and him—he and I could never have anything to do with each other."

Her face lit up eagerly. "And what did he say?" Then, as I didn't answer, the brief light died out. "That he would leave me anyway—wasn't that it?"

It was easier, with this pitiful woman before me, to hold to my resolution that Bob and I could never come together again. "I still think," I said, "that you two can make a go of things."

Beatrice sank into the chair on the other side of my desk. "No," she said hopelessly. "Bob means what he says. I've always known he didn't really love me—and I was afraid this would happen, when he met you again. . . . Maybe I could have won his love, if I'd been different—but I could never tell him how much he meant to me. I'm not—I'm not demonstrative. I've never been able to find words to tell him how much I love him. And now it's too late."

Pity tore at my heart. "I wish there were something I could do!" I murmured.

"There isn't anything. There never was. You can't help what's happened any more than I could. That's the reason I came to see you—I wanted to tell you there's no bitterness in my heart against you. And if Bob wants to leave me, I—I won't stand in his way!"

She got up to go. "That's all I wanted to tell you."

"Wait!" I said desperately, rising too. "I'll see Bob again—I'll tell him—"

"I'll tell him," she said, "myself." And she went quickly out of the room.

It was lucky, I think, that as soon as she had gone Miss Gilmore reminded me that I was late for my daily visit to the hospital. In the rush of (*Continued on page* 79)



Horace's friends gave him a party at the Cocoanut Grove when the wedding was finally revealed. Left to right, Gale Page, Bob Hope, Horace and the bride, Basil Rathbone, and Horace's mother, Mrs. J. W. Heidt.

HORACE HEIDT'S *Secret Marriage*

■ Never was a bridegroom so unwilling to talk, but our reporter-sleuth brings you the story anyway

By JUDY ASHLEY

WHEN, on the afternoon of December 12, Horace Heidt walked, blushing, into the "Pot o' Gold" rehearsal room at the NBC studios in Hollywood with an attractive brunette (also blushing) on his arm, and made what he had obviously planned would be a casual announcement, he actually set off a good-sized tempest in a teapot.

"Boys, meet the new Mrs. Heidt," was what he said. And then, settling the lady in a convenient chair on the sidelines, he took off his coat and proceeded to the business of rehearsing for the next "Pot O' Gold" program.

That is, he attempted to proceed, but he didn't quite make it. In the first place, to his orchestra boys, the boss getting married was an Event, a Big Event—especially when they hadn't known a thing about it, nor even suspected that a romance was brewing. They dropped their instruments and crowded around, pumping Horace's hand and (some of the more daring ones) kissing the bride and asking questions.

Where? How? When?

"In Reno," said Horace. "December fourth."

That was all, then. Even when the Los Angeles reporters arrived on the scene to cover the story, they didn't get much more information than that. The bride was formerly Mrs. Adeline Slaughter, and she was from New York.

"That's all there is to it, boys," he insisted. "And now, for the love of mike, let me alone. Why all the hullabaloo? Can't a guy get married in peace?" Yes, he was getting a little hot under the collar by this time and his bride more than a little embarrassed.

Both were still uncommunicative that night when the Musical Knights opened at the Cocoanut Grove and some of the NBC officials gave a party for the newlyweds. The Bob Hopes were there, the Basil Rathbones, Gale Page and Horace's (*Continued on page* 43)

HEARTBREAK BEHIND— *Happiness Ahead*

■ Nothing can stop Mary Martin now—but first the year's most exciting new star had to learn a bitter lesson in love from her weekend marriage

AS far back as she can remember, Mary Martin wanted to sing.

She was born in Weatherford, a quiet, friendly, human little town in Texas, where the sky has a dusty blue quality about it that makes you want to burst into poetry.

Her father was a lawyer, with a flair for making friends, so great, as a point of fact, that white folks called him "Judge" Martin and colored folks called him Mistuh Judge.

Long before she was a gangling member of the Weatherford ward school, people around town took it for gospel fact: Mary Martin was headed for some fancy singing career.

Only Billie, her mammoth nurse, knew what else lay in store. "Nothin' without pain," she would say, as though she could foresee the tears and the heartbreak and the passionate love that lay ahead for Judge Martin's daughter.

In school Mary was the center of not only all vocal activity but all dramatic activity as well. There were those ungallant classmates who muttered, "Drat that Martin girl. She's in practically everything. And the best parts, too!" Sundays she'd sing in the choir, this budding diva. And loved it. She used to imagine she was singing in a grand cathedral.

And in summer there were picnics and open-air dancing—and Ben. Ben Hagman was a tallish lad with a cheerful sort of way about him. He and Mary —well, they "went" together. They couldn't foresee where those bright summer days and long, dusky Texas evenings would lead them, into what happiness and what sorrow.

When Mary graduated from Weatherford High School Judge Martin and Mrs. Martin put their heads together. All good Southern girls go off to finishing school, when their Pas can afford it. From this conference came the decision to ship Mary to ritzy Ward-Belmont, smack-dab in Tennessee, as they say in Texas.

Well, sir, to Ward-Belmont she went. There were tears in the Martin household. Even the stoical Judge fussed with his handkerchief when the train pulled out. Ben was there on the platform too, grinning and saying for a farewell, "Be good, honey. Be good."

Mary took to Ward-Belmont right away, and Ward-Belmont took to Mary. The Penta Tau club pledged her—there are no sororities at Ward-Belmont—and never regretted it. She made them a box-office smash at the Sunday open houses, by singing so memorably that the rush captains of the rival lodges kicked themselves for not snagging her first.

Thanksgiving holidays rolled around, and there was a general exodus of the girls. They were all going home—most of them, at any rate. But not Mary. She lived too far away. Two days would be consumed merely in travel. Besides, she was lagging in her studies. There was a term paper to get up.

She was sitting at her desk, wrestling grimly with her chore, when the telephone rang.

■ Mary's mother came all the way from Texas to okay her daughter's famous strip tease act in the Broadway show, "Leave It To Me."



Paramount

By HENDON HOLMES

She answered it, a trifle out of sorts. The paper was coming along beautifully, and she didn't much want to be interrupted. But when she heard the pleasant voice on the other end of the wire she let out a yippee.

"Ben!" she shrieked. "Where are you? Not in Texas, I hope."

"Here in Nashville," she heard over Mr. Bell's remarkable invention. "When can I see you?"

"You can't come too soon."

SHE was standing in front of the dormitory when Ben drove up—and they were zooming down the road at a mad clip before she thought to ask him what on earth had brought him to town, especially with him a law student at Texas Christian University down at Fort Worth and needing all the studying he could get.

He pulled over to the side of the road to tell her.

"Mary, I want you to marry me," he said. "I know you're young—we both are. But we'll make a go of it. We *will*, Mary."

She crowded an eternity into a single minute—and made her decision. (*Continued on page* 65)

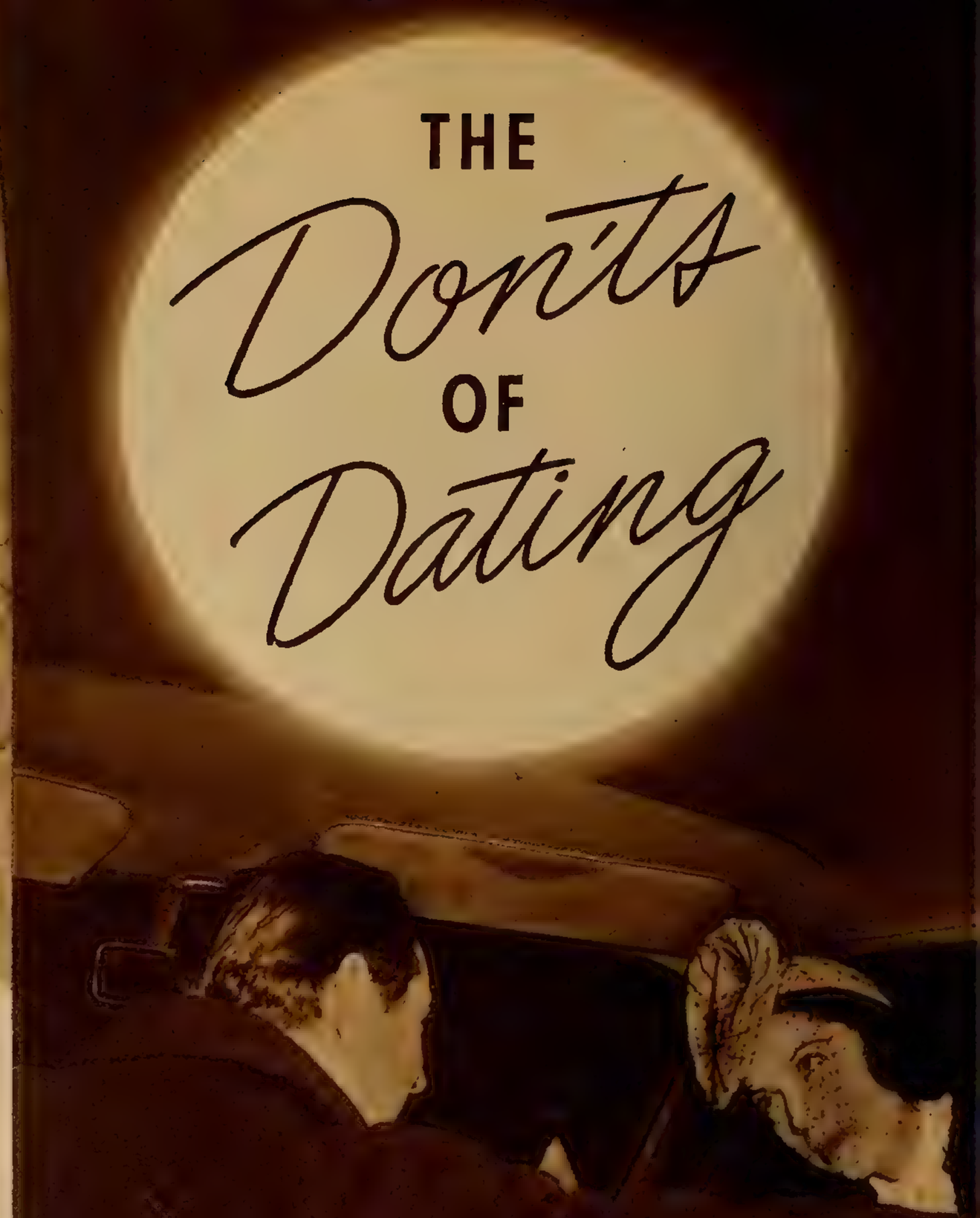
■ Always the town people said Mary (below at the age of two) was headed for fame, but even they couldn't foretell what actually was in store.







THE *Don'ts* OF *Dating*



■ If he's the sort of fellow who drops in without warning, likely as not catching you with your face all cold-creamed, he needs a lecture about the uses of the telephone. And he's guilty of bad manners (right) if he doesn't get out of his car and open the door for you.



■ Before you step out tonight, check up on your escort with these modern rules of behavior. If he's guilty of many of these errors, beware! Probably he's not the man for you



■ He only makes a spectacle of himself and you too when he tries fancy dance steps—unless you're both expert. And (right), couldn't you just scream with boredom when he starts reminiscing about old times with his friends, leaving you entirely out of the conversation?

Photos by Sydney Desfors, NBC.

HERE'S the answer to the maiden's prayer, right on these two pages. If your husband, fiance, best boy friend or escort is guilty of any of the crimes against good manners depicted by Del Courtney in these photographs, you may not want to tell him about it in so many words. But you might just leave the magazine lying around, open to this page, so he'll be sure to see it. The chances are very good that he'll get the idea

The pictures were specially posed for Radio Mirror by Dinah Shore, NBC's popular singer, as the long-suffering young lady, and Del Courtney, famous orchestra leader also on NBC, as her offending escort.



■ Beware of the man who tries to impress you by being clever with the waiter. It's really not very good manners. When you're out walking together (left) he ought to match his stride to yours, instead of taking such long steps that you have to run to keep up with him.



■ It's a sign of selfishness when he dates you up for a Saturday night, then leaves at eleven o'clock because he has an early golf date—and you with the rest of the evening on your hands. And (left) the thoughtful escort doesn't drive recklessly with a girl in his car.

Clothes worn by Dinah Shore, courtesy of Lord & Taylor

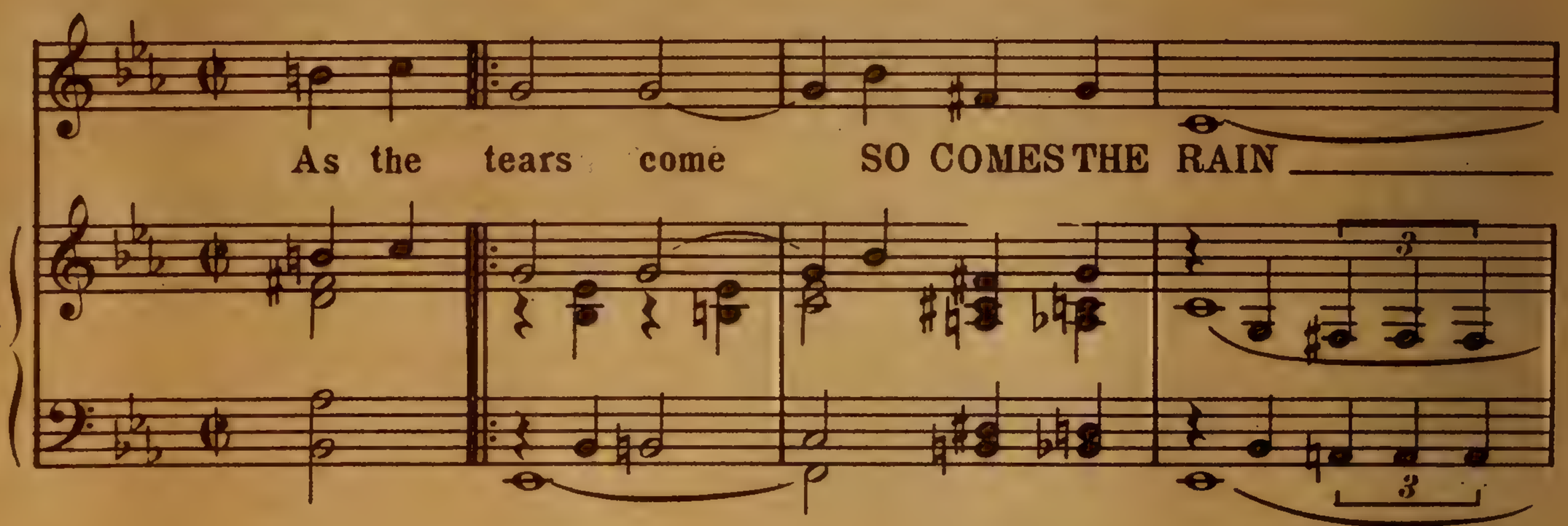


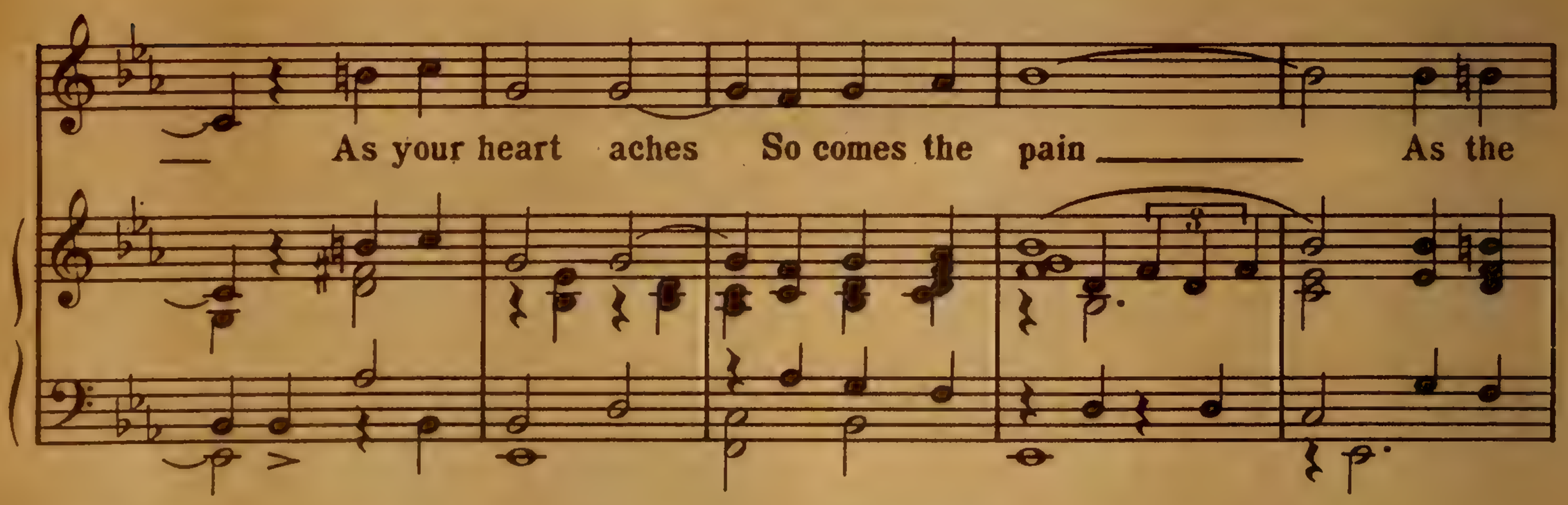
RADIO MIRROR'S PREVIEW OF A HIT

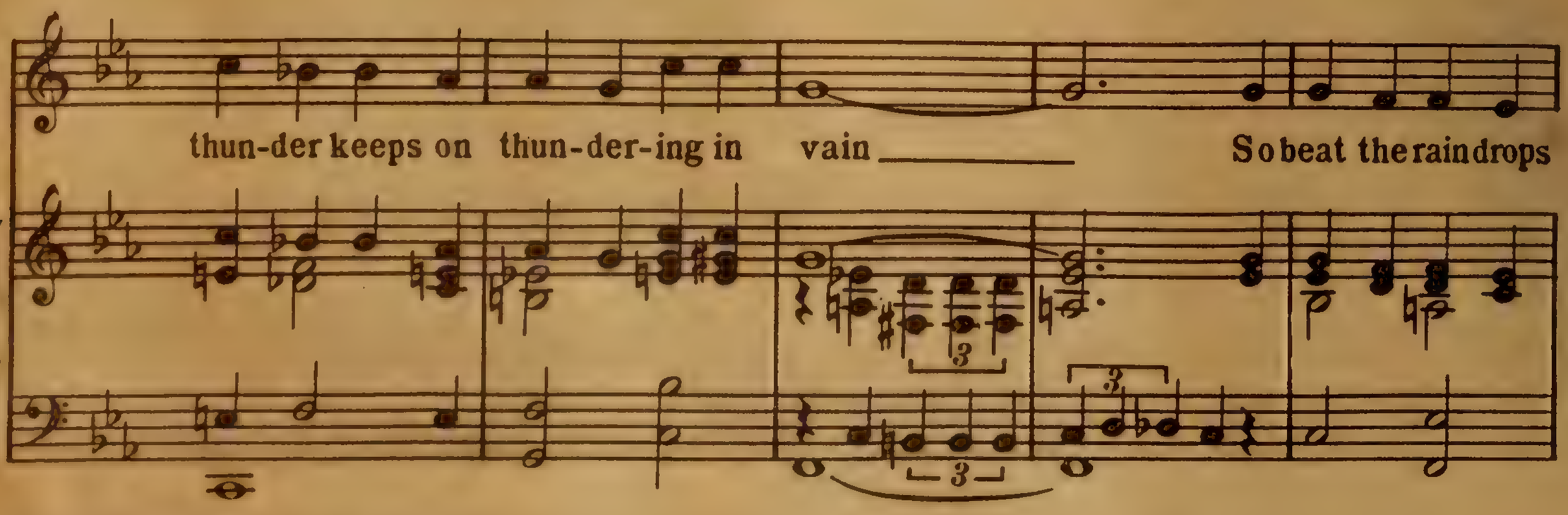
So Comes The Rain

■ From Del Courtney, danceland's best bet for sweet music supremacy in 1940, comes a tender ballad that you'll be humming as soon as you've played it once

Words and Music by
DEL COURTNEY
and DELYCE DEERING







Copyright 1939 by Del Courtney

on your win-dow pane As the rain comes So come the

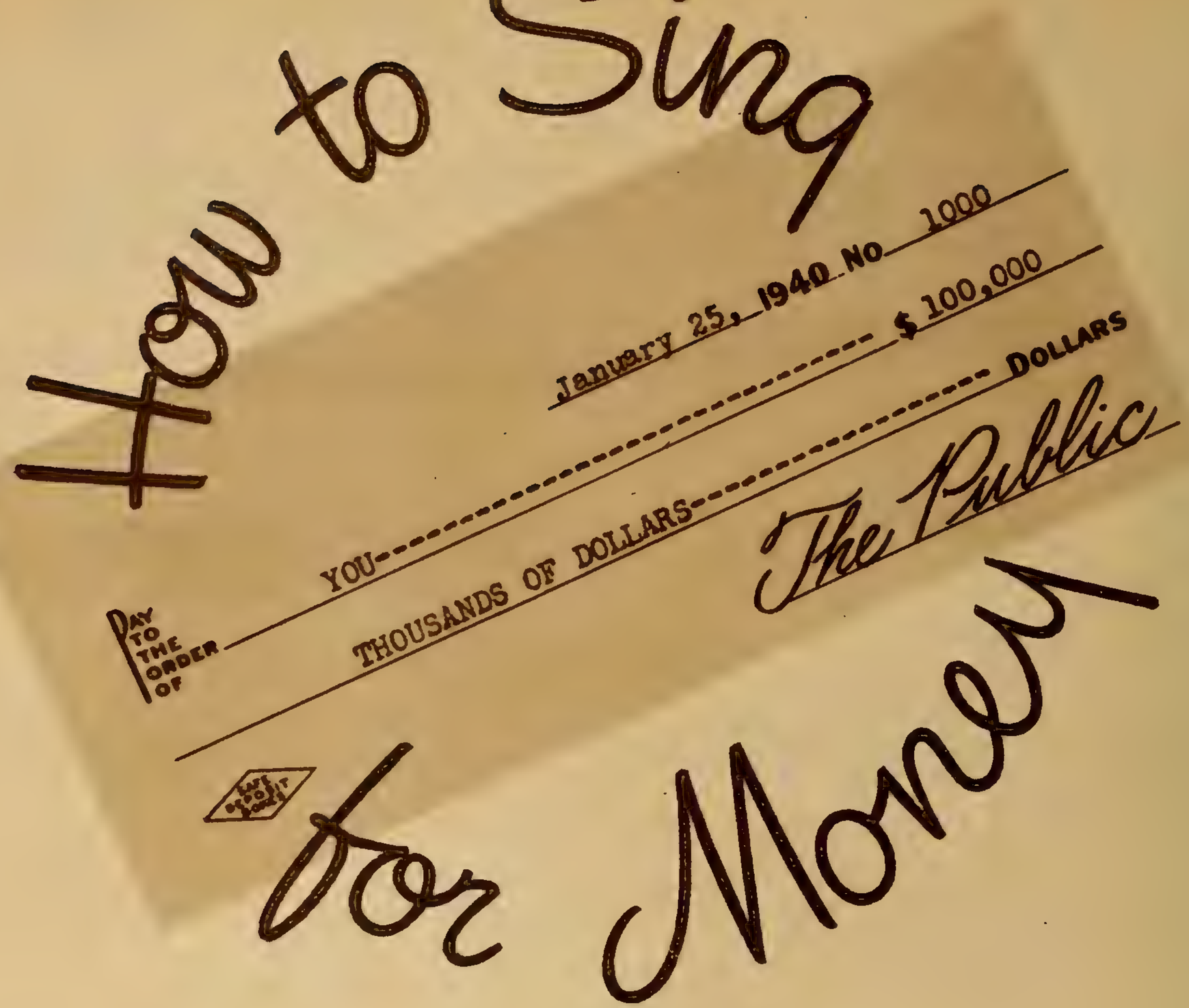
tears As your heart drums So come your fears

— And for ev-'ry tear that's cried in vain The An-gels send them down in rain, As the

tears come SO COMES THE RAIN

SONG OF THE MONTH

How to Sing for Money



By CHARLES HENDERSON (with Charles Palmer)

Kenny Baker says:
"This is the only logical and complete treatise on popular singing I have ever seen. The information and helpful ideas are bound to bring success."

HERE I am again!—the daring man who says you can make a career of singing—if you want to.

Last month, if you were paying the attention you should, you and I started out on the road of learning how to sing popular music by looking over the various types of songs and deciding which type you sing best, so that you wouldn't waste time singing swing when you're really at your best with a ballad. And remember? I told you that ninety per cent of today's popular singing is done in front of a microphone, and drew the obvious conclusion from that fact—namely, it's no longer necessary for a singer to have a voice that fills Madison Square Garden.

Then we took a quick look at the various methods of getting a start—local radio stations, small night clubs and dance bands, auditions and so on. We analyzed your voice and—I hope—decided that it possessed the basic qualifications for getting you into the professional-singer class. We seem, in fact, to have covered a lot of ground last month; but take a deep breath and settle back in your armchair, because we're about to cover a lot more.

This month we're going to find out how to handle a song—how to sing the words, how to breathe, how to please your listeners, how to make them laugh or cry. To begin with, I want to talk about the six "spotlights" of popular singing, the six things you *must* do to be successful.

DOES Bing Crosby march stiffly to the microphone, clear his throat, shoot his cuffs, and then bellow at you impersonally that his "heart is taking lessons"? Never in a million years. You get the feel-



■ The all-time high point of Schmaltz — Al Jolson's rendition of "Sonny Boy."



■ If your breath capacity is small it's a good idea to do a daily half-dozen.

Copyright 1939, by Charles Henderson and Charles Palmer

■ Your voice can carry you to fame if you will read and study this amazingly practical and authoritative series by the stars' own vocal coach



■ To become a swing singer you'll need, among other equipment, a phonograph.

ing that Bing just happened to feel like singing at the moment, and that he's letting you in on something that's very important to him, something he wants to tell you about now that you and he are alone together. Which brings us to the first of our six "spotlights," or essential points, of popular singing. It is—

Seem Natural in Voice and Manner

Today your audience figuratively sits in your radio mike, or in the lens of the movie camera, and in effect is often no more than ten feet away from you. The result is a new and amazing accent on intimacy, which penalizes heavily the slightest tinge of affectation. In other words, you sing to a million strangers today in the manner you would use in singing to one friend. And with this accent on intimacy, you *must* seem natural, or you're lost.

Keep Your Diction Clear and Attractive

That's spotlight number two. Sing with your mouth open, sing in American, and sing in as near to a conversational style as the melody and lyric will permit. Audiences today want to hear the words of the song. Remember, it's your ability to add words to a tune which lifts your voice above the other musical instruments.

Create and Sustain One Mood

You must arouse a pleasant emotion in your audience. "Pleasant" does not mean laughter alone: some people enjoy crying a bit. And the normal heart likes to savor just one emotion at a time. So—sing your song with the object of arousing one pleasant emotion in your audience, and if you succeed you have mastered spotlight three.

Perform With Authority

In a word, sing with confidence. To do so you must know your trade and the nuances of your song thoroughly—so thoroughly that you do not have to think about mechanical details as you sing. It is authority which distinguishes the professional from the amateur.

Singing with authority does not necessarily mean singing loudly. A quiet competence in the manner of Rudy Vallee or Dorothy Lamour is usually fully as effective.

Sing With Sincerity and Vitality

When you sing a song, you are an actor; you are portraying the character to whom the song "happens," and you must do nothing, say nothing, and feel nothing that the character would not do, say, or feel if he or she were a real person living through the song's story. *Feel* what you sing as you sing it, convince yourself that the lyric is true, and don't sing down to it. *Sincerity* is the keynote.

There is really only one test of a rendition, and that is, "Did the audience like it?" And the reason why some singers can ignore or twist the rules successfully is summed up in one word: *Vitality.* It also does not involve singing loudly. Vitality—life—comes from the fusion of all the elements of performance into a stirring trenchant, living whole.

Always Use Showmanship

That's the sixth and last spotlight. And what does showmanship mean? First, *Style;* to set you apart from the herd, make you into *you,* and answer the talent scout's catchword of "Nice voice, but what of it?" Second, selecting songs which suit your personality, carry conviction when you render them, and which your listeners will enjoy hearing. Third, your deportment which refers to the management of your body and face, and also to your dress. The essence of acceptable deportment is that it be agreeable, attractive, and distinctive to your audience, and that it have a subtle flair. Here again, an ingratiating apparent naturalness, a stylized simplicity, is the watchword.

Now, have you memorized the six spotlights? Naturalness, diction, creation of one mood, authority, sincerity, showmanship.

You've memorized them—and now you want to know what to do with them.



■ In phrasing a song, mark the places on the music where you plan to breathe.

Well, suppose we imagine that someone has just handed you a new song, with instructions to get "up" on it for an audition. Let's go through all the steps you would take in getting a new song into shape for a professional rendition, and in the process we'll also find out exactly how to make sure of those six spotlights.

First, *Learn the melody perfectly*

Modern orchestration supplies no melody line during a vocal, since no instrument can match the current conversational phrasing. The orchestra may actually be contrapuntal (contrasting in note and rhythm) to the vocal. The result is that you have no melodic accompaniment to lean on: you're out there on your own, and if you forget the melody, or don't know it well enough to maintain it against the orchestra's obbligato, you're going to be in very deep water indeed—probably with the sponsor holding your head under until the bubbles stop coming up.

I've learned to shudder when someone says, "I'm a very quick study." (*Continued on page* 76)



■ Remember the time your voice cracked just as you reached for a high note?

Our Gal Sunday's

Now, in thrilling serial form, read the complete story of a favorite radio drama—the story of how Sunday, an orphan, met and became the bride of rich Lord Henry Brinthrope.

The story:

IT was only half an hour after her marriage to Lord Henry Brinthrope that Sunday was called to the library of Brinthrope Manor, where she found a young woman and a baby—a baby who, the young woman said, was Henry's son. For proof, she gave Sunday a note in Henry's handwriting, promising to support the child.

In that moment, all of Sunday's happiness fell in ruins. It seemed to her then that she should have known all along she was living a fairy-tale which would inevitably collapse. After all, her first meeting with the Brinthrope family had been disillusioning too.

Sunday was an orphan who had been brought up in a rough mountain cabin in Silver Creek, Colorado, by two old miners, Jackey and Lively. Near Silver Creek were the Brinthrope mining properties, and Arthur Brinthrope, visiting them on business, had fallen in love with Sunday. He almost persuaded her to return to England with him, but he revealed that he had no intention of marrying her. Jackey, overhearing him, shot him and, as he believed, killed him. But Arthur's body disappeared and Sunday and Jackey were left in doubt whether he had been carried away by wolves or had recovered and run away himself. A few days later Arthur's older brother, Lord Henry, came to Silver Creek in search of him.

Sunday and Lord Henry fell in love, but Sunday fought bitterly against her affection for him because she was convinced that she had been responsible for the death of his brother. She even consented to marry her childhood sweetheart, Bill Jenkins, but was prevented from doing so by an accident to her arm. Then a woman, Violet Morehead, appeared in Silver Creek, threatening to tell Lord Henry that Jackey had shot Arthur, and in desperation Sunday made a clean breast of things to Henry. He saw at once that Arthur must be alive, or Violet Morehead would not know of the shooting, and he made short work of her attempts at blackmail, afterwards explaining that Arthur was the black sheep of the Brinthrope family. "He'd been embezzling from the mines," Henry said, "and that was why I wanted to find him. But now that I know he's alive, I'm satisfied. As long as I have you . . ."

Sunday had thought then, that all barriers to her marriage to Henry were gone, and with Jackey and Lively she had come to his home in England. Yet here, only a few minutes after the wedding, was a woman who claimed that she was the mother of Henry's child . . .

THE sheet of notepaper fluttered down from Sunday's numbed fingers. Her eyes followed it, listlessly. It fell against the hem of her long satin wedding gown and, shuddering, she stepped away.

"I can't believe it," she whispered. "It—it just can't be true!"

The white-faced woman opposite her stopped and picked up the letter. "Oh, it's true," she said, bitterness threaded through her voice. "Perhaps I shouldn't have told you, Lady Brinthrope, but—I didn't know I'd be too late. I came as soon as I could. I hurried—"

"How old is this baby?" Sunday interrupted.

"Almost a year. Henry was in New York when it was born. I wrote him—again and again, but he never answered. Then, a few days ago, I heard he was back in England, so I wrote him again—and got this letter. I didn't know he was going to be married until I saw the notice in the *Times*."

No, Sunday said to herself, no one had known that the marriage would be so soon—until a few days ago. She remembered her happiness at Henry's sudden, unexplained eagerness to have the wedding at once. With his arms around her, his urgent lips against her cheek, she had thought it was simply his love for her that made it impossible for him to wait until next month, as they had planned. Now she wondered—hating the thought yet knowing it must be true—if he had decided to hurry the wedding on the same day he received Diane Bradford's letter.

"Lady Brinthrope—" the woman muttered; then she swayed, put her hand against her heart. Even in her misery Sunday was conscious that she looked deathly ill.

"What's the matter? Can I get you anything?" she asked quickly.

Diane Bradford shook her head. "No . . . I walked here from the village. I'll be all right. For a while . . ."

Quick steps in the hall broke into her words. The paneled door opened, and Henry came into the room.

"Sunday—what's keeping you, darling?" he began—and stopped. Sunday saw his face go white. "Diane!" he gasped. "What are you doing here?"

"I brought—our son," she said pitifully.

At that moment, Sunday saw guilt in her husband's face. It must be true, then. The stricken expression of his eyes was proof enough. But she must know, beyond the faintest little trace of doubt. She took the letter from Diane's lax fingers and held it out to Henry.

"Did you write this?" she demanded. Jackey and Lively were in the doorway too, now, and other people behind them, peering in curiously, but it didn't matter. Only one thing mattered.

"Yes," Henry admitted in a low voice. "Yes, Sunday, I did. I should have told you about it—"

"Oh!" she recoiled in horror from his outstretched arms. "And you married me—knowing that this poor girl—"

Stumbling over the long folds of her dress, she ran to the door. "Jackey—Lively—take me away! I can't stay another minute in this house!" Strong arms were around her, rough, work-worn hands holding her close.

"Sure, Sunday gal, sure," Jackey murmured. "We'll take you right away."

Then Henry was there again, beside her, arguing, pleading; but she turned her head away and buried it in Jackey's shoulder. "'Tain't no use, now, Lord Henry," Lively said. "She's all upset, like, and we'd better just take her down to the inn. Mebbe, after a while, you can see her, if she wants you to . . ."

The tears came in the car, on the way to the inn—tears until she had sobbed herself into exhaustion, into a state of semi-consciousness where only one fact existed. Henry had betrayed her—and not only her, but that other girl, and his son too.

In the room to which Jackey and Lively took her and put her to bed as tenderly as two mothers caring for a child, she sobbed, "Promise

Romance



■ She remembered his sudden, unexplained eagerness to have the wedding at once —had it been love that urged him on or fear that she would discover his secret?

Sunday and Lord Henry—posed by Dorothy Lowell and Karl Swenson

Photo by CBS

Follow the further romantic adventures of Our Gal Sunday and Henry—tune in this exciting program Monday through Friday on CBS, sponsored by Kolynos Toothpaste and Anacin

me I won't have to see him again! I couldn't stand it! Please—promise me!"

"Not 'less you want to, Sunday darlin'," Jackey assured her stoutly. "Me'n Lively'll go right up there to the Manor and get all your things. And later on, we'll decide what we better do."

IT was dusk when she wakened from an uneasy slumber. The wedding dress which she still wore was crumpled, and she felt hot, feverish. She rose, washed her face, and changed to a fresh dress from the suitcases Jackey and Lively had brought while she slept. Then she went to the door and looked out. Jackey jumped up from the tall settee at one end of the dark hall, where he had been waiting.

"Feelin' better, gal?" he asked tenderly.

"Much better," she said. "I want to go back to America, Jackey. Right away. Have we money enough?"

"I reckon so," he answered. "Lively and me got a little nest-egg we was savin' to give you for a weddin' present. But don't you think you ought to see Lord Henry? He's been callin' up all afternoon, wantin' to know when you'd be ready to see him."

"No—I don't ever want to see him," she insisted. "Please don't make me, Jackey."

"Well, mebbe you'd like to talk to that girl—Miss Bradford. She's here in the inn—that room down the hall. She came here special to see you again."

"Oh—of course I'll see her. Poor thing—she's the one who has really suffered the most in all this," Sunday said.

A feeble "Come in" answered her knock on Diane Bradford's door, and she found Diane bending over an armchair on which she had laid the baby. The woman straightened up as she came in, and Sunday thought she had never seen such weariness in any movement.

"Oh—Lady Brinthrope—" she began.

"Don't call me that," Sunday told her. "My name is Sunday—I don't ever want to be called Lady Brinthrope again."

"Then you've left him? Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry—I come into your life, and all I bring is trouble and heartbreak."

"It wasn't your fault." Sunday's gaze seemed to go out, far past the confines of this dingy little room. "It isn't so bad this way—a quick, sharp pain, as if something had been cut out of you. But if I had lived with him, watched him . . . learned, bit by bit, that he could lie to me—I couldn't have stood that," she said simply.

"I know—I believed in him, too—" She broke off into a violent fit of coughing which racked her frail body like a tornado, bending her nearly double with its violence.



Staring down at the waters, she almost wished that she could step out of life forever, quietly and softly.

Frantically, Sunday tried to help her, but she waved her away, and at last, when the attack had subsided, she gasped, "It's nothing. It comes this way—and goes away again. The doctor says it—won't be long."

"You mean you—?" Sunday was unable to finish, because Diane Bradford's own face, her wasted, pitiful body, gave her answer enough.

Diane nodded. "A month—maybe a little more. They don't know. But what will happen to Lonnie when I'm gone?"

"But Henry—his father said he'd take care of him," Sunday pointed out.

The scarlet mouth set itself in a thin line of determination. "I'd rather see him in an institution—or dead—than under Henry's influence!"

Sunday leaned over the chair. Bright unwinking eyes in a round face met hers; two chubby hands waved impotently in the air. "Oh, he's a darling," she said, feeling a strange, unfamiliar tug at her heart. Henry's child . . . a little bit of his blood and flesh . . .

Timidly, Diane said, "That's why I wanted to see you. Won't you take him? I'll sign papers—anything you say. You're good, and kind. And I do so want to know that he's all right before—before I—"

Sunday started to speak, to protest. Then she saw the entreaty in Diane's face. Its stark tragedy caught her and held her until she could do nothing against it. "Yes," she whispered. "I'll take him. I'll take him back to America with me."

The ship churned its way through the sullen sea, vibrating with the urgency of its return to America. Sometimes Sunday would wake up at night in the tiny cubbyhole which had been all Jackey and Lively could afford for her, and feeling the never-ceasing hum, would want to cry out. Every clink of the water-glass against its metal ring, every turn of the ship's propeller, every wave crushed beneath the steadily advancing bow was taking her farther from the man she loved, would always love. Yet in the morning, bringing Lonnie up on deck and hearing the familiar chatter of American voices, feeling the comfort of Jackey's and Lively's sympathy, she knew that love was not enough. You had to have confidence, and (*Continued on page* 58)

Hollywood Radio Whispers



Nancy Kelly and Ken Murray—they're "going together"—wish Frances Langford and Jon Hall (seated) good luck on their first trip in their new yacht.

Barton Yarborough—Cliff of One Man's Family—broadcasts with movie star Loretta Young.

Benny's Rochester treats himself to a drink in honor of his special contract with Jack.

By GEORGE FISHER

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night over Mutual.

DON'T say I didn't warn you. Some columns ago I itemed that Gene Autry was being paged for his own radio show: Well, Gene is now the star of CBS's new Sunday afternoon program for Wrigley's chewing gum. And here's another prediction: Gene Autry, the nation's "number one cowboy" of the screen, will replace the combination of Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy and become number one man of the radio, too.

* * *

I watched Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Ruby Keeler and Paulette Goddard play their charity golf match at Lakeside Golf Club the other week. As golf went, the match was terrible. But there were other things, for instance, Paulette Goddard. She wore a sports outfit that other women dream about and every time she swung her club one thousand males, who were following the match, sighed.

* * *

Curiously, Ellery Queen's Sunday hour mystery program is closely followed in Hollywood. I've heard many filmstars bow out of cocktail parties and dinner engagements just to listen to Queen. It would indicate that the movies are interested in the young detective—and I think it would make an excellent film series, at that.

* * *

Starting with my next column I am beginning a Confidential Question Box—answers to your questions about Hollywood Radio Stars. Send your questions to George Fisher, c/o RADIO MIRROR, Box 2087, Hollywood, California. Only your initials will be used to identify you in the column. Send in your questions now.

* * *

Eddie Arnold, who has his finger in every political pie, has just been voted president of AFRA—the radio actor's union.

* * *

Betty Jane Rhodes, the First Lady

(*Continued on page* 55)

Illustration by
Alec Redmond



■ "Now that Grant has a child of his own he is more tolerant, more sensitive to young thoughts, young fears, young ways."

DEAR DIARY:

I am rated the First Lady of Broadway . . .

I live in a pent-house—a magnificent pent-house—high above Fifth Avenue . . .

My co-star, Raymond Rogers, beloved by thousands of women, is in love with me . . .

I have only to wear a particular color or mention that I favor a certain perfume and the New York shops cannot fill the demand for it . . .

And if there is a more lonely and unhappy woman in New York City than I, I pity her with all my heart.

My husband is away—I don't know where. My two children are in a summer camp. Raymond Rogers would like to keep me company, but though he is gentle and considerate, all I want when the evening performance is over is to go home and confide my heartache to these pages.

It seems to me now that I should have known my marriage to Grant Cummings would never work out. But I fell in love with him the first moment he walked into my little store, back in Montana. And it wasn't only the loneliness of three years of widowhood, either—there was something fine and good about him that I sensed at once. I couldn't refuse when he asked me to marry him. Though I told myself I owed it to my two children, Fran and Dick, to give them a new father and all the advantages Grant's riches could provide, the real reason I said "Yes" was simply that I loved him too much to say "No."

What I didn't foresee was the subtle resentment that was bound to exist between Grant and my two children. Grant felt, deep down in his heart, that my real love was only for them; and in their turn, they felt that Grant was taking me away from them. Their two points of view, it seemed, couldn't be reconciled, and in New York Mimi Hale, Grant's cousin, took advantage of the friction to maintain her hold over my husband. When that failed, she trumped up a story that my first husband, Richard Williams, had not been killed after all in an automobile accident, but was still alive! It was only by standing up to her and demanding to see the supposed "Richard," face to face, that I was able to prove that the whole story was a lie.

But somewhere in Grant were germs of jealousy that couldn't be killed. They, and they alone, brought about a situation which sent him into a court of law, accused of murder. For a surprise, I had begun sitting for my portrait to Peter Van Doorn. Mimi told Grant, and he paid a call on Peter—to find the artist dead, murdered.

Read Second Husband here—then continue the adventures of Brenda and Grant Cummings by tuning in the radio drama of the same name, starring Helen Menken, sponsored by Bayer Aspirin, and heard Tuesday evenings over CBS.

Second Husband

■ Concluding the intimate diary of Brenda Cummings, who found in re-marriage anguish and ecstasy, poverty and riches—and the fulfillment of a great love

They accused Grant of the crime, and he would have been convicted if at the last moment the real murderer—the husband of a woman with whom Peter had been having a love-affair—had not confessed.

I like to remember the brief period of happiness that was ours after Grant's acquittal. Mimi Hale had gone away, convinced at last that Grant and I must be left to work out our own salvation. But Nana Norton, a musical-comedy star whom I mistrusted on sight, persuaded Grant to back her in a new show—and Nana Norton is responsible for our estrangement and unhappiness right now. She's entirely unprincipled, but fascinating, and she set out to win Grant away from me. I could have fought for him, but when relations between us became so strained that Grant turned against Dick and Fran, I couldn't stand any more. I moved out of his home, taking the children with me.

It's just luck that I was able to shoot up to my present financial success. It doesn't even bring me any satisfaction, beyond the knowledge that Dick and Fran are provided for. I happened to get a small part in a new play—the star was so difficult they had to let her go—and Christopher Harwood, the producer, who had been very sweet and friendly from the first, let me read the leading role. It must have been some hidden awareness that I simply *had* to make good, that helped me to impress Mr. Harwood, the director, and the author at the audition; and made me a success beyond anyone's wildest hopes on the opening night. Goodness knows, I never thought of myself as an actress!

So I'm rich, and famous . . . but that fact seems remarkably unimportant beside Grant's silence. I saw him once, after I left his home, and then he told me that he was through with Nana Norton—but the very same day I learned that he was backing her in a moving picture appearance. He'd never lied to me before.

Then came silence, and I heard he was out of town. Has he really gone to Hollywood, to make advance arrangements for Nana Norton's picture career?

June 3rd . . .

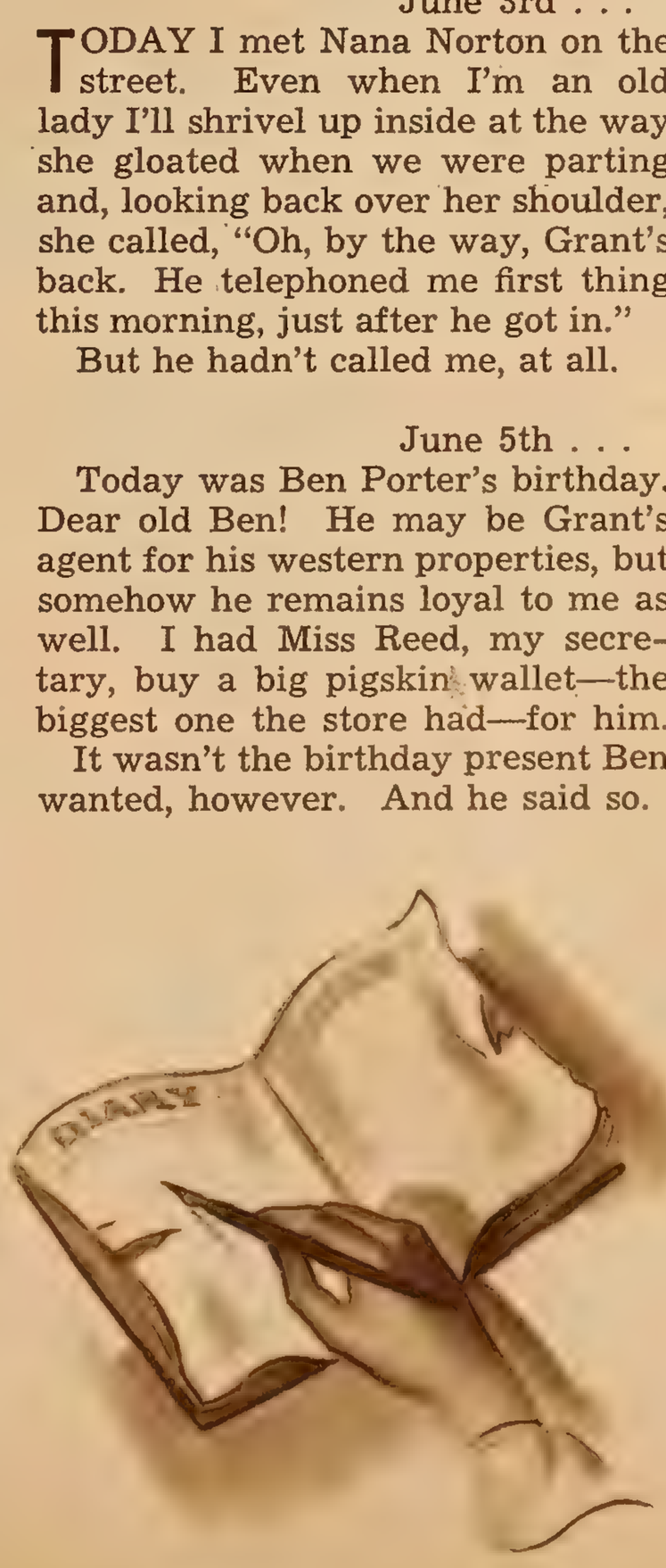
TODAY I met Nana Norton on the street. Even when I'm an old lady I'll shrivel up inside at the way she gloated when we were parting and, looking back over her shoulder, she called, "Oh, by the way, Grant's back. He telephoned me first thing this morning, just after he got in."

But he hadn't called me, at all.

June 5th . . .

Today was Ben Porter's birthday. Dear old Ben! He may be Grant's agent for his western properties, but somehow he remains loyal to me as well. I had Miss Reed, my secretary, buy a big pigskin wallet—the biggest one the store had—for him.

It wasn't the birthday present Ben wanted, however. And he said so.



"Honey," he told me, "maybe I oughtn't be saying so, but the only present I want is to see you and Mr. Cummin's together again."

I began to weep. I wept these days if anyone looked at me. I feel as if there was nothing inside me but a network of quivering nerves.

June 6th . . .

I'll try to make sense. But my head and heart are so filled with songs of thanksgiving that I don't know whether little practical words will come from them . . .

Grant and I are together again. He loves me! And it was Ben Porter and Nana Norton who sent him back to me!

When Ben left me yesterday he went to Grant's office. Grant had just sent Nana and her manager packing, told them he was through with them. They had come to his office on some business matter. But Nana, who had had too many cocktails for luncheon, began to talk. And she talked too much. She gave Grant clues concerning several cruel things she had done to me—in an effort to estrange me from Grant finally and completely.

On top of this it needed only Ben's white lie to send Grant to me, post-haste.

"Mr. Cummin's," Ben told Grant, "if my wife was as sick as Brenda is down there at the theater, gosh hang it, I'd want to be looking after her."

Quite deliberately he made Grant think I was really, physically ill. All the way to the theater he pictured me as being carried off in an ambulance. When he saw me in my dressing room his relief at finding me well was so great that it broke down all the barriers of pride and misunderstanding between us.

Now I am home again. In Grant's home, where I belong, surrounded once more by his love.

August . . .

The children came home from camp today. Dick is brown as a nut. He looks so handsome. Fran is inches taller—and she has a new poise.

August 30th . . .

Today Grant came upon me in Raymond Rogers' dressing room. Raymond was making love to me. And my arm was around his shoulder.

It happened like this. . . .

Raymond is leaving the play. He's going home to England. "I can't go on," he told me, "loving you as I do. I'll crack up if I try."

It was then I put my arm about him. *Out of friendship!*

"We'll discuss it tomorrow," Grant told me, as we drove home. "You probably have some explanation for what I saw. But I can't listen to it now—with any reason."

August 31st . . .

I NEVER knew that Grant had a brother—yet today Bill Cummings appeared in our home. He walked into the house and introduced himself, with an impudent grin, as "Ba ba Black Sheep."

Bill has just been released from prison, and that is why his existence had been kept such a secret. Yet I refuse to think he is bad. He was convicted ten years ago of embezzling thirty thousand dollars from the bank where he worked. I can't believe it. He's not a criminal.

Grant wanted to give him some money and send him away today. I wouldn't allow it. Instead, I did what Grant should have done. I took him down to the theater and introduced him to Mr. Harwood—with the result that Bill now has a job in the box-office as Mr. Harwood's personal representative.

September 4th . . .

I'm uneasy. Tonight as I was leaving for the theater Edwards admitted a man who had viciousness stamped all over him. He wanted to see Bill. They were cell-mates. Jake Hunter is his name and he left word for Bill to telephone him at the Hotel Deacon.

Grant sent him off without much ceremony. Perhaps that was right to do. But I wish he had done it—differently. Men like Jake Hunter are vindictive and dangerous.

September 21st . . .

Bill is going to be arrested. There's been a shortage at the theater. Carmichael, the older man in the box-office, reported the matter to Mr. Harwood *and to the bonding company.* That's what makes it difficult to save Bill. Bonding companies take a high hand. And naturally they unearthed Bill's prison record in no time at all. Mr. Harwood admits Carmichael was officious in reporting the matter to the bonding company. Beyond this he won't go. But I do go beyond it! There's usually a reason for officiousness like Carmichael's. And I'm going to find out what it was in this instance. Bill swears he didn't touch a cent. I believe him!

September 22nd . . .

I posted a five thousand dollar bond guaranteeing that Bill wouldn't run away and the bonding company has given us ten days' grace. If we can't prove Bill's innocence or someone else's guilt in that time Bill will be arrested. And I've hired a detective, Fletcher, to investigate. Naturally, I've told Grant nothing. It would do no good. He would be as quick as the others to say, "Once a thief, always a thief."

Next Month

A beautiful cover portrait of a beautiful girl

—and a story about her romantic marriage to a millionaire sportsman . . . watch for NAN GREY on the cover of the April

RADIO MIRROR

September 24th . . .

Today I gave Fletcher orders. His investigations have been very half-hearted so far. "I want you to trace all the telephone calls Carmichael has made through the theater switchboard," I told him. "And I want you to check on a man named Jake Hunter who lives at the Deacon Hotel."

September 27th . . .

Carmichael and Jake Hunter know each other! For weeks they've been telephoning back and forth.

I know that, but it's about all I do know. We've questioned Carmichael about his connection with Hunter. And we've gotten nowhere.

"*I* didn't meet Hunter in prison," he said, with emphasis. "I knew him when he was in Wall Street. He used to handle accounts for me."

I am certain it is Carmichael and Hunter who are guilty. But I have no proof, no proof at all. And unless I can get proof in five days Bill is going to be arrested!

October 2nd, Midnight . . .

At eleven o'clock this morning Bill's days of grace expired.

At nine o'clock Fletcher came to the bonding company office to admit failure. A few minutes later Carmichael arrived. He brought a package of bogus tickets wrapped up in a piece of blue paper that had been torn from a larger sheet of paper. He had, he said, found the package in Bill's locker.

The bonding company executive and Fletcher threw up their hands with a gesture that said, louder than words, "That settles it!"

"The bond I've posted," I told them, "gives us two more hours. I want those two hours."

"Gee, Brenda," Bill said, "give up!"

Slowly, almost in a daze, I reached for that blue piece of paper. Obviously it wasn't the paper the man who had printed the tickets had used to wrap them. Where had it come from? If I could find out about that. . . .

I got Ben Porter to telephone Jake Hunter and trick him into leaving his room. Then, with a passkey I borrowed from Fletcher, I went to the Deacon Hotel and admitted myself to Hunter's room.

If I could find the piece of paper that blue paper in my bag had been torn from . . . and if I could find it in Jake Hunter's room . . .

It seemed logical to believe Carmichael had just come into possession of those tickets. And if Hunter had given them to him the night before, and his room hadn't yet been cleaned, the rest of the blue sheet from which the wrapping had been torn might be still there.

Hunter's room was a shambles. Carefully I emptied his waste-basket. And at the bottom of it found—blue paper! Blue paper with a torn edge that exactly fitted the edge of the sheet I took from my bag!

Just as I matched the two pieces together a key turned in the door. My heart flew to my throat. I knew before I turned what I would see. Jake Hunter stood in the doorway.

Slowly he locked the door and put the key in his pocket; then he sprang at me. I moved against the wall. I was sick with fear. Something pressed against my back. It was a glassed-in fire alarm. Quickly I turned and smashed it.

Jake Hunter pinned my arms behind me. (*Continued on page* 84)

Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

Swing conquered the classics when Jan Savitt turned to jazz. Above, Jan with his five-man saxophone section. Shirley Lane (below), just out of school, sings with Gray Gordon's Tic Toc Rhythm band.



THOUGH it is reckless to predict anything about Artie Shaw, swing seers expect him back in the spotlight with a new band by February.

* * *

Bob Crosby replaces Paul Whiteman at the Hotel New Yorker and Gray Gordon expects his tic-toc music to get the coveted Rainbow Room assignment.

* * *

It was Johnny Green's band that Doris Duke Cromwell selected to play for her very swank party.

* * *

The girl vocalists are on the merry-go-round again: Mary Ann McCall, formerly with Woody Herman, is with Charlie Barnet, replacing Judy Ellington. . . . Helen Forrest, formerly with Artie Shaw, joined Benny Goodman and Kay Foster who used to warble for Benny, signed up with Georgie Auld's band (formerly Artie Shaw's.) . . . Dot Claire left Bob Crosby to join young Bobby Byrne's excellent outfit.

The Hal Kemps expect a newcomer from heaven.

* * *

When bands play theater dates they usually hire a make-up expert named Happy Goday. His trick is to apply a tan foundation, very mild lipstick, and a delicate powder over the whole face, and see to it that it stays bright through five shows. The strong stage lights demand good make-up.

* * *

Johnny Williams, leader of his own swing ensemble on the Kate Smith hour, comes forth with a blast directed at his fellow drummers. "The drum is a foundation instrument and should be kept in its place and not made the object of annoyance and disturbance as has become the modern habit," squawks Johnny.

* * *

Louise Tobin, former Benny Goodman vocalist, and wife of trumpeter-leader Harry James, has just recovered from an illness that almost took her life.

(*Continued on page* 68)

The Cooking Corner



By KATE SMITH

Radio Mirror's new Food Counsellor

ANNOUNCES A CONTEST FOR

Tune in Kate Smith's noon-day talks, Monday through Friday at 12:00 E.S.T. and her Friday night show at 8:00, both over CBS.

I'VE got exciting news this month. RADIO MIRROR and I are going to have a contest that every woman in America can enter.

It's really much more than just a contest. It's a chance to exchange your own pet menus and recipes with thousands of other women all over the country. It's your chance to learn about dishes that will make your menus more delightful. Think of it! For the first time that I know of, women from Maine to California are being given an opportunity to "swap" favorite recipes as if they were back-yard neighbors. And not only that—in addition, you stand a chance of winning a valuable prize.

Here's what I hope you'll do. Send me the recipe or recipes you like best which you yourself have worked out (naturally, not a recipe that you found in a cook book or with a package of food, though it could very well be one that your mother and grandmother handed down to you). Then you'll be eligible to win one of the many cash prizes or one of a hundred beautiful packages of my sponsor's foods.

Then, after this contest is over, I'll select several recipes every month and you'll find them on these pages. I'm looking forward to getting all these recipes myself, to tell the truth. I'm anxious to find out how they cook in all the different sections of this great country of ours—and I'm sure you'll be anxious too.

It doesn't make any difference what kind of recipe you select to enter in the contest, because RADIO MIRROR and I want all kinds—recipes for baking, for soups, for desserts, for meat courses, for appetizers, for sauces—anything, as long as it's one you yourself have had particular success with. Enter as many recipes as you please, so long as each one is accompanied by the official entry coupon printed at the left.

And now, because I'm so excited about this contest, I want to start the ball rolling with two of my own pet recipes. I'm only sorry I can't send them in to the contest, because I have a hunch they'd win some prizes—but of course, being one of the judges, I can't.

Cheese Souffle

4 tbls. butter or margarine
4 tbls. flour
¾ cup canned evaporated milk
¾ cup water
1 tsp. salt
dash of cayenne
6 eggs (beaten separately)
½ lb. creamed Old English type cheese

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$50.00 IN CASH
SECOND PRIZE	25.00 IN CASH
THIRD PRIZE	15.00 IN CASH

55 PRIZES OF $2.00 EACH IN CASH

50 Additional Prizes of General Foods
Beautiful Special Gift Packages

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

COOKING CORNER RECIPE CONTEST
Radio Mirror Magazine, P. O. Box 556
Grand Central Station, N. Y., N. Y.

Please enter the attached original recipe in your contest under the conditions governing the competition as detailed in RADIO MIRROR.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

Single ( ) Married ( ) Number in Family ( )

YOUR FAVORITE RECIPE

For every woman in the land—the easiest contest you ever entered! Your favorite recipe can win for you one of many cash and food prizes. Write it down and send it in—now!



■ Kate starts the contest ball rolling with her own favorite recipe for a fluffy cheese souffle.

Melt the butter, rub in the flour with the salt and cayenne. Combine canned evaporated milk and water and stir into the flour, using a low heat. When the sauce has thickened and is smooth, stir in the cheese. As soon as the cheese has melted, add the beaten yolks of the six eggs. Let mixture cool, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a buttered casserole, 2-quart size, and bake in a slow oven (300 degrees F.) for 1¼ hours. Serve immediately.

Nantucket Clam Chowder

1 large onion, minced fine
1 qt. potatoes, cubed small
4 qts. water
1 qt. clams (chopped) with liquor
½ lb. salt pork sliced thin and diced
3 tbls. flour
salt and pepper to taste
1 pt. milk

Cook onion and potatoes in 4 qts. water for about five minutes. Add chopped clams and cook for five minutes more. Fry salt pork, being careful not to burn it, drain off the grease and add pork, together with liquor from the clams. When the potatoes are done, thicken liquid with the flour, and add salt and pepper to taste. Add milk just before serving, being careful not to let chowder boil after milk has been added.

THE RULES

1. Recipes must be typewritten or plainly written on one side of sheet only.
2. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, economy, nutritional value and appeal to the eye as well as the palate.
3. For the best entry judged on this basis RADIO MIRROR will award a cash first prize of $50.00. The next best recipe will receive $25.00 and the third will be awarded $15.00. In the order of their excellence the fifty-five entries next best will be awarded prizes of $2.00 each. The next 50 best recipes will be awarded special gift packages of General Foods products. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. The judges will be Kate Smith, conductor of the Cooking Corner, and the editors of RADIO MIRROR, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
5. Each entry must be accompanied by an official entry coupon clipped from RADIO MIRROR Magazine. All winning recipes will become the property of RADIO MIRROR for publication and use wherever desired.
6. Address entries to Cooking Corner Recipe Contest, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
7. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, April 15, 1940, which is the closing date of this contest.

Woman in Love

■ The most wonderful happiness at last comes to Tamara on Christmas Eve—bringing to a close this enthralling drama by America's favorite novelist

FIVE years in a convent school were poor defense for Tamara Todhunter when she met Mayne Mallory, handsome, unprincipled film actor. To her dazzled eyes, he symbolized everything she loved and wanted—and only afterwards, when he left San Francisco and returned to Hollywood, leaving her to bear his child in secrecy, did she realize what an easy conquest she had been.

Tamara managed to keep her child a secret from her family, a shabby group of unsuccessful theatrical people. The little girl was born at the ranch home of Mary Hutton, an old friend of Tamara's Mother Superior in the convent school, and when Tam returned to San Francisco Mrs. Hutton accepted little Mary as her own niece.

In the eight years that passed after little Mary was born, Tam found a measure of success as an actress in San Francisco. She thought she would never fall in love again—until she met George Davis, a handsome but dissolute young lawyer. Through her influence, he stopped drinking and began in earnest to build the career he deserved, and gradually, beautifully, he and Tam fell in love. By an accident, she also discovered that he was the son of Mary Hutton, whom Mary had believed was dead, and she brought mother and son together again. Before she agreed to marry George, Tam told him the truth about little Mary's parentage, but he refused to let this make any difference in their love.

At last, as she and George were married and went on a glorious mountain honeymoon, Tam thought she had found real happiness. But on the very day they returned, Mayne's shadow fell once more across her life. Mayne was accused of murdering his wife, a wealthy woman he had married after his association with Tamara, and George was chosen to defend him. On the first trial, George succeeded in getting the jury to disagree, but on the second, in which Mayne was defended by another lawyer, he was pronounced guilty. And then he sent for Tam, revealed that he knew of little Mary's existence, and tried to blackmail her into begging the Governor into pardoning him. When she refused, he grew so abusive that George knocked him down. George and Tam rushed from the prison waiting-room while Mayne was still unconscious. Two days later they learned that he had never recovered consciousness; that the interview with George and Tam, plus George's blow, had been too much for an already weakened heart.

GEORGE took Tam to dinner at the city's finest hotel a few nights later; they had soft music and mellowed lights about them when he told her the news:

"I think they're going to make a sort of example of me, Tam."

Her alarmed eyes came up from her plate. "How do you mean?" she demanded, paling.

"Oh," he said carelessly, "I think I'll have to go across the bay for a while."

"They're—they're not—" She choked on the words and was still.

"I think so."

"Jail?" she whispered. "Prison?"

"Oh, for a while. Nothing much."

"Oh, no!" Tam whispered. She looked about her like a creature in a trap. "Oh, why did you bring me here!" she breathed. "We could have gone some place—some little place—we could have had supper at home—"

"I wanted you to be somewhere where people could see you," George said mildly. "We'll have plenty of time to talk—we can talk all night. But I had to tell you this, and I thought it might be a good way. They weren't apt to let me off, Tam—you can see that."

She was hardly listening; her hands were clenched on her breast, and her eyes narrowed on space.

"No, no, no," she said, "I'll not let you! I'll tell everyone. You shan't do this for me!"

"I'm not doing it for you, Tam."

"Did you tell old Mr. Martell or Mr. Hunter or Billy the truth?"

"Of course not!"

"They think that you simply lost your temper because Mayne was so insolent about your having thrown him down?"

"Of course they do."

"Then I'll tell them!" Tam said, her jaw set firmly. "I've wanted to talk all along. Now I will. Mary—all of us will have to take the consequences. But when they know why you hit him—because of me—maybe they'll let you go!"

"We'll talk about it later," George said evasively. "Listen, Tam—the evening paper said that Kohl had made you an offer?"

"The movie man." Tam's eyes were suddenly heavy and her tone dulled. "Yes. I suppose he wants to cash in on the publicity."

"Well, why not? Why not take it, I mean?"

An affronted look came into her pale face. "Take it?" she asked, surprised.

"Well, for a while. It'd mean a lot of money, Tam."

"I don't want to," she said restlessly. "I hate the movies. We have to settle this other thing first—George!" she broke off suddenly. "You think you are going to be over there a long time. Tell me, do you know? Does anyone know?"

"Nobody knows. And no matter what's done tomorrow, there'll be delays and appeals and all the rest of it. Old Martell has got his teeth into this, and he won't let go," George said. "But, long or short, I'd like to feel that you were working and interested."

Later he said to her: "It isn't for you, Tam. It's for my mother and Mary. Mary's such a grand little girl, with her hair flopping round and her dirty white shoes. It'd be a ghastly thing to get her home from France, get my mother here, mark 'em both for their whole lives with this kind of story! I don't say this way out is cheap, but it's the cheapest there is. You don't know what will happen, what kind of a break we'll get."

"I know that if I let you—go to

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by

Kathleen Norris

Listen to Woman in Love by Kathleen Norris, Monday through Friday, on CBS, 5 P. M., E.S.T., sponsored by Wheaties.

Illustration by Carl Mueller

Life came back into her veins. Somehow, in the cold and dark she was across the kitchen floor, and then the sky showed in the opened doorway.

prison—you'll be ruined forever. Where could we go that this story wouldn't follow us?"

"Where could we go? Nowhere. We'd stay right here. And in a few years it'd be, 'He hit a man once, and the man went out cold.' That'd be all there was to that!"

Later that night she went to sleep with her head on his shoulder and his arm about her. But George lay awake, with her sweetness and sleepiness and smallness close to him, all night long.

She had mercifully not realized it, but he knew. He knew that it was their last night together.

In the morning she was radiant and courageous. It was impossible to despair on such a singing Christmas Eve, with a bay ruffled and blue under a light wind and great galleons of cloud ballooning their way above the solemn silhouette of Tamalpais.

But at breakfast, seated opposite George in the sunshine-flooded breakfast room, the brightness suddenly went out of her face. Her glance had chanced to fall upon the morning paper, folded and thrown carelessly upon a chair, and she had seen the headlines: "Davis to be Sentenced Today." She made herself face him, she made herself be calm, but her soul was sick within her.

"Tam, do you want to do me a real Christmas favor?" George asked.

Instead of answering, she burst out, "It's too horrible to be true! If I—if I went to the governor—"

"That's just what I want to talk to you about, dear," George said in a businesslike tone. "The governor couldn't do anything with a pardon now because it would stir up too much mud. After six months or a year—"

"Six months or a *year*!"

"Well, maybe in much less than that, things will have simmered down and everything will be quieter. Then you and the boys at the office can get busy and do something."

(*Continued on page* 72)

Secrets of the

■ Shhh! If you'll promise not to tell, we'll reveal some of the strange things that happen unexpectedly when a favorite Hollywood broadcast goes on the air!

By MARIAN RHEA



■ A tearful maid almost ruined Ginger Rogers' performance—until a piano cover came to the rescue!



■ One Monday night, while you were unaware of it, a white kitten played an exciting part during the performance of "Cimarron." Above, Director De Mille, Edith Wilkerson, Virginia Bruce and Clark Gable.

THIS is a story of secrets that have been well kept all these years, a story of accidents, fright, forgetfulness, a story of Fate at her worst.

The secrets belong to the Lux Radio Theater and the glittering stars who bring you their dramas every Monday night—secrets that have made Cecil B. DeMille's hair turn even grayer and that have left the huge cast which puts these hour broadcasts on the air limp with nervous exhaustion.

It is the story of the human side of your favorite dramatic program and the human side of the stars, of Clark Gable who kissed the script girl, of Bob Montgomery who forgot his pants, of Connie Bennett whose dog wouldn't stay home.

These secrets would have stayed locked away for all eternity, probably, if certain strange markings on the sides of used broadcast scripts hadn't been translated by the girl in charge of these mimeographed sheets of apparently harmless paper.

The script for "I Found Stella Parrish," officially noted only that Connie Bennett was the star that evening. But off in one corner was the single word "dog". Doesn't make much sense, does it? It didn't at the time it all happened, either.

The dog belonged to Connie. A magnificent cocker spaniel whose life is pretty hollow unless he is within sight and smell of his glamorous mistress. Perhaps it was natural, then, that she take him with her to rehearsals for "Stella Parrish," but it wasn't quite so natural that he appear at the actual performance! He was properly shut up when Connie left home. But dogs are notably ingenious. Therefore, shortly before the close of the second act of the broadcast, apprehension suddenly swept the Bennett countenance and following her glance, the others assembled saw why.

Standing there in the wings, nose extended toward Connie, body immobile, tail rigid, was Chips. Connie gasped and went on with her lines. Director DeMille frowned; the producer made gestures of displeasure in his plate glass cage.

Lux Radio Theater





■ Autograph hunters know Claudette Colbert for a good sport—but even you would never guess that she would broadcast, in a crisis, with her ex-husband!

■ That look of surprise on Robert Montgomery's face was nothing like the look he expressed the night he rushed out to answer the phone—minus his trousers.

■ Janet Gaynor has a standing invitation to be on the Lux show—but seldom accepts it for a very personal reason: the mike frightens her so much she almost faints!

Fink Photos

Meanwhile, Chips having dutifully and characteristically saluted Connie as he had been taught to do, ambled over to her and sat up amiably, his fore paws dangling in front of him, honest brown eyes beseeching reward. And then it was that Connie nearly had a fit. You who listened to her that night, didn't know it, but all the while she was acting in that very dramatic story, she was frantically pushing at the bewildered Chips, trying to get him away from her, but at the same time motioning others bent on eliminating him, to stand back. The general effect was gymnastic to say the least. And when the "curtain" finally went down Connie was a wreck.

WHEN he sits up, he *barks,*" she gasped, "especially if he's interfered with before he gets his dog biscuit." However, perhaps bewildered by the unfamiliar behavior of his mistress, or perhaps silenced solely by the grace of the god of radio, he hadn't barked on this occasion. He had just sat there. But it was a near thing.

I asked the script mistress, pretty Norma Lindbloom, if the pets of Lux artists were in the habit of visiting their owners at inconvenient moments, and she said no, they weren't. "We've only had one other such visitor in the history of the program," she insisted. That was a white kitten which some admiring fan had given Virginia Bruce at the stage door, the day Virginia and Clark Gable co-starred in the radio version of "Cimarron." A very self-possessed little creature, this, who managed to get out of the basket she came in smack in the middle of the show and meander, purring, around the stage, rubbing against Clark's and Director DeMille's trouser legs (leaving patches of white hairs) and coyly evading all efforts to catch her.

Finally she snuggled down between the footlights and went

to sleep. Yes, there is a notation about this on the "Cimarron" script. "Kitten," it says.

It was on this same day that some of Norma's co-workers got Clark to do a little good-natured ribbing at the expense of Norma and another "script girl," Helen Bushee. Norma admits she and Helen had been pretty thrilled at the prospect of meeting the handsome Mr. Gable face to face, and also that they hadn't exactly kept their thrilled anticipation to themselves. Came the Big Moment of introduction. Instead of bowing, impersonally, Clark strode across the room and threw an arm around each of them. "Hiya, Norma! Hiya, Helen!" he breezed. "I've been looking forward to this!"

WHEREUPON, everyone laughed, and Misses Norma and Helen blushed to the roots of their hair. Norma didn't make any hieroglyphics on the script about this, but she had other things down there about Clark.

Seems he has a most disconcerting way, in radio performances, of forgetting to wait for necessary sound effects. He will rush through a door before it is opened, for instance, or say, "Come in," before a scheduled knock—things like that. So they always mark these bits of stage business on his script with large, bright red lines and this has helped, too, although in "It Happened One Night," he managed to answer a telephone before it rang. If you listened in on that broadcast, did you notice it? Probably not. But Charlie Forsyth, the Lux program's sound man did. He nearly had a fit. And now, whenever Clark is on the program, Charlie watches him like a hawk. They even kid him about hurrying up his timing to make sure Clark won't "rob" him of the chance to do his stuff.

Paula Winslow's colored maid (Paula often appears in supporting roles on the Lux program) has also been known to add to the gray hairs of Lux producers. Her name is Pearl. She has been with Paula for years, and thinks her wonderful.

During broadcasts, she sits in the wings, and lives, heart and soul, the roles Paula plays. If it is a funny role, she is convulsed with laughter. If it is a sad role, she weeps copious tears. It was during Paula's recent appearance in "She Married Her Boss" with Ginger Rogers and George Brent, that this enthusiasm got out of bounds so to speak. Pearl, listening to her mistress' performance, became lachrymose with its pathos. Whereupon Director Sanford Barnett, fearing her reaction would become audible in the microphone, acted with dispatch. He threw a piano cover over Pearl, tears and all.

Of course, all of the trials and tribulations which can beset the producers of and actors in a radio show don't crop up during the broadcast. One of the biggest mishaps in Lux annals (and you ought to see Norma's hieroglyphics on this script, what with the last-minute corrections and all) occurred when it was learned the Friday night before the Monday show, after rehearsals had been going on all week, that the radio rights for "Vive Villa," the intended production, were not available. That meant approximately two days and a half were left to select, write and rehearse a new show! The first problem was to get hold of a star who could work under pressure. "Walter Huston!" someone suggested. It seems that Walter is one of the best in the business when it comes to this kind of emergency.

So they asked Walter would he help out and he said sure.

"What play would you like to do?" was the next question.

"'The Barker'. I've done it in New York and I'm up on the lines," he told them.

"And whom would you like to play with you?"

"Claudette Colbert. She was in the New York show."

They called Claudette and she was willing to help also. "How about the other man in the cast?" was the next question.

"Norman could do it," this was Claudette's suggestion.

The Norman she referred to was her ex-husband, Norman Foster. He, too, had been in the New York show. (*Continued on page* 53)

■ No wonder Connie Bennett nearly had a fit when Chips followed her from home right into the Lux radio broadcast of "I Found Stella Parrish."



"More pleasure, more smoking... all in one grand, mild cigarette... Camel!"

MRS. MALCOLM E. McALPIN
SOCIALLY PROMINENT SPORTSWOMAN



Above, Mrs. Malcolm E. McAlpin wearing the colorful braided wool jacket. A great lover of winter sports—and *distinctly* an expert—Mrs. McAlpin is a familiar figure in Sun Valley. And in her own New Jersey country home, "Benalpin," she leads an active life year'round. Ice-skating, bob-sledding, swimming—she enjoys them all.

"After hours of fun outdoors," she says, "I love to sit back comfortably—smoking Camels. I get *more pleasure* out of Camel's cool, delicate taste. And with Camels, I never tire of smoking. They're slower-burning, you know — *so much milder.* As for any effect upon my throat, there simply isn't any—with Camels!"

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

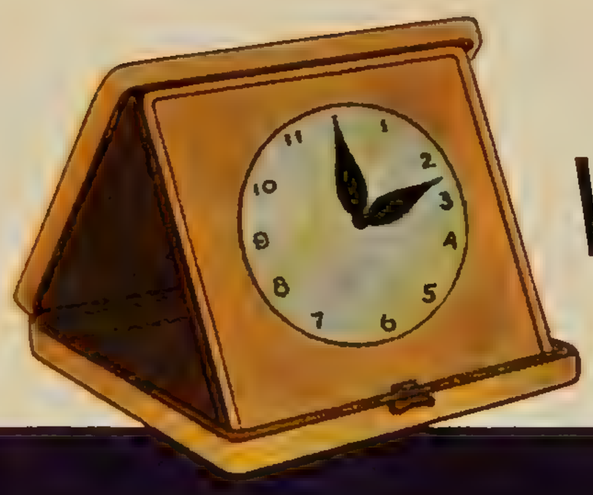


A few of the many distinguished women who prefer the cigarette of slow-burning costlier tobaccos — Camel

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MORE MILDNESS. COOLNESS. AND FLAVOR WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

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WAS THIS THE MAN SHE HAD MARRIED?





ONLY a few short months ago—the excitement, the wonder, the surging happiness of walking beside him down the aisle . . . *his bride!* Weeks of glorious honeymooning . . . all music and laughter, dancing and gaiety. Then, at last, home to the shining new apartment they had planned and furnished together.

And now, so soon, this puzzling change. The precious words, the tiny acts of thoughtfulness, were becoming less and less frequent. Somehow, even the way he looked at her seemed different lately.

Tonight . . . or rather in the small, lonely hours of this *morning* . . . he was coming home after an evening without her. It was not the first time. There had been other such nights recently, vaguely explained away as "necessary for business."

Could he *really* be growing indifferent . . . this man she loved so much? What had she done? What could she do to hold him?

Why Risk Unhappiness?

Probably nothing can wreck romance so quickly as halitosis (bad breath). And the insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself seldom know when you have it . . . or realize that you are offending. Why run that risk? Sometimes halitosis may be due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts this food fermentation . . . then overcomes the odors it causes . . . leaves your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

Get in the habit of gargling Listerine Antiseptic before social or business engagements. Its pleasant, tangy taste makes it delightful to use. And it may pay you rich dividends in friendships and popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Use LISTERINE Morning and Night for Halitosis (Bad Breath)



No, Lanny Ross isn't being pinched—he's only feeding his husky escorts at the Philadelphia Food Show. Jean Paul King, left, is the announcer on Lanny's CBS program for Franco-American Spaghetti.

Horace Heidt's Secret Marriage

(*Continued from page 17*)

mother, Mrs. J. W. Heidt, of Alameda, California, who had come south to meet her new daughter-in-law. The bride wore cloth of silver and a white orchid in her hair, and looked very beautiful. The photographers gathered around and when Horace joined her between numbers, they finally persuaded the two of them to pose for pictures. But pressed again for all the romantic details, Horace began to look stubborn again. He had nothing to say! He made that clear. The two of them had fallen in love. They had gotten married. Here they were—and now forget it.

That was about what he said to me when I way-laid him in the Grove rehearsal room the next day.

"Why all the excitement? People get married every day," he protested.

"Not a big orchestra leader," I pointed out.

"Heck, I'm not a 'big orchestra leader' . . . for the luvva mike, gimme a little peace, can't you?"

But what reporter can do that—that is, until she gets what she's after . . . especially with the boss wiring every half an hour reminding her she can't be very good if she can't get a *simple marriage story*. So I lost a lot of sleep for a couple of nights, but I finally thought of wiring a newspaper pal in Reno for the low down.

"FOR PETE'S SAKE GET ME DETAILS OF HEIDT MARRIAGE. HE THINKS HE'S MONA LISA."

And it was the answer to that wire that really set off the tempest in the teapot. Because my newspaper pal wired back that *Horace Heidt and Adeline Slaughter had never gotten married in Reno!*

Whoops! What was *this!* Scandal—or what? I called Horace, but by that time he was recognizing my voice and wasn't having any conversation with me. I called his manager. He was out but I left a message for him, too. I called the bride and Mrs. Heidt, senior. They were out, too, at least to me. I called NBC and set the whole studio on its ear.

Not married? Their biggest orchestra leader mixed up in some kind of monkey-shines? Ohmy! Ohmy!

Whereupon, having started something—*I hoped*—I went home and read a book. I had been reading about forty-five minutes when the phone rang. A harassed voice came over the wire.

"This is Horace Heidt. You win."

"I'll be over in fifteen minutes," I said.

"All right, I'll be here."

I was and he was. "I wanted to keep the whole thing a secret," he complained when I arrived. "I think a guy's private affairs are his own."

"Not a *famous* guy's" I contradicted him once more.

"Apparently," he agreed, resignedly.

Then he sat down and I sat down, and he told me the story. No, it wasn't a very detailed story. There were a lot more things I should have liked to know. What he said when he proposed and what she said, and things like that. But I suppose I should be glad I got *anything*, since that Heidt guy is such a stubborn Dutchman (Holland), with a jaw that sets itself something like the Rock of Gibraltar when he makes up his mind.

Anyway. . . . He met Mrs. Slaughter in New York at a cocktail party several months ago and while he is serious and hard working and not much of a ladies' man, he insists, he liked her right away. Well, having met her, I can see how that's possible. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, curved in the right places, poised and vivacious, she has many of the qualifications which should make her a successful wife of a successful orchestra leader. She is friendly and witty. She is intelligent and tactful. Incidentally, she is non-professional, which Horace said suits him exactly.

"One career in the family is enough," he remarked.

The new Mrs. Heidt was formerly married to a New York business man, and has two children. The couple were divorced in Reno last June.

No, they weren't engaged very long, Horace said, but when, a few months ago he made arrangements to tour the country with his band, playing a series of theater engagements, they decided that around Christmas time, they would meet somewhere and be married. Not a soul knew it, not even Horace's manager nor members of his band. En route to Hollywood, Horace simply stopped off in Nevada, ostensibly on business. Mrs. Slaughter met him there, and they did the trick.

AND right here is where the mystery came in. They had planned to keep the whole thing a secret for a while—at least until after Horace's Cocoanut Grove engagement—and then a certain columnist got hold of it and announced it. So hoping, still, to pare the news down to a minimum of publicity, Horace admitted the marriage but said it happened in Reno when, actually, it happened in Carson City! And since Reno is in Washoe county and Carson City in Ormsby county, there was, naturally, no record of the Heidt-Slaughter nuptials in Reno.

Judge Gill of the Ormsby county superior court performed the ceremony, with County Clerk Marietta Legate and a court attache looking on. The bride wore a dark traveling suit and orchids. They were both kind of jittery, Horace admitted, as who isn't, getting married? He didn't lose the ring, though, a very elegant affair of platinum and diamonds. After the ceremony, they flew to Los Angeles and during Horace's Cocoanut Grove engagement, honeymooned at Los Angeles' ritzy Ambassador Hotel. At present, they haven't any plans for a permanent home, since Horace travels around a good deal, but they think that eventually, they would like to live in Southern California.

Horace also has been previously married—to Florence Woolsey of Alameda, and they have a little daughter, Patsy, ten years old. This marriage took place in 1925, a couple of years after Horace was at school at the University of California. They were divorced in Reno in June of last year, but he still sees a lot of his little daughter and is extraordinarily fond of her.

And that is the story and the background of Horace Heidt's secret marriage.

"As I said, a marriage is a private affair, and we didn't want a lot of hurrahing over it," he repeated. "We fell in love, wanted to be together always and fixed it so we could. What's so unusual about that? A good many people—" grinning, "do the same thing, I feel sure."

"But not famous," I said, "you see, you might as well have broken down and told everything in the first place. Because marriage," I said, "like murder, always will 'out.'"

And isn't that the truth!

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
		8:00	CBS: **News**
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
		8:30	CBS: **Morning Moods**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Four Showmen**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Animal News**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Today in Europe**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Turn Back the Clock**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Tom Teriss**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Wings Over Jordan**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Morning Musicale**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Radio Pulpit**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **March of Games**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Four Belles**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Children's Hour**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
	10:05	11:05	NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen**
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **News**
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **Music and Youth**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Vernon Crane's Story Book**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **On the Job**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Music for Moderns**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Vass Family**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Grand Hotel**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Metropolitan Moods**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **From Hollywood Today**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Democracy in Action**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Great Plays**
	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Smoke Dreams**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **So You Think You Know Music**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **N. Y. PHILHARMONIC**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Norman Cloutier's Orch.**
1:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **I Want a Divorce**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **H. Leopold Spitalny**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **News from Europe**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **National Vespers**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Al Donahue Orch.**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Pursuit of Happiness**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Richard Himber Orch.**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **The World is Yours**
8:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Hobby Lobby**
2:00	4:00	5:00	MBS: **Musical Steelmakers**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Moylan Sisters**
		5:15	NBC-Blue: **News**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Bob Becker Dog Chats**
2:00	4:30	5:30	CBS: **Ben Bernie**
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS: **The Shadow**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Met Opera Auditions**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **SILVER THEATER**
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS: **Listen America**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **New Friends of Music**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Gene Autry**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Grouch Club**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **The War This Week**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Dinah Shore**
3:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **JACK BENNY**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **SCREEN GUILD THEATER**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon**
7:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **ORSON WELLES**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Festival of Music**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **CHARLIE McCARTHY**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **FORD SYMPHONY**
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round**
9:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **The Parker Family**
8:15	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
6:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Bill Stern Sports Review**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Goodwill Hour**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Ellery Queen**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Cheerio**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **NBC String Quartet**
10:00	10:30	11:00	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: **Dance Orchestra**

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Screen Guild's M. C. Pryor attends the circus with Mrs. Pryor.

Tune-in Bulletin for January 28, February 4, 11, 18 and 23!

January 28: Marlene Dietrich makes one of her rare radio appearances tonight on the CBS Silver Theater at 6:00. . . . Richard Crooks is the guest star on the Ford Symphony Hour, CBS at 9:00.

February 4: Grace Moore is the Ford Hour's guest star. . . . and at 10:00, John J. Anthony's Goodwill Hour celebrates its third year on the air. Listen to it on MBS.

February 11: Beautiful Gladys Swarthout sings on the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00, with Reginald Stewart conducting the orchestra.

February 18: And tonight the Ford Hour's guest is John Charles Thomas. . . . Don't forget that One Man's Family is on Sundays now, at 8:30, NBC-Red.

February 25: Mr. District Attorney, NBC-Blue at 7:30 tonight, was slated to end its career a few weeks ago, but listeners kicked up such a fuss that sponsor decided to keep it on.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Screen Guild Theater, on CBS at 7:30, E.S.T., sponsored by the Gulf Oil Company.

The only sponsored program on the air which gives all its profits to charity, the Screen Guild Theater is also the originator of this season's brightest new idea. Many Hollywood programs have glamorous guest stars, but none of them, until the Guild show began it, have had as entertaining a gag as the "forfeits" which close each broadcast.

In the last few minutes of a Guild broadcast, Roger Pryor, the permanent master of ceremonies, asks each guest star to answer a question. Usually the questions are about Hollywood people—like "What actor appeared in three gangster pictures during the last year?"—so the stars really ought to be able to answer them correctly. If they can't, they have to pay some sort of a forfeit, again indicated by Roger Pryor. Loretta Young had to blow up a toy balloon until it burst. Gertrude Lawrence had to play a tune on a comb covered with tissue paper. (She had so much fun with it that she was still playing after the show had gone off the air.)

The idea came up because every Hollywood program on which there are guest stars tries to insert a few minutes of informal, humorous chatter at the end. Usually the rehearsed chatter turns out to be about as informal as a visit to the White House, but the producers of the Guild show proved their genius by hitting on the forfeit notion. It's never rehearsed, and is one of the high points of this otherwise carefully-rehearsed program.

Roger Pryor, the master of ceremonies, is the only screen personality who receives a salary from the Guild program. It's right that he should, because he works on it every week. Roger is married to Ann Sothern, screen star. They first met in the early 1930's, when they were cast opposite each other in a Broadway play, "Up Pops the Devil." Then they didn't see each other again for quite a while, until Roger went to Hollywood in 1934 and was again cast opposite Ann, this time in a picture called "The Girl Friend." He profited by earlier mistakes, and didn't let her get away. They were married on September 29, 1936.

Soon after his marriage Roger quit pictures for a musical career—thereby reverting to type, because his father was Arthur Pryor, famous bandleader. For several seasons he led a successful dance-band and toured the country, until the Screen Guild program engagement came along and he decided to settle down in Hollywood and devote all his time to radio.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

DONALD DICKSON—Chase and Sanborn's baritone tonight at 8:00 on NBC-Red. Donald is 28 years old, and modestly hopes that in another 20 years he will be a good singer. Already, he's made a fine start by winning the Metropolitan Opera Auditions and singing on the Metropolitan stage, besides getting his Chase and Sanborn contract. He comes from Clairton, Pa., and is 5 feet 11 inches tall.

INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
		8:00	CBS: **Today in Europe**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **News**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	CBS: **Phil Cook's Almanac**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Norsemen Quartet**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		9:00	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Right to Happiness**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Streamline Journal**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
3:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **BY KATHLEEN NORRIS**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue- **Bud Barton**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **H. V. KALTENBORN**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Lil Abner**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **FRED WARING'S GANG**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **BLONDIE**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **One of the Finest**
7:30	9:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Sammy Kaye**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **TUNE-UP TIME**
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Sherlock Holmes**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Tommy Riggs**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Howard and Shelton**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **LUX THEATER**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Doctor I. Q.**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **ALEC TEMPLETON**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour**

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ They're the Voice of Firestone—Margaret Speaks and Richard Crooks.

Tune-in Bulletin for January 29, February 5, 12, 19 and 26!

January 29: Joe Venuti, the wacky violinist and jitterbugs' delight, opens tonight with his orchestra at the Peabody Hotel, Memphis, Tennessee, broadcasting over CBS.

February 5: Listen to Alma Kitchell's Streamlined Journal, on NBC-Red at 1:30 this afternoon, for an up-to-date women's program.

February 12: It's Abraham Lincoln's Birthday, and all the networks have special programs in honor of it. . . . CBS is broadcasting the celebration from Springfield, Illinois.

February 19: Harry James and his orchestra open tonight at the Southland in Boston, and you can listen to their music late at night over NBC.

February 26: All you Li'l Abner fans, did you know that NBC-Red is now broadcasting a radio version of his adventures? It's on at 6:45 tonight.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Voice of Firestone, on NBC-Red at 8:30 tonight, E.S.T., with a rebroadcast reaching the Pacific coast at 8:30, P.S.T.—sponsored by Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

The Voice of Firestone has two stars—Margaret Speaks and Richard Crooks, but this month you'll hear more from Crooks than you will from Miss Speaks. She's away on a concert tour and will broadcast only on January 29 and February 26. In between, Crooks will hold the fort.

Dick Crooks is a real American tenor, who was born in Trenton, N. J., and married the girl who had been his childhood sweetheart. Mildred Crooks says about her husband: "Dick has never said a mean thing or done a mean thing in all his life"—which is high praise from a wife. They have two children, Patsy and Dicky.

Crooks loves sports like hunting and fishing and camping, but he doesn't practice them exactly the same as other men. He likes to fish, but when he hunts he never takes a gun along. An excellent marksman, he has never shot anything but clay pigeons! He plays par golf and drives his own car. Once a year he and the whole family go to the Canadian woods on a camping trip—an expedition with which nothing is allowed to interfere. In camp, Dick and his son fetch water and chop wood, while the two "girls"—Mrs. Crooks and Patsy, look after the cooking and dishwashing. Once, in the woods, Dick and Mrs. Crooks surprised four big grizzly bears who were raiding the camp. Afraid to run, they stood still while the bears reared up and looked menacing. Then Dick began to sing, and the bears turned and ambled away. He still doesn't know whether the incident was a compliment to his singing voice or not.

You hear him Saturday afternoons on the NBC Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. At the Met Crooks has a distinction that only the great Caruso has ever had before him. He's so popular with the stage-hands that before his first appearance each season they "decorate" his dressing room with props and scenery from the stage.

Margaret Speaks, Crooks' co-star, is another nature-lover, although she concentrates on her Westchester home instead of going camping or fishing. Whenever anyone asks her what she wants for a birthday or Christmas gift, she always answers, "A tree," for planting trees is almost a passion with her. She plants one on the slightest excuse to celebrate an event of any kind, and her country home is fast becoming a regular tree nursery, with at least thirty varieties represented. Besides getting more trees, she has only one ambition. She hates speed of all kinds, and wishes for the day when she'll be able to ride exclusively in her own horse-drawn buggy.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

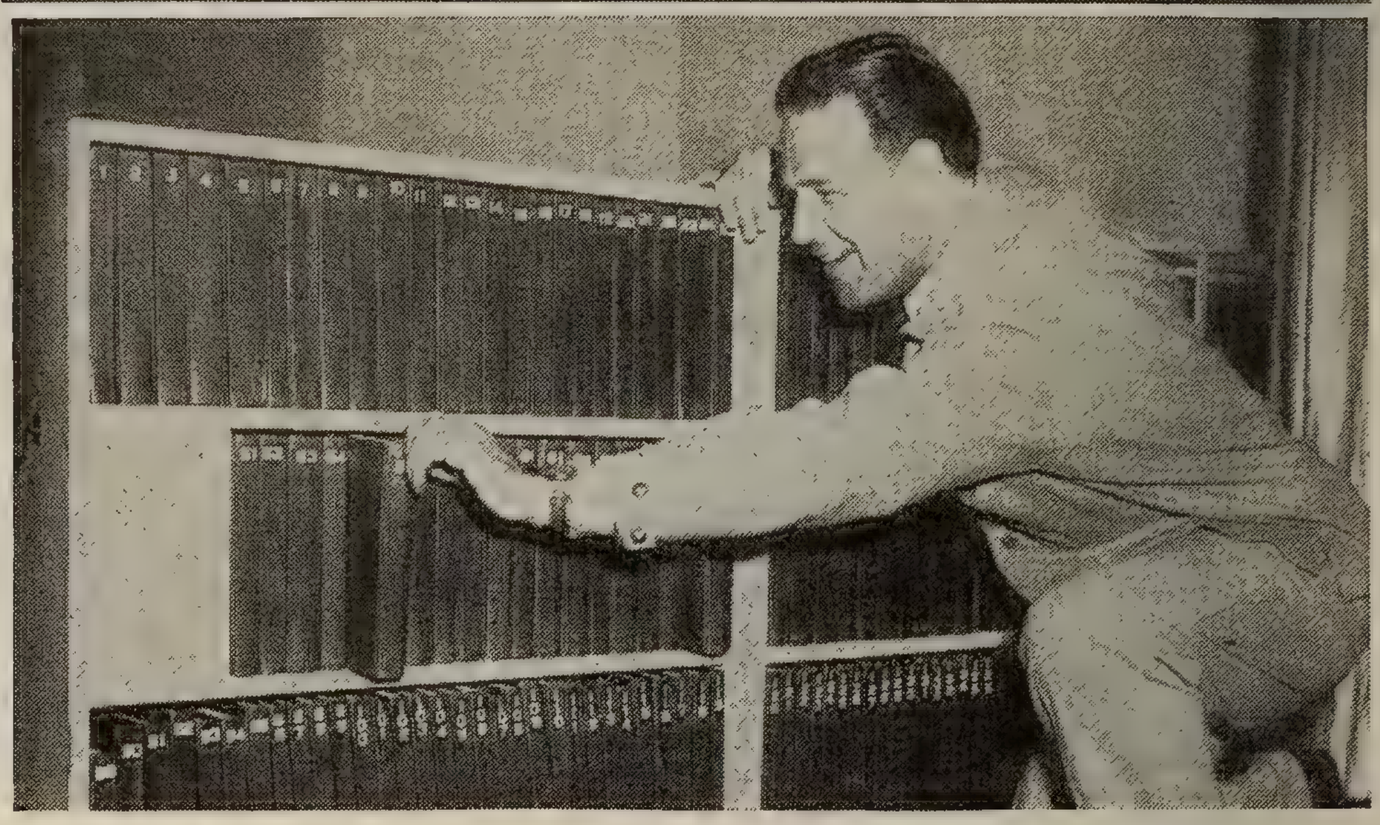
MELVILLE RUICK—better known as "Mel," who is the genial announcer on the Lux Radio Theater tonight at 9:00 on CBS. Mel augments his Lux duties with roles on other Hollywood dramatic programs. He came to radio first as the announcer for his own dance band, and has worked in pictures as a gangster and an orchestra leader. He served as an aviator in the World War, and gardening's his hobby.

Complete Programs from January 26 to February 27

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
		8:00	CBS: **Today in Europe**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Variety Program**
		8:15	CBS: **Phil Cook's Almanac**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		9:00	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Edward Mac Hugh**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Right to Happiness**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **The Traveling Che**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Our Spiritual Life**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
3:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Gallant American Women**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
2:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of all Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Bud Barton**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **H. V. KALTENBORN**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Lil Abner**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **AMOS 'N' ANDY**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gan**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Jimmie Fidler**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **HELEN MENKEN**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **EDWARD G. ROBINSON**
5:00	7:00	8:00	MBS: **La Rosa Concert**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **The Aldrich Family**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **INFORMATION PLEASE**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Horace Heid.**
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **We, The People**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Cavalcade of America**
9:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Meet Mr. Weeks**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **McGEE AND MOLLY**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **BOB HOPE**
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Americans at Work**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Brent House**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Uncle Walter's Doghouse**

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Horace Heidt finds Pot O'Gold's winning telephone book.

Tune-in Bulletin for January 30, February 6, 13, 20 and 27!

January 30: It's President Roosevelt's birthday, and all over the country people will be dancing at Birthday Balls for the Benefit of the Warm Springs Foundation. Better join them. . . . On Americans at Work, CBS at 10:15 tonight (notice that this show is being broadcast now on Tuesdays instead of Thursdays), you can learn all about the Census Taker's job.

February 6: Guy Lombardo's band moves into the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles tonight—listen to them over CBS.

February 13: Don't forget the inspiring Cavalcade of America program on NBC-Blue tonight at 9:00.

February 20: How does a job counsellor go about helping you to get a job? If you want to know, listen to Americans at Work tonight.

February 27: For fifteen minutes of smart dance music, tune in Glenn Miller's orchestra on CBS at 10:00 tonight. He's on at the same time tomorrow and Thursday.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Pot O' Gold, on NBC-Red at 8:30, E.S.T., sponsored by Tums—your chance to win a lot of money if you're very, very lucky.

Here's a radio program that's loaded with dynamite—the most controversial show of the 1939-1940 season. Theater managers are sore about it because, they say, it keeps people at home Tuesday nights. The United States government is rumored to be looking at it questioningly, wondering whether or not to call it a lottery—for lotteries, you know, are against the law. Some network advertisers are being skittish over it with the dubious complaint that it lowers the dignity of radio. But most important—millions of listeners tune it in every Tuesday night. Whether they'll still be tuning it in when you read this issue of Radio Mirror is something your Studio Snooper won't predict. All the accumulated criticism could squeeze popular Pot O' Gold off the air at any moment.

In case you haven't been in on all the excitement, Pot O' Gold is the show, starring Horace Heidt and his orchestra, that gives away $1000 every week to some lucky telephone subscriber. All you have to do to win the $1000 is have a telephone in your home, your name in the telephone book, and be at home to answer the phone when it rings. *If* it rings.

The NBC studio where Pot O'Gold originates contains a big wheel called the Giant Selector, and bound volumes of Bell Telephone Company and connecting systems' phone books representing every section of the country. The books are bound into large volumes containing 500 pages each. Some volumes contain the books of thirty or forty small communities, while others contain only two or three larger cities. Each volume is numbered. The first spin of the selector chooses a volume number, the next spin a page number, and the third a line on that page. If the subscriber listed on that line is at home when the telephone rings, he gets $1000. If he isn't home, he only gets $100, the extra $900 being carried over and added to the $1000 on the next week's program.

Larry Cotton, Horace Heidt's tenor, has the job of building up the suspense as the selector clicks along. With a portable microphone, he picks up the clicking sounds, and interpolates a running fire of chatter. But to Maestro Heidt goes the pleasant task of putting in the telephone call which will tell someone of his good fortune.

The most deserving person to win the pot, so far, was Mrs. Ben Kluding of Norwalk, Ohio, who has four children and a husband who was injured several years ago and hasn't been able to work since. Mrs. Kluding didn't hear the program on which she won—her radio was broken.

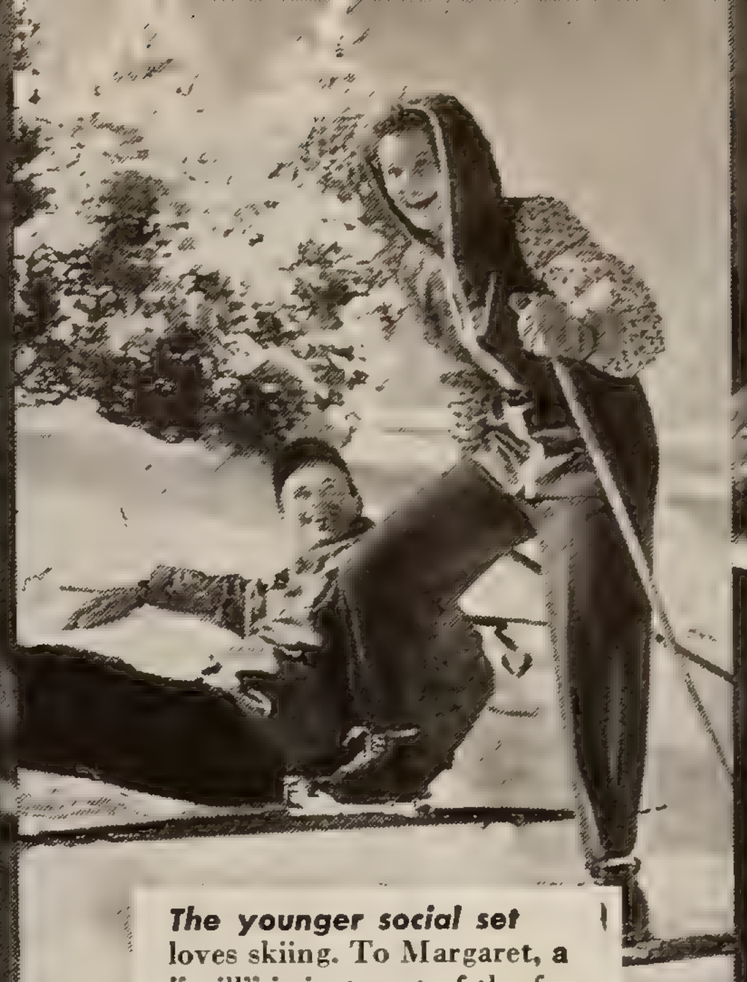
SAY HELLO TO . . .



LOU MERRILL—two hundred and fifty pounds of menace. If there's a villain on tonight's Big Town program, CBS at 8:00, it's probably Lou. His deep, powerful voice makes him an ideal "heavy" for such shows as the Lux Theater, Woodbury Playhouse and other air dramas in Hollywood. He has bellowed defiance into microphones for ten years, and was first heard coast-to-coast with Mary Pickford. Lou began his career as a choir boy in Montreal, Canada. In real life, he's leading man to Celeste Rush, radio actress, and is very mild-tempered. He has a varied list of hobbies—they are photography, poker, and good music.



Miss Margaret Biddle, attractive young daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Biddle of Philadelphia, enjoys one of society's smart indoor polo matches.



The younger social set loves skiing. To Margaret, a "spill" is just part of the fun, and she has a good laugh at her companion's expense.



After an exciting summer in Europe, Margaret is now back in the whirl of sub-deb gaiety. Season's high spots are exclusive Saturday Evening dances.

Prominent Sub-Deb

Popular Senior

BOTH *Young Moderns* CHEER THE SAME *Thorough* SKIN CARE

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:
Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to her thrilling debut year take any special care of her complexion?

ANSWER: "Oh, a good, regular beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams every day of my life—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day. It's all wrong to put new make-up on top of old, so I always give my skin a good Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Doesn't an afternoon of skiing make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "No, it really doesn't. You see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going outside—for protection. When I come in, I use Vanishing Cream again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:
What does a good complexion mean to a high-school girl, Miss Boarman?

ANSWER: "It means plenty! No inferiority complex—and loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in good condition! Pond's 2 Creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh looking, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Miss Boarman, your make-up looks as fresh as if you were just starting out for a dance, instead of just going home! How do you do it?

ANSWER: "I have a system! Before even *touching* a powder puff, I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Then comes powder. It goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"



Miss Phyllis Boarman is a much-dated senior at East Orange High School in N. J. School basketball games are social as well as athletic get-togethers!



Why should Phyllis worry about General Chemistry and English themes when Brenchbrook Pond is frozen over and she got new hockeys for Christmas?

With the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" at the DeMolay "formal," Phyllis and her date hurry to be "first come, first served" at Pal's Cabin.



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. SRM-CVC, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
		8:00	CBS: **Today in Europe**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Variety Show**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	CBS: **Phil Cook's Almanac**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Four Showmen**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		9:00	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Edward Mac Hugh**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Right to Happiness**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
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	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Homespun**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **OUR GAL SUNDAY**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **THE GOLDBERGS**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day Is Ours**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
3:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Music for Young Listeners**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: **Quilting Bee**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **SMILIN' ED McCONNELL**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Bud Barton**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **H. V. KALTENBORN**
		6:30	NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Lil Abner**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **BURNS AND ALLEN**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Al Pearce**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Johnny Presents**
6:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Hollywood Playhouse**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Dr. Christian**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Quick Silver Quiz**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Avalon Time**
8:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **TEXACO STAR THEATER**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Radio Guild**
9:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **FRED ALLEN**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE**

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Dr. Christian's secretary, Judy . . . and Dr. Christian himself.

Tune-in Bulletin for January 31, February 7, 14 and 21!

January 31: Peggy Wood presides over a novel program, the Quilting Bee, on NBC-Blue at 2:15 this afternoon—and if you're a woman, you're bound to hear something that interests you.

February 7: Fred Allen's back interviewing Persons You Never Expected to Meet. If all goes as planned, tonight at 9:00 on NBC-Red he'll talk to a Western Union Singing Telegram Girl.

February 14: Today is Valentine's Day, and somebody will be hurt if you forget it. Anyway, the networks won't let you forget—they've all scheduled special programs. . . . For racing fans, Mutual is broadcasting the Seminole Stakes from Hialeah Park.

February 21: For a Wednesday-night dose of drama, tune in the Texaco Star Theater on CBS at 9:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Dr. Christian, starring Jean Hersholt, on CBS from 8:30 to 8:55, E.S.T., with a rebroadcast reaching the Pacific Coast at 8:30, P.S.T. Sponsored by Vaseline Preparations.

When Jean Hersholt made that first movie with the Dionne Quintuplets back in 1935, he didn't know he was starting out on a career of doctoring that would last for years and years. "The Country Doctor" was its name, and it led to another movie in which Jean played the same character—and that in turn led to his "Dr. Christian" radio character—and now the radio show, while still bowling merrily along over the air, has led to a similar series of movies.

Sometimes Jean thinks wistfully back to the days when he was Hollywood's most dependable villain. He knows that now he couldn't possibly play a villainous part—in fact, after the first Quint picture he tried one, and the fans wrote in angrily telling him to stop it—they like him too well as the kindly doctor. Not that Jean is a villainous person himself, but he would like a little variety in his roles now and then.

Jean is now the Dean of Hollywood. He came there in 1913 from his native Denmark, and has been working in the movies ever since. No other star has been in pictures, continuously, that long. Lionel Barrymore made movies before Jean did, but then he returned to the stage and was absent from Hollywood until talking pictures came in.

Besides acting Dr. Christian on the air and in movies, Jean's biggest job is his presidency of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, the films' own charity. Profits of Sunday afternoon's Gulf-Screen Actors Guild radio show all go to the Fund, and it's part of Jean's duties to help keep the show running along on an even keel. For instance, though he won't admit it, he's responsible for Shirley Temple's Christmas Eve broadcast—it took him six months of talking to all the people interested in Shirley's future to get her booked for the program. Right now, he's hoping to persuade Garbo to broadcast. She turned him down once but Jean never takes no for an answer when it's a question of his beloved Relief Fund.

Besides being president of the Fund, he's on the board of directors of the Screen Actors Guild and the American Federation of Radio Artists, and is usually called on for extra jobs, such as helping to line up talent for a broadcast to benefit the Finnish Relief Fund. He's such a warmhearted, generous soul that he never refuses to work for a good cause.

Rosemary DeCamp, who plays Dr. Christian's secretary, Judy, is an Arizona girl who has become one of radio's best actresses. Like Jean, she looks forward every year to Jean's "vacation," which is a trip to New York. Jean's contract specifies that at least four broadcasts of his program must come from New York so that he and Mrs. Hersholt can have their Manhattan holiday.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



WYNN MURRAY—whose singing on Fred Allen's program at 9:00 tonight on NBC-Red gives the mighty Mr. Allen something he can't poke fun at. Wynn is a chubby little lady, eighteen years old—so chubby that until she made her big success in the musical comedy, "Babes in Arms," she always supposed opera was the only place for her and her glorious voice. She comes from Scranton, Pa., where she sang in church and on the local radio station until a talent scout heard her and brought her to New York to audition for the "Babes in Arms" producer. It didn't take him any time at all to realize he had a future star.



Lady Esther asks

"Is GRIT in your face powder robbing you of your loveliness?"



Unpopularity doesn't just happen! And no one thing takes away from your charm as much as a face powder that won't cling smoothly—that gives you a "powdery look" *because it contains grit!* Why not find out about your powder?



Right in your own teeth you have a testing laboratory! Grind your teeth slowly over a pinch of your present powder (be sure they are even) and your teeth will detect for you the slightest possible trace of grit! But . . .



What an amazing difference in Lady Esther Face Powder! This *superfine* powder is free from all suspicion of coarseness or grit! When you smooth it on your face, your skin takes on a luminous, satiny look . . . a new loveliness!



When you make your entrance at a party, how wonderful to make it confidently! *You can* —if you use Lady Esther Face Powder! For no longer need you be a slave to your powder puff. Put on Lady Esther Face Powder at 8 o'clock . . .



And at midnight—after the gayest evening . . . your skin will still look exquisitely lovely! So today, send for samples of all ten shades of my face powder, *at my expense.* See for yourself that this superfine powder contains not a single trace of grit . . . goes on smoothly. And you can find your *lucky shade*, too . . . the one shade of Lady Esther Face Powder that will flatter you most . . . that will make you look *years younger than you really are!*

Try the famous Lady Esther "Bite-Test"

Test your Face Powder! Place a pinch of your powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly upon the powder. Don't be shocked if your teeth find grit!

Now, brush away every trace of this powder and the grit it might contain, and repeat the test with Lady Esther Face Powder. Your teeth will quickly tell you that my face powder contains *no trace of coarseness or grit!* You'll find it never gives you a harsh, flaky, "powdery" look . . . but makes your skin look satin-smooth . . . flatters your beauty.

Find your Lucky Shade, too! For the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older. So send today for all ten thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, at my expense. Try them all . . . don't skip even one. For the powder shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *right shade* for your skin —*luckiest for you!*

★ 10 shades FREE! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (53)
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
		8:00	CBS: **Today In Europe**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Variety Show**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	CBS: **Phil Cook's Almanac**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		9:00	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Edward Mac Hugh**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Right to Happiness**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Rosa Lee**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **American Life**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
3:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Ideas That Came True**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **TED MALONE**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **CLUB MATINEE**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Bud Barton**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **The Guest Book**
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **H. V. KALTENBORN**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Vox Pop**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **One of the Finest**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Ask it Basket**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Americana**
4:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **George Jessel**
9:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Strange as it Seems**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Joe Penner**
9:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Those We Love**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Rochester Philharmonic**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **GOOD NEWS**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL**

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ The Society Girl cast goes to work on a broadcast.

Tune-in Bulletin for February 1, 8, 15 and 22!

February 1: If you live in the Eastern time zone, you can listen to Woman of Courage, a good serial, this morning—in the north at 9:00 and in the south at 10:15.

February 8: Jimmy Dorsey closes tonight at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, so it's your last chance to hear him from there on NBC.

February 15: For a half hour of unusual music—listen to Musical Americana, directed by Raymond Paige on NBC-Blue at 8:00.

February 22: We're celebrating the birthday of the Father of His Country today—George Washington—with appropriate programs from CBS, MBS, and NBC. . . . Mutual begins a new series of afternoon programs that sounds interesting—it's called Recent American Short Stories, and it's heard at 2:45, E.S.T.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Society Girl, on CBS at 3:15 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by Linit and Kre-Mel.

Most radio serials deal with ordinary folks—the kind who sometimes don't have enough money but never have too much. Society Girl is different. Practically everyone in the story is rich, and glamour is rampart. It's a dramatized "at-home" of Cafe Society, that strange and very modern blend of Park Avenue's wealth, Broadway's brains and Hollywood's beauty. Bryn Clark Barrington, the heroine, is the 1940 Glamour Girl No. 1, "fourth richest girl in the world." But if you think even rich glamour girls don't have their trials and tribulations, listen in to Society Girl.

The producers of Society Girl planned at first to cast a real member of New York's blue-blooded 400 in the role of Bryn Barrington. Audition calls were noised around at Junior League meetings and within a week Roger White, the director, was being beseiged by would-be talent in the form of mink-coated heiresses. The casting directors almost went crazy, but they couldn't find a suitable Bryn in the lot. Finally they found her, in Charlotte Manson, an eighteen-year-old stage actress who never attended a Junior League meeting in her life.

In the picture above you see the cast of Society Girl at a regular broadcast. Left to right, they are Irving Kaufman, who plays Ben Parsons, the typical American grocer who reads the commercial announcements, Ted Steele, who plays the theme song and musical bridges on the Novachord, Beatrice Miller as Mrs. Constance Grant, Alexander Kirkland as Russell Barrington, Jackie Coogan as a playboy Broadway producer, Charlotte Manson, and Bernard Zaneville as a Broadway musician. Being in the cast of Society Girl is always interesting because from time to time celebrities are written into the script for a few weeks. Elaine Barrie Barrymore was a villainous Countess for three weeks, and Jackie Coogan did fine as the Broadway producer.

The program almost has "Ted-itis," because when someone calls "Ted!" answers come from Ted Cott, the producer, Ted Miller, the engineer, and Ted Steele, the musical director. Steele not only plays the theme song, "Sunrise Serenade," but composes the musical bridges himself. If you're one of the curious listeners who have written in to ask how many pieces there are in the Society Girl orchestra, here's the answer—just one, a Novachord, one of those modern electric instruments that sounds like a whole band.

Not shown in the picture is Ed Jerome, who plays Bryn's father, Dwight Barrington. Her "mother" was in Europe when the program first went on the air, and until the present navigation hazards of war are over will stay there, so the part won't be cast until she returns. Another character not in the picture is Jim Backus, who plays Dexter Hayes, the millionaire aviator.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



HANLEY STAFFORD—the nation's most long-suffering and harassed father. He plays Daddy to Fannie Brice's Baby Snooks on tonight's airing of the Good News program, at 9:00 on NBC-Red. Hanley Stafford isn't his real name—he was born in Hanley, Staffordshire, England, and adapted the name of his birthplace for his own use. A member of the Canadian army in the World War, he was wounded at Ypres, and organized a dramatic group during his convalescence. He's been associated with some branch of the theater ever since. He's a "daddy" away from the mike, too—his 17-year-old son wants to be an actor too.



"Shall we give it to Daddy? . . . Look—look, Daddy loves it! He'll take it all, if you don't eat it up quick!"...

Silly, eh? That's what a baby thinks, too.

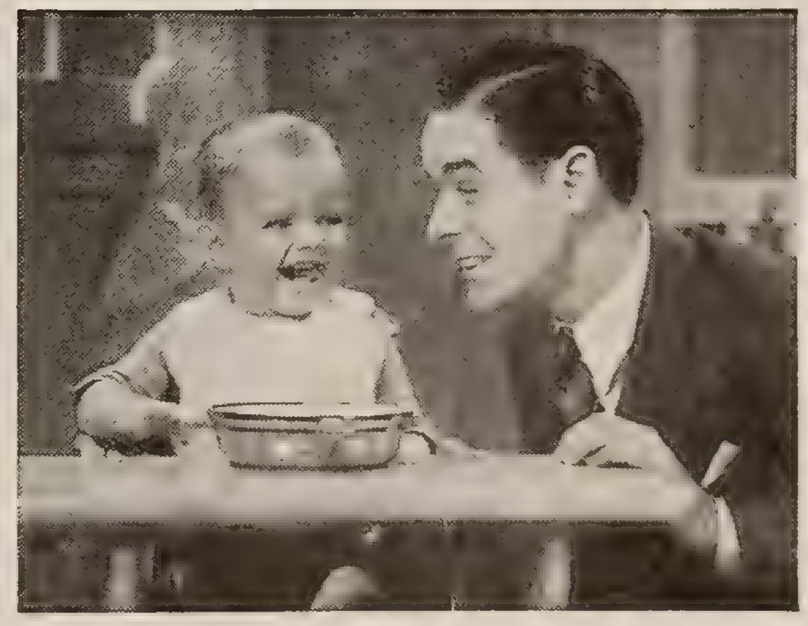
You don't need tricks if he likes the taste! He's bound to like Clapp's and thrive on them. You'd like them ever so much better yourself!

Cut the comedy and try Clapp's . . .

BABIES TAKE TO CLAPP'S!



There's no mystery about it really. Clapp's are garden-fresh when canned. That's one thing. They're ever so lightly salted according to doctors' directions—that's two. And years of plant-breeding and soil selection have made them rich in the minerals and vitamins that go along with appetizing flavor . . . Open up several different kinds of Strained Spinach, for instance, and taste them. You'll be astonished at the extra freshness and goodness of Clapp's!



Here's another point you might not notice—but babies do. Clapp's have just the right texture to give a baby's tongue real exercise without getting it into trouble. Babies appreciate that. So do doctors—they've been giving us tips about what babies like in texture and flavor for 19 years. For Clapp's is not only the oldest baby foods house—it is the only one of any importance that makes nothing *but* foods for babies and young children.



17 Strained Foods for Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce • Pears and Peaches • **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.

12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Junior Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apple Sauce • Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice with Raisins.

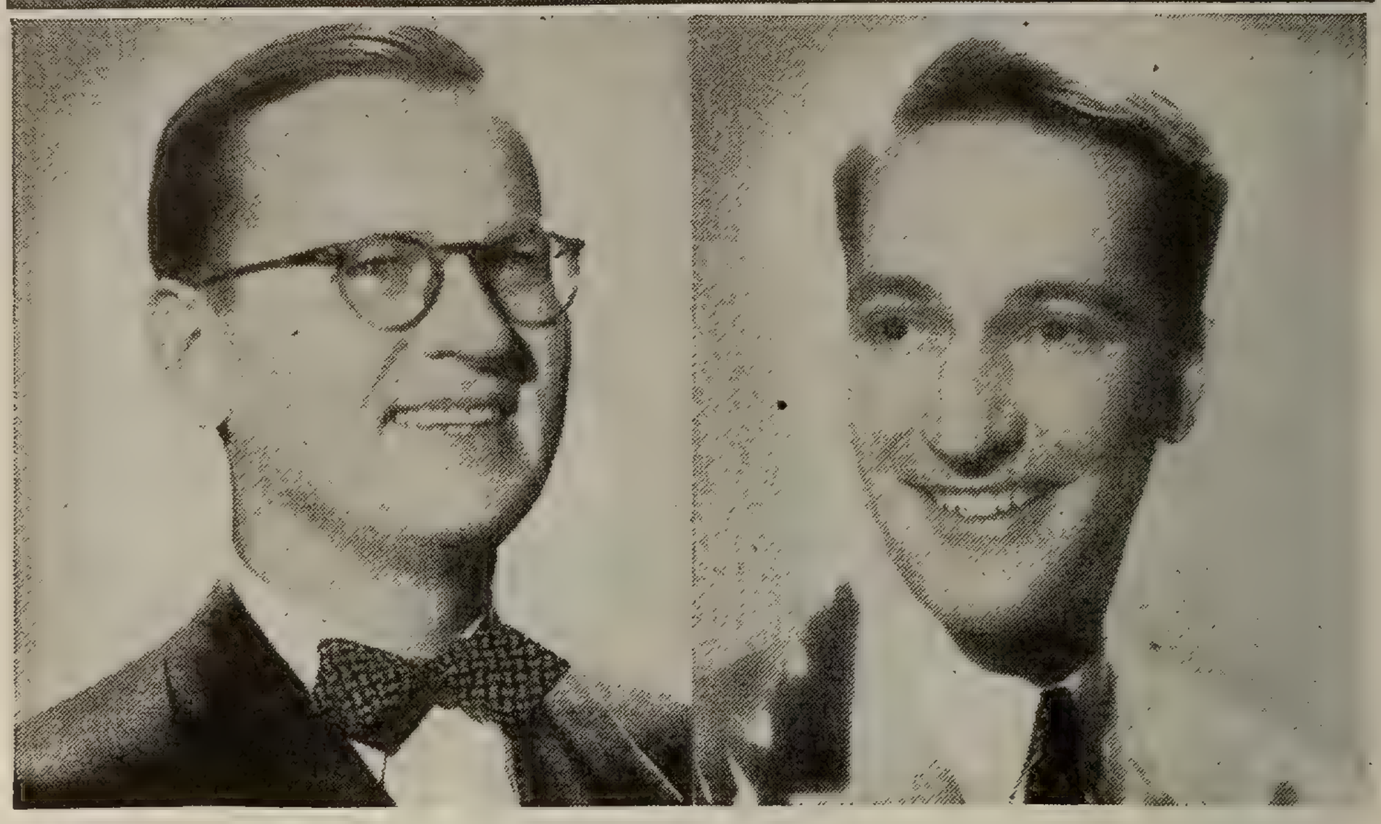
Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
		8:00	CBS: **Today In Europe**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Variety Show**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	CBS: **Phil Cook's Almanac**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		9:00	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Edward Mac Hugh**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
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	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **THE GUIDING LIGHT**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Dr. Daniel A. Poling**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Fed. Women's Clubs**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
3:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Music Appreciation**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Name It and Take It**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Bud Barton**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Lil Abner**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Josef Marais**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
6:00	6:30	7:30	CBS: **PROFESSOR QUIZ**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Yesterday's Children**
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Carson Robison's Buckaroos**
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Johnny Presents**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Plantation Party**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER**
8:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **What Would You Have Done**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Grand Central Station**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Lady Esther Serenade**
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Young Man With a Band**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Behind the Headlines**

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Club Matinee's two masters of ceremonies—Ransom Sherman and Garry Morfit.

Tune-in Bulletin for January 26, February 2, 9, 16 and 23!

January 26: There's a new quiz program starting tonight on NBC-Blue at 9:30, called What Would You Have Done?

February 2: Why not listen tonight at 6:15 to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood? Hedda broadcasts over CBS.

February 9: The month's most important prizefight is scheduled for tonight, and you can hear it over NBC-Blue, with Bill Stern and Sam Taub announcing. It's the battle between Joe Louis and Bobbie Goday for the heavyweight championship of the world, coming from Madison Square Garden.

February 16: A musical novelty is Josef Marais and his Bushveld songs, on NBC-Blue at 7:00 tonight.

February 23: Xavier Cugat's orchestra opens tonight at the Chase Hotel in Memphis, Tennessee, broadcasting over NBC.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Club Matinee, on NBC-Blue at 4:00, E.S.T.—a five-times-a-week variety show that's gay and lively and listenable.

There's a good reason for calling Club Matinee a variety show, because even the cast is varied. On Thursday and Friday, Ransom Sherman is the show's master of ceremonies; on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Garry Morfit takes the job. The Escorts and Betty broadcast on Monday and Thursday, the Three Romeos on Tuesday, and the Morin Sisters on Wednesday and Friday. Nancy Martin and Evelyn Lynne, contraltos, sing all five days of the week, but on alternate weeks. Even the time schedule can't be depended on—the program is on the air from 4:00 to 4:55 every day except Thursday, when it's only from 4:00 to 4:30. Johnnie Johnstone, baritone, is the only member of the cast, in fact, who stays put.

And any day, without warning, the elaborate schedule outlined above may be changed.

Ransom Sherman, today's master of ceremonies, is a cheerful guy 41 years old who was born in Appleton, Wisconsin, and has been in radio since 1923. He likes to travel, which explains why he has worked in studios in Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and then Chicago again—the latter being the city where Club Matinee originates. He might have been a violinist, but when he was a boy studying the instrument he got his finger caught in a church door and had to turn to the saxophone instead. But he didn't much like saxophones, so he turned out to be a comedian.

Ransom lives in Winnetka, a suburb of Chicago, where he says he owns his own home, or will as soon as the mortgage is paid off. He was married in 1927 and has two children, George and Ann, who help him write his scripts—or so he claims. They take turns sitting in his lap when he's at the typewriter, until he's learned how to type while the kids beat different keys on the machine. Ransom says if he ever inherits a lot of money he'll travel and then come back to Chicago and go on doing radio work.

Garry Morfit, the Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday master of ceremonies, is a good deal younger than Ransom—just 24, in fact. He always was stage-struck, and when he was still in high school crashed Jean Harlow's dressing room while she was making a personal appearance in Baltimore by sending her a note and signing it "Bing Crosby." Jean liked his brashness, and talked to him for an hour, which made him more certain than ever that he wanted to be an actor. After high school, though, he got into radio, and in a few years worked up to his present job.

He's crazy about swing music and peanut-butter-and-devilled-eggs—and also about the new Mrs. Morfit, to whom he's been married less than a year.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



TED STRAETER—the young man who is responsible for those swell choral effects on Kate Smith's program tonight at 8:00 on CBS. Music—and radio—have been Ted's careers since he was 14, when he got a job playing piano and singing over KMOX in St. Louis. By the time he was 17 he'd opened his own musical coaching studios and organized not one, but two successful dance bands. He came to New York when he was 21, and now, at the age of 26, is celebrating his fourth year leading Kate's chorus. He also leads a band which plays in exclusive New York night spots, with Ted directing it from the piano bench.

Secrets of the Lux Radio Theater

(*Continued from page* 40)

Claudette knew he was by far the best bet for this emergency. She didn't let possible embarrassment to herself stand in the way.

Janet Gaynor can appear on a Lux program any time she's a mind to. Janet gets scared, though. It's the reason she doesn't appear oftener. She made an outstanding hit in the Lux version of "A Star Is Born" and "Mayerling." The producers have told her that any time she needs a piece of change, to call them up. But she doesn't. She shakes in her boots for hours after her broadcasts.

Bob Montgomery was pretty upset, too, but for a different reason on a certain day in September, 1937, when "A Star Is Born" was presented under the Lux banner. Seems they were having a heat wave in Hollywood about that time and Bob, having half an hour or so to himself between rehearsal and the broadcast, had hied himself to his dressing room (which was NOT air cooled) and did what a good many uncomfortably warm young men would do, discarded most of his clothes. He was dozing peacefully on the sofa when came a stentorian voice: "Mister Montgomery! Telephone!"

NOW the telephone below stairs in the Lux theater is in a sort of lounge, where people are wont to gather when they're not doing anything else. Several were gathered there now—Janet Gaynor, May Robson and others—and it was before this gathering that Bob appeared to answer the telephone.

"Hello," he said sleepily, into the mouthpiece. "Hel—" And then he became conscious that all was not well with his appearance. "Cripes!" he yelled. "GOODBYE"—and retired precipitately, amid assembled hoots and applause.

He was in his shorts!

As you'll remember, it has been the Lux custom in the past to conduct interviews between the second and third acts of the show. And on one occasion, it was Evelyn Keyes, DeMille's screen protege, who was interviewed. During the course of the conversation it was brought out that one problem of DeMille's in coaching Miss Keyes, a southern girl, was to eliminate her southern accent.

At the close of the program, DeMille was called to the telephone. "Long distance from Washington, D. C.," the operator said. Then an irate voice came on the wire.

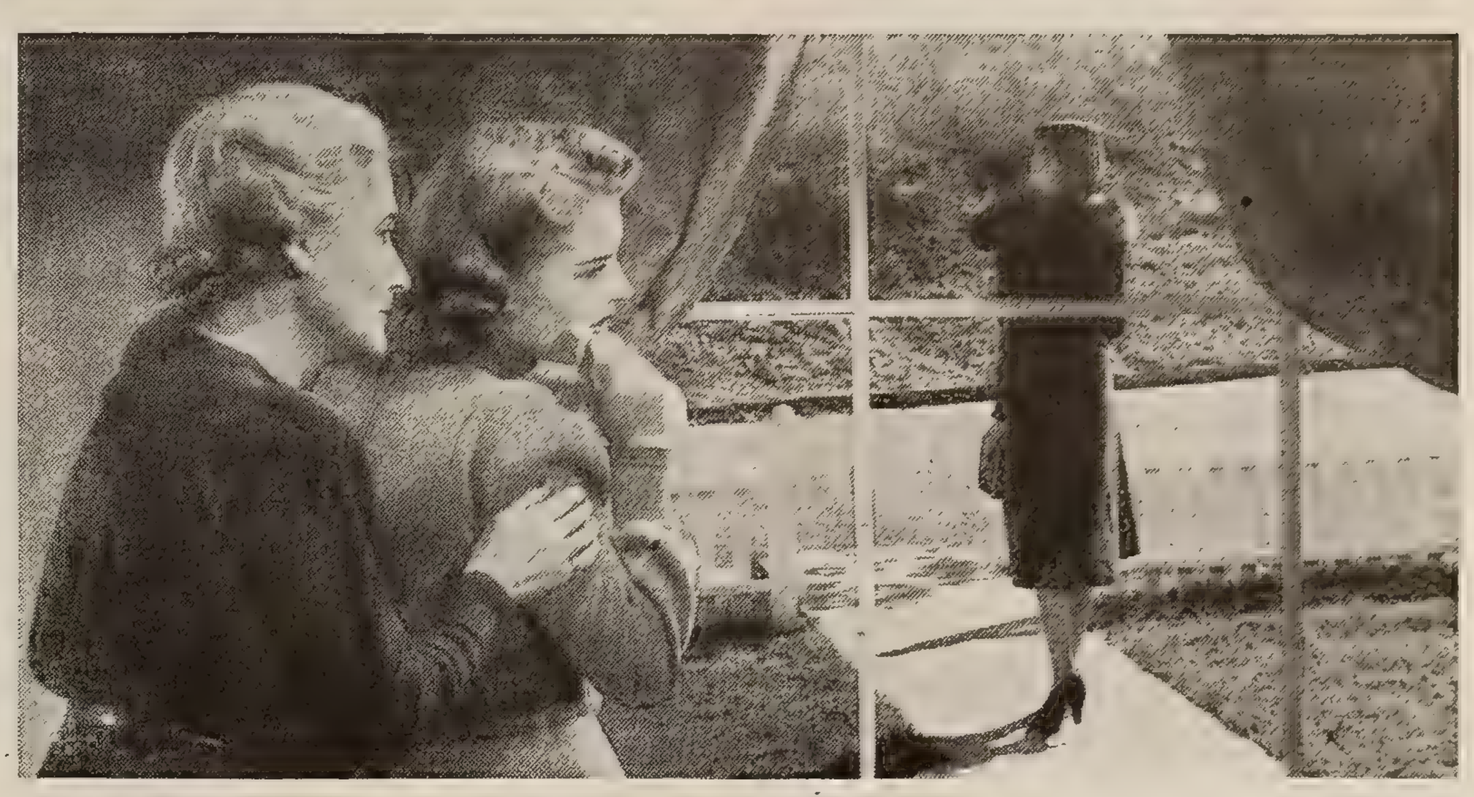
"I resent youah effohts to change Miss Keyes' suthin accent!" he roared. "We suthinahs pride ouahsevelses on ouah speech, suh!"

"But my dear sir," Mr. DeMille tried to explain. "I have nothing against a southern accent, except that an actress must learn to be versatile. Miss Keyes is being trained for many roles. She may, for instance, one day play—say, Queen Elizabeth. You wouldn't have her play that role with a southern accent, would you?"

"And why not, suh?" he demanded. *"And why not?"*

To which, Star-Maker DeMille had no answer.

"I'll be the laughing stock of the town..."



MARY: Oh, Mother, why did that snooty Mrs. Palmer have to drop in today! Now it'll be all over town that even my tea napkins look so gray, they aren't fit to be seen!

MOTHER: Lucky I dropped in, honey. That soap you're using is so weak-kneed it doesn't get things really clean. Come on—I'll show you how to say goodbye to tattle-tale gray.



MOTHER: There! Just hustle home and put Fels-Naptha to work with its richer *golden* soap and busy, dirt-loosening *naptha*. Use the bar or the grand new chips. Either way, your wash will be so sweet and white, you won't recognize it!



MARY: Whe-e-e, Mother! I'll say your tip about Fels-Naptha turned the tables! Mrs. Palmer came to tea again and her eyes simply popped when she saw my snowy linens. And she ended by asking Tom and me to a party!

Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Use Fels-Naptha Soap *Chips*—wherever you've been using box-soap. They speed washing machines—because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And they whip up the creamiest suds ever—because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder!

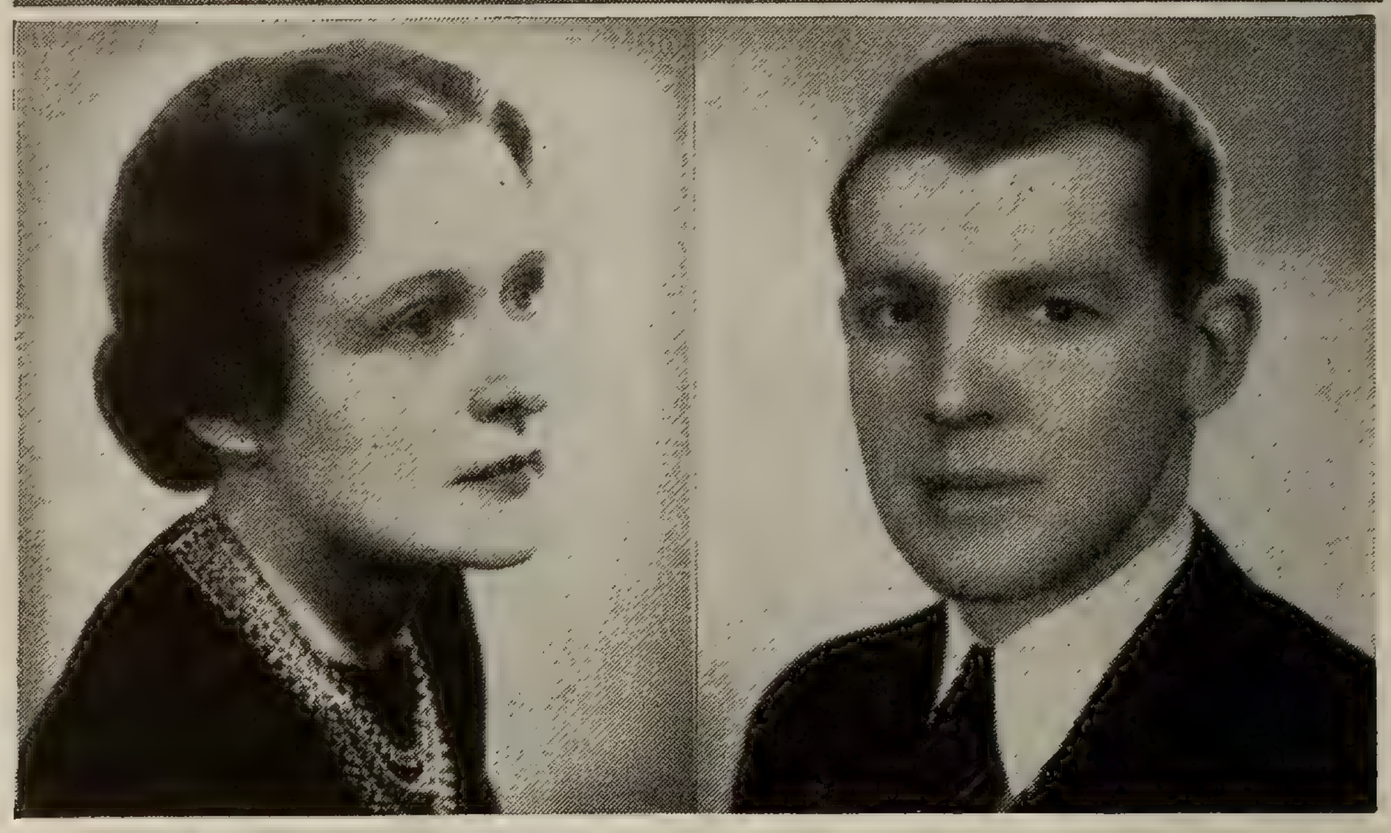
Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs—and get the *extra* help of richer *golden* soap combined with gentle *naptha!* Together, these two cleaners make the grimiest, greasiest dirt let go—without hard rubbing! They get clothes so white, they fairly sparkle in the sun!



COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	CBS: **Today in Europe**
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **Cloutier's Orch.**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete**
		8:15	CBS: **Odd Side of the News**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Dick Liebert**
		8:30	CBS: **Phil Cook's Almanac**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:45	NBC-Blue: **Harvey and Dell**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Texas Robertson**
	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Old Vienna**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Cloutier's Orch.**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **The Crackerjacks**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Bull Session**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Al and Lee Reiser**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Wise Man**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Rakov Orchestra**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **No School Today**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hill Billy Champions**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Charioteers**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Bright Idea Club**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Young People's Concert**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Cloutier Orch.**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Vass Family**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Hilda Hope, M.D.**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **Education Forum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Eastman School of Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Country Journal**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **FARM BUREAU**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Call to Youth**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Calling Stamp Collectors**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Al Kavelin Orch.**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **METROPOLITAN OPERA**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Ray Kinney Orch.**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Del Brissett Orch.**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Campus Capers**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **KSTP Presents**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Del Courtney Orchestra**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten**
3:05	5:05	6:05	CBS: **Albert Werner**
3:05	5:05	6:05	NBC-Blue: **Johnny McGee Orch.**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **What's Art to Me**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Renfrew of the Mounted**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Religion in the News**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **People's Platform**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **What's My Name**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Sky Blazers**
	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Russ Morgan Orch.**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Art for Your Sake**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Gang Busters**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **The Green Hornet**
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **ARCH OBOLER'S PLAYS**
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Wayne King's Orch.**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Stop Me if You've Heard This One**
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE**
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Youth vs. Age**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days**
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bob Crosby**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **NBC SYMPHONY**
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Gay Nineties Revue**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Dance Music**

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Selena (Hilda Hope) Royle and her announcer Nelson Case.

Tune-in Bulletin for January 27, February 3, 10, 17 and 24!

January 27: St. Paul is having a high old time today with its annual Winter Carnival, and CBS microphones will be on hand between 4:30 and 5:00 P.M., E.S.T., to tell you about it. . . . At 4:15 this afternoon, Mutual broadcasts the Miami Beach Handicap horse race from Hialeah.

February 3: Bernardino Molinari, the Italian maestro, conducts the last concert of his series with the NBC Symphony—tonight at 10:00 on NBC-Blue. . . . Mutual broadcasts the Bahamas Handicap from Hialeah at 4:15.

February 10: Bruno Walter takes over the baton tonight for the NBC Symphony concert—NBC-Blue at 10:00. . . . NBC broadcasts the Boston Athletic Association track meet. . . . And Mutual is on hand again at 4:15 with the Everglades Stakes race from Hialeah.

February 17: Be sure to listen to Your Hit Parade on CBS from 9:00 to 9:45. Besides Bea Wain, Barry Wood and Mark Warnow's orchestra, it's now presenting Orrin Tucker's orchestra and Bonnie Baker, the "Oh, Johnny!" girl.

February 24: Two sporting events for today—the National Amateur Athletic Union track meet from New York, over NBC, and the Flamingo Stakes from Hialeah on Mutual and CBS.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Hilda Hope, M.D., on NBC-Red at 11:30 A.M., E.S.T., starring Selena Royle and sponsored by Wheatena.

If you've read the story about Hilda Hope, M.D., on page 14 of this issue (and you really should; it's exciting and dramatic) you'll want to know something about the charming actress who plays Hilda—Miss Selena Royle.

Selena, one of the great names of the Broadway stage for several years, has now become radio's busiest actress. She leaves her comfortable apartment, just off Fifth Avenue, at 8:30 every morning except Sunday and doesn't return to it until 6:30 that evening. That's ten hours of being on the go, and it represents real work—such real work that you wonder how the slim, perfectly groomed young woman with ash-blonde hair emerges from it so unruffled and cheerful.

First on her week-day schedule is Woman of Courage, in which she plays Martha Jackson, on CBS at 9:00, followed by a rebroadcast of the same program at 10:15. Then, at 11:30, she's due at NBC for the role of Mrs. Allen in Against the Storm, followed by The O'Neills, in which she plays Joan, at 12:15. A hurried lunch is followed usually by a Betty and Bob broadcast at 2:00, playing Mrs. Gardner. Afternoons are filled up by rehearsals, or perhaps a part in some other serial—a part that may run a day or a week or even a month. And on Saturdays, of course, there is Hilda Hope, the role in which you'll hear her this morning.

She hasn't appeared on the stage for several years, and when asked if she intends to return to the theater just shrugs and says, "I'd like to, if I could find a play. My regular work all comes in the morning, so I could go on with it and be in a play too. But I went to several first nights this season, and all I could say was, 'Thank Heavens for radio!' "

Selena is the only member of the Hilda Hope cast who stays on the show week after week, but Nelson Case has a regular assignment as the announcer. Nelson is one of the tallest, one of the handsomest and one of the most versatile of NBC's announcing staff. He got himself a radio job, singing baritone solos, while he was still a high-school boy in Long Beach, California. He's been with NBC since 1934, is married and has two children, and likes to write fiction and compose music as a hobby.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



DAN SEYMOUR—announcer on Milton Berle's Stop Me if You've Heard This One program, on NBC-Red at 8:30 tonight. Dan lost no time after receiving his B.A. degree from Amherst in getting a job in radio—in fact, it was the day after he graduated. For a year, in Boston, he announced everything from street interviews to operas, then came to New York and was successful in breaking into network announcing. While he was still in college, he fell in love and got married, and now is the father of two children. Dan and his family live in Great Neck, Long Island, and he commutes daily to his work in New York.

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(*Continued from page* 29)

of Television, is due to replace Bonnie Baker, in the singing role of the Universal picture "Oh Johnny, How You Can Love."

* * *

Don't you agree that Don Ameche is letting down the people who made him the star he is today by giving up radio? Don has said he won't take less than five thousand dollars a week to return to the air. He makes *only* four thousand a week in pictures. And yet he made his reputation through radio!

* * *

It's nice to hear that every time Joan Crawford makes a radio appearance she turns her check over to charity—and Joan gets about five grand a performance. Money hasn't gone to her head!

* * *

SOME NEW YEAR'S PREDICTIONS:

Look for fewer film stars to appear on this year's radio schedule. Look for more dramatic programs—serials and the like. Look for more "homey" programs—family type shows, to flood the airlanes.

Watch for "expensive" ($30,000 and $40,000 talent shows) to go out the window—to be replaced by $3,000.00 and $4,000.00 talent cost programs.

* * *

This year, more than anytime in the past, I believe you'll hear more "spot" programs . . . shows five minutes in length as compared to the standard and so widely accepted "quarter hour" show. Watch for "crooning" to come back to popularity . . . singers like Crosby; stylists like Morton Downey.

Watch for Bob Hope to take the top comedy spot on the air. Watch, in particular, for more "one-man" programs. And don't say I didn't tell you to *watch!*

* * *

When Shirley Temple's parents are asked to do something worthwhile for charity, they are people of their word.

The president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, Jean Hersholt, asked Shirley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Temple, if the little movie star could appear on the "Screen Guild Theatre" radio series on Christmas Eve. They said yes, because the program is being presented in order to help needy film workers and build a home for them.

The next day, the Temples received a startling offer from another radio program if Shirley would appear on their show Christmas Eve. They offered $35,000 for a single appearance. But the Temples refused the offer because of their first agreement.

* * *

Nan Grey, star of the serial, "Those We Love", will not lie down in her dressing room without an alarm clock. One day Nan decided to take a short rest about an hour before the broadcast. She went to sleep, and page boys couldn't find her until five minutes before the show.

* * *

There were near-fights back-stage at the Bob Hope broadcast between Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney who are about neck-and-neck now in the race for dates with Judy Garland.

*JUNE LANG and ROBERT KENT—two popular Hollywood stars! Her soft hands are beguiling —as yours can be, if you use Jergens Lotion.



"SOFT HANDS make LOVE more wonderful," says June Lang* (Lovely Hollywood Star)

It's so Easy, now, to help *Prevent* disappointing Rough, Chapped Hands

MOST GIRLS' HANDS need extra help these days to keep them adorably soft and smooth. Your hand skin so easily loses its natural beautifying moisture!

Thousands of lovely girls turn to Jergens Lotion! Jergens quickly supplements the depleted natural moisture. Helps prevent unsightly rough, chapped hands.

You apply to your skin 2 fine ingredients in Jergens Lotion—the same as many doctors use for helping smooth and refine harsh, roughened skin. Even one application starts Jergens' lovely, softening work. No stickiness! Have romantic "Hollywood Hands". Start now to use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00, at beauty counters. Get Jergens today, sure.



CUPID SAYS:

"More girls use Jergens now than any other Lotion! It furnishes beautifying moisture most girls' hand skin needs for lovable softness."

JERGENS LOTION

FOR ADORABLE, SOFT HANDS

New! For smooth, kissable complexion—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Its Vitamin Blend helps against unattractive dry skin. Try it! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

(Paste coupon on a penny postcard, if you wish)

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. *Mail this coupon today to:* The Andrew Jergens Co., 3513 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

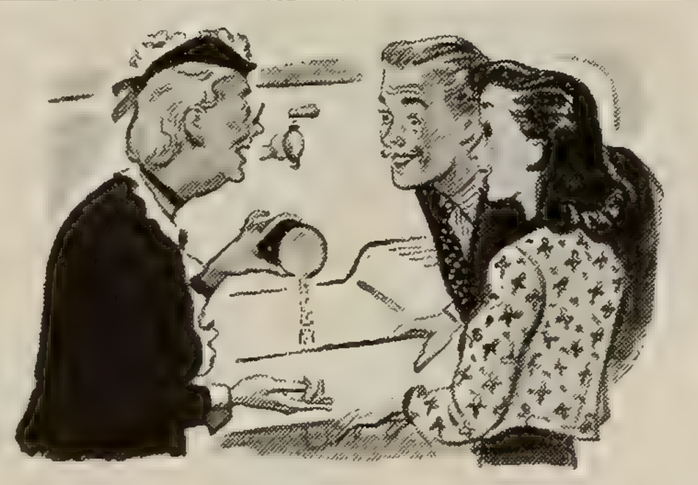
CAUGHT IN HIS UNDERSHIRT!



1. **"Please pardon Theobald,"** gasps Mrs. G., "But our kitchen drain's plugged up and he's been struggling with it for hours!"



2. **"Fiddlesticks," says her guest,** taking charge. "We'll get some Drāno and show him how *easy* it is to clean a stopped-up drain."



3. **"See," lectures the guest,** "There's nothing like Drāno for cleaning drains. Just pour it down and it *digs* away that clogging grease and muck!"



4. **"And remember,"** she admonishes at parting. "To guard *against* clogged drains, use a teaspoonful of Drāno *every single night!*"

P. S. After the dishes use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard *against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.



USE DRANO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN



Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

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Beautiful NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE



BROKEN, SHORT —*Ugly*

LONG, TAPERING —*Lovely*

DON'T ENVY long, tapering, smart nails — have them! Simply cover short, broken, brittle nails with NU-NAILS. NU-NAILS can be worn any length and polished with any desired enamel. *So natural they cannot be detected.* They even have half-moons. Helps check nail-biting habit. Protects fragile nails while they grow strong again. Easily applied, remains firm, waterproof. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c at all ten-cent stores.

Nu-Nails, Dept. 16-C, 462 No. Parkside, Chicago

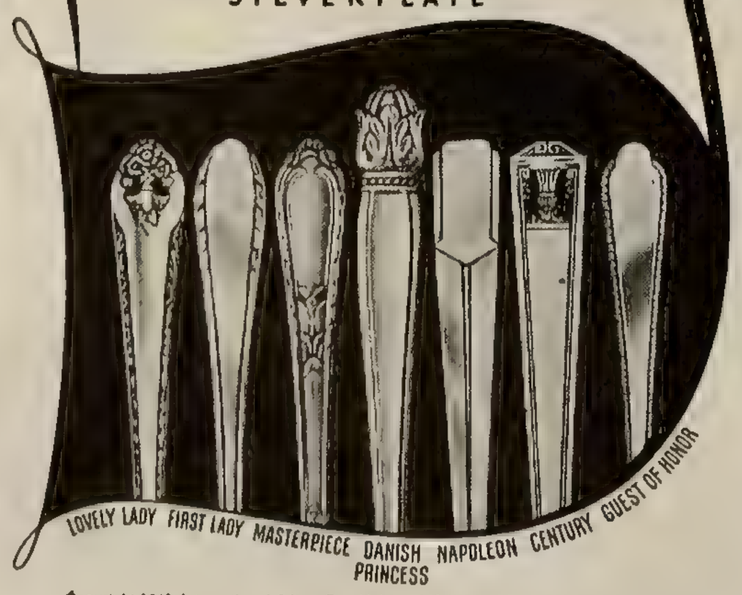


NU-NAILS
Artificial Fingernails

...TWO BLOCKS OF STERLING SILVER ARE INLAID AT POINTS OF WEAR ON THE MOST USED PIECES FOR LIFETIME BEAUTY

50 piece service $52.75—Budget Plans. At Authorized Dealers

HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID°
SILVERPLATE



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°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. In Canada, The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.

Ken Murray and Nancy Kelly are still trying to convince people that it was just a gag when the orchestra leader at the Victor Hugo announced their engagement over the mike the other evening.

It seems that Ken tried to pull a "fastie" and had the boys play "Happy Birthday" in honor of Frances Langford. Since it wasn't her birthday at all, Frances was a bit embarrassed—so hubby Jon Hall got even by tipping the orchestra off that it would be a scoop if the orchestra should be the first to announce the just-decided-upon Murray-Kelly engagement. Only honest, it was just a gag!

* * *

Don't think Frances Langford is starting a "back to nature" movement when you see her minus nail polish. It's only that she has been working so hard with Husband Jon Hall on their boat, the Katapui, readying it for an ocean cruise, that she's been scraping off more nail polish than old paint.

* * *

It'll be a long, cold winter before George Burns and Gracie Allen again trust their children, Ronnie and Sandra, to cut out paper dolls.

They were thus busily absorbed on a recent afternoon, so their nurse stepped out of the room to make a phone call. Returning a few minutes later, she found both of them with brand - new hair - cuts — personally styled!

* * *

Frank Parker is wishing that Burns and Allen hadn't built him up as "Glamour boy" of the air, for since then he's received an average of 50 letters weekly from women who offer to marry him and make him settle down, or who simply advise him to quit running after the girls.

"Gosh", wails Parker, "I'm no cabaret kid. I spend most of my time playing golf and practising my singing."

* * *

That famous "Yes, please" which has become Dennis Day's trademark on the Jack Benny program, was written into the script because the first time Dennis answered Jack after his audition, in his befuddlement, he used those exact words.

* * *

Ezra Stone, the star of "The Aldrich Family" and of the Broadway play, "What a Life," is in Hollywood working in Paramount's "At Good Old Siwash." But he's turned tourist just like all other visitors from the East, and passes all of his spare time snapping candid camera pictures of California scenery.

Because he hates to write letters, Ezra Stone sends his sweetheart, Ann Lincoln, a recorded message twice a week.

* * *

Martha Boswell of the famous Boswell sisters emerged from retirement for the first time in several years. She came out from New York to surprise Connie on her birthday, and conspired with the gang to sing "Happy Birthday" on the program for her.

* * *

Jack Benny signed Rochester to a new 39-week contract guaranteeing him a weekly check regardless of whether he works every week or not. (Some weeks he's not written into the script.) The first Sunday this contract went into effect, he didn't work so he's just that much ahead.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

SO you think *you* got some strange gifts for Christmas! Well, just cast your eye over a few of the gifts which the fans sent to their favorite radio stars—and then be grateful for that tie which seemed too red, the perfume which didn't quite express your personality, and the cocktail shaker which joined a dozen more.

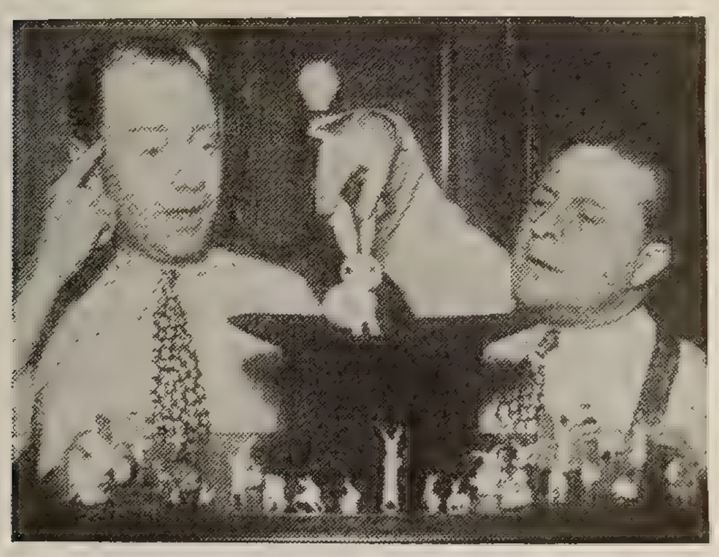
Look who we have here. . . . Gracie Allen—all dolled up in a hand-woven Indian blanket, the gift of an Indian fan. All of which proves that even the Indians appreciate Gracie's inimitable kind of nonsense.





JIM JORDON (Fibber McGee to you) received a teddy bear from one of his admirers this Christmas. Teddy has button eyes, oilcloth ears and a burlap face . . . as well as a soft spot in Fibber's heart. To make her more comfortable, a fan sent a lovely footstool to Bernardine Flynn, the Sade of Vic and Sade. Wendell Hall got so many old tunes from his admirers that he made a scrapbook of them which he greatly treasures.

Amos and Andy, those wizards who have been pulling radio rabbits out of hats for over fifteen years, are shown here below with their collection of bunnies—all of them gifts from their fans.



YOU are all fairly familiar with the crude piece of gas pipe, otherwise known as the bazooka—on which Bob Burns rode to fame. A fan decided that he would send the Bing Crosby comedian a miniature, and Bob, pictured above, has been coaxing tunes from it ever since. We're waiting for him to play it on the air, but Bob—perfectionist that he is, isn't prepared to share this new gift with his listeners just yet.

Irene Rich made known her great love for small dolls of the various nations, and they've been pouring in ever since. Irene, shown below with two of her favorites, says they're really a very peaceful group.



FAN CLUB SECTION

THE first Elsie Hitz Fan Club has just been organized, and all those wishing to become members can write to Miss Mary Gordon, 87 Wegman Parkway, Jersey City, N. J.

* * *

In answer to Miss M. Keegan of 8940 213th Street, Queens Village, New York, who wants to join a Judy Garland Fan Club, we suggest that you write to Miss Jean Baron, 201-42 119th Avenue, St. Albans, New York, for details.

* * *

Miss Violet Barwald of 5617 So. Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, has formed a fan club in honor of the Ranch Boys. Get in touch with Violet if you're interested.

* * *

Miss Carol Brickley, Box 43, Tallmadge, Ohio, is organizing a new Arline Blackburn Fan Club, and would like all of Miss Blackburn's enthusiasts to communicate with her.

* * *

If you'd like to join a Phil Harris Fan Club and receive a picture of the popular maestro, you can do so by writing to Miss Marie Philson, 3740 No. 16th Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

* * *

Miss Geraldine Svoboda, 3027 South Pitney Court, Chicago, Illinois, would like to know if there is a Red Skelton Fan Club, and if not, would like to hear from those Skelton fans who would help her form one.

PREVENT CHAPPING

with the Skin Softener that gives you

COSTLIEST INGREDIENTS* SAVES YOU MONEY**

*1 Italian Balm contains costliest ingredients used in any of the most popular nationally-advertised brands.

**2 ONE DROP is ample for both hands, per application. More is wasteful.

3 Less than 5% alcohol. Cannot dry the skin.

4 Promotes healing — counteracts drying effect of hard water, harsh skin cleansers, severe weather.

5 Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Priced at 10¢, 20¢, 35¢, 60¢ and $1.00 a bottle—at toilet goods counters.

Over 90 Million Bottles Sold





Our Gal Sunday's Romance

(*Continued from page 28*)

respect, as well as love. With them, love was fine and noble. Without them, it was only degradation.

Then night would come, and standing alone at the rail on the deck, she felt heartache returning. Staring down at the hissing, foaming waters, the thought would come before she could close her mind to it—what if she should sink, down, down, into the darkness, away from memory, away from love? Almost she wished, once, that she had not taken Lonnie, that she had kept herself free to step out of life, quietly and softly, leaving no loose ends behind.

AT first they had planned to return to Silver Creek, but one night a steward brought Sunday a radiogram from Henry, begging her to wait for him in New York, and she knew then that he had not given up and that Silver Creek would be the first place he would look for her.

"We'll have to go somewhere else," she told the two old miners. "At least—Lonnie and I will. I don't want to make you go, if you'd rather be in Silver Creek."

"We're a-goin' wherever you are," Jackey said loyally, and Lively seconded him with a fierce "You bet!"

Displays of emotion always embarrassed the two old men, so Sunday swallowed the lump that rose in her throat, and said, "Well, then—where shall we go?"

Jackey scratched his head. "Durned if I know!" he admitted.

"Got the whole United States to pick from," Lively pointed out, and in the end that was what they did—spread out a map of the United States on the floor of Sunday's cabin and settled on Blueridge, Kansas, because they all liked its name.

It was only days later, when the train slowed to a stop and the conductor bawled "*Blue*-ridge!" that Sunday felt a wave of panic. To begin with, Blueridge sat grimly in the midst of the prairie. There was not a ridge to be seen, let alone a blue one—nothing but miles and miles of flat farmland, dull tan now under the pale autumn sky. It was not like Silver Creek, and it was not like New York. It was something different and strange, and it frightened her. The atlas said there were five thousand people in Blueridge. Five thousand people, and all of them strangers.

Their money was going fast, and they couldn't afford a hotel. After some search they found a rooming house run by a tall, thin woman who eyed them with distaste before she reluctantly admitted that she might have some rooms for them.

Nor was the rest of Blueridge any more friendly. Early on the morning of their first day, Sunday started out to find a job. In high school she had studied typing and shorthand, and she hoped to get work as a stenographer. But that night, and night after night for the next two weeks, she returned home sick with discouragement. Everywhere she went—and in Blueridge there weren't many places to go—she was met with the same answer. "Sorry, but we haven't anything." And one man, franker than the others, had said, "The truth is, miss we have plenty of local girls that need jobs. You can't blame us for giving them preference."

At last she was ready to admit defeat. It was a frightened trio that conferred in Sunday's room.

"Tell me the truth," Sunday begged. "How much money have we got left?"

Jackey shuffled his heavy shoes over the worn carpet. "Not what you'd call a lot, Sunday," he admitted finally. "Fact is—a little more'n two hundred dollars. Sounds like a good deal, but it won't last long when there's nothin' more comin' in."

Sunday's nails bit into her palms in desperation. "If there were only something we could *do!*" she cried. "Oh, I'm so ashamed of getting you into a fix like this—I should have made you go back to Silver Creek!"

"'Tain't your fault," Lively assured her. "Trouble is, we should of picked a place where they was some minin' goin' on. That's all Jackey and me is good for." He brightened a little. "Y'know, they've uncovered a new strike up in the Gulch above Silver Creek. Maybe one of our old claims'll amount to somethin' now."

Jackey was interested. "Is that a fact? Where'd you read that, Lively?"

"Just got a letter this mornin' from Joe Henricks in the general store." Lively took an envelope from his pocket. "Joe says—"

"Lively!" Sunday exclaimed in dismay. "You didn't! You didn't write to Joe Henricks!"

WHY—why sure. How d'you s'pose he got my address if I didn't?" Lively asked innocently.

"Well, you blitherin', well-eyed, half-witted coyote!" Jackey said in a blistering voice. "With us breakin' our fool necks tryin' to keep Lord Henry from findin' out where Sunday is, you go to work an' write to Joe Henricks. When Lord Henry gets to Silver Creek—if he ain't there already—and starts askin' questions, don't you figger Joe's goin' to tell him he had a letter from you, and we're in Blueridge?"

Jackey looked from one of them to the other in dumfounded horror. "Great hop-toads!" he breathed at last. "Durned if I ever thought o' that!"

Sympathy made Sunday hide her concern. "Never mind, Lively," she said. "Maybe Lord Henry's stopped looking for us by this time. If he'd only leave me alone! If he'd only realize that I never want to see or hear of him again!"

"You miss him, though—don't you, gal?" Jackey inquired softly, and Sunday nodded.

"I'll miss him—all my life, I guess." She didn't add what she knew in her heart was the truth—that sometimes she missed him so terribly it was all she could do not to write him, tell him she forgave him.

"Well," Jackey broke the silence that followed, "we got to move. Here's my notion. We can't afford train fares, so let's put about fifty dollars into a second-hand car. Then we'll have enough left to get us out West. I'll get you and Lively settled somewhere, and poke my nose into Silver Creek—find out if Lord Henry's been there, and what's doin'. Mebbe Sunday can't go back there, but anyhow we'll be near home."

And there was something about the way he said "home," and the way Lively's eyes lit up at the word, that told Sunday how deeply her two old friends were longing for the sight of Silver Creek.

"All right," she said thoughtfully. "Let's do that."

Sunday felt as if she were drifting in the days that followed—long, eventless days of pushing the battered old car they'd bought over roads that stretched on and on. It shouldn't have taken them long to reach the country near Silver Creek, but the car was so bulky, so full of whims and infirmities that their total mileage each day was small. In a way, she was glad. On the road, there was no need to make decisions, no need to plan or think.

They were still two days' journey from the Silver Creek country one morning when Sunday, wrapping a can of flour in the Denver newspaper Jackey had bought the night before, saw a headline:

LORD HENRY BRINTHROPE
GRAVELY ILL IN NEW YORK

FOR a moment she felt as if the blood had stopped flowing through her veins. Then it began again, violently, and she was so weak that her legs gave way and she had to sit down on the running-board of the car. She read the all-too-brief story:

"Lord Henry Brinthrope, head of the Brinthrope mining interests in Colorado, is gravely ill in a New York hospital, it was learned today. The exact nature of his illness was not disclosed, but it is known that he had been under a severe strain ever since last month, when the sudden disappearance of his wife, the former Sunday Smithson of Silver Creek, shocked British and American social circles. Lord Henry's most recent visit to Silver Creek occurred a week ago. At that time he was endeavoring to find some trace of the missing Lady Brinthrope."

She started up, calling, "Jackey! Lively! Henry's sick—terribly sick!" In a moment they were beside her, reading the paper, trying to comfort her.

"I've got to go to him," she cried. "No matter what he did, I must be with him when he's ill—maybe dying! If he's really been trying to find me—if that made him sick, as the paper hints— Oh, I'd never forgive myself!"

"That's right, Sunday," Jackey agreed seriously. "You're still his wife, and if he's sick your place is beside him. Let's see—maybe we got just enough money left to fly you to New York. We're almost home now, so we won't need much more."

"But the baby!" she said, struck by a sudden thought. "I can't take him."

"We'll watch out for him," Lively chuckled. "We took care o' you when you wasn't any older."

"Well, come on!" Jackey said briskly. "We got to head into Denver and get Sunday onto an airplane."

But late that afternoon, as they stood in the waiting room at the airport, Jackey was less matter-of-fact. "Sunday—" he said tentatively.

"Yes?"

"Sunday—y' think you might stay with Lord Henry now?"

It was a moment before she answered. "No," she said at last. "Not now. If he needs me, I want to help him. But when I've done what I can

1940 Debutante Beauty says:

"Pond's Rose Shades Give Skin Lovely New Glamour"



Hard and Shiny

Under bright lights with just a pale powder, even Miss Peggy Anne Huber's dramatic young face would develop hard shadows

Soft, Romantic

With one of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose shades Peggy Anne has a melting glamour even in harsh light . . . she can dance without worrying all the time about "shiny nose"

New Rose Shades are "Glare-Proof"... Shine-resistant... reflect only the softer, pinker rays

IN THE 1940 GLAMOUR SET, "sensational" is the word for Pond's new Rosy Powders. Debutante "pretties" have learned that even bright night-club lights won't cast hard shadows on their faces—with one of these new Rose shades that reflect only the softer, pinker rays.

Create your own private "sensation"! Choose the Pond's Rose shade that makes *your* skin look most ravishing—and open the door to romance! Pond's Powder comes in 7 lovely shades in 10¢, 20¢ and 55¢ sizes.

Or send for free samples today of Pond's 3 Rose shades—Rose Dawn, Rose Cream and Rose Brunette. Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PC, Clinton, Conn.

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—I'll have to leave him again. We haven't a chance of happiness together now."

"Y' mean because of that Bradford gal?"

"Yes—partly. Though if it were Diane alone I could forget her, I think—if I could be sure Henry no longer loved her. But—there's Lonnie, too. He'll always be there, a reminder to both Henry and me. I love Lonnie as if he were my very own baby—but I could never forget that he was Henry's child. His unwanted child."

Jackey didn't say anything. He just took her hand and pressed it; and then the plane came in, and suddenly she was waving goodbye to Jackey and Lively, with Lonnie between them, growing smaller and smaller and perhaps a little blurred.

THE hospital was one of those huge, impersonal, white-tile-and-linoleum affairs that symbolize New York, and Sunday felt like an unwanted visitor as she entered it. But the mention of her name brought a look of amazement to the floornurse's face, and a moment later she was talking to Henry's doctor, a tall, stern-looking man with white hair.

"You may be the only person in the world who can save your husband's life, Lady Brinthrope," he told her flatly. "He is suffering from brain fever, brought on by shock and emotional strain. In his delirium he keeps calling for you."

"Oh, I knew! I knew!" Sunday breathed. "As soon as I read about him—I knew he needed me!"

He led her down a corridor, held open a plain, heavy door. Sunday faltered when she saw the high hospital bed, heard the weak voice calling, "Sunday! Sunday! No, darling, don't run away. . . . She's gone! She's gone! Now I can't find her. . . ."

He didn't look like the Henry she had loved. He was so terribly pale, with a waxen, transparent pallor. His blond hair clung in damp curls to his forehead, and his staring eyes looked at her without seeing her.

She made herself go to the side of the bed. "I'm here, Henry," she said softly. "It's Sunday. I've come back."

He stopped turning his head. "Why . . . Sunday," he murmured. "It *is* you!"

"Yes, Henry. I'm here, holding your hand—the way I used to. It's all right now."

"But—how funny. I thought you'd gone off and left me . . . Sunday! You *did* go away! Because of the baby! That baby—I've hated it, because it separated us!"

"Don't darling—don't say that—don't—" she tried to quiet him.

"It doesn't matter, though," he said wearily. "It doesn't matter now, because you're back again. . . . You won't go away any more, will you, Sunday?"

"No, Henry. You must get well."

His eyelids drooped and his hand fell away from hers. "Yes . . . Get well . . . I feel so comfortable now . . . at peace . . . ."

"He's asleep," the doctor said after a moment. "Lady Brinthrope, you have probably saved his life."

She walked dazedly out into the corridor, scarcely listening to the doctor's instructions to come back the following afternoon. Henry. Henry. Her mind kept saying his name, over and over, and with each repetition the knowledge of her love for him grew stronger.

SHE was desperately tired, but she dreaded the silence and loneliness of her hotel room. Rather than return to it, she took a Fifth Avenue bus and got off at Forty-second street, then walked uptown, slowly, aimlessly.

"Sunday! Sunday!" She suddenly realized that someone was calling her name. She looked up. A tall man with a tan skin in which white teeth flashed brilliantly was coming toward her, hat in hand. For a second she stared incredulously, before she cried, "Bill! Bill Jenkins! What in the world are you doing—"

It was like a breath of Colorado air in her lungs to have him beside her on this crowded city street.

"I'm in New York for just a few days," he explained. "And I thought I didn't know a soul in town—and I run into you! Is Henry with you?"

So he didn't know, Sunday thought, of all the things that had happened to her since she last saw him. "Henry's very ill," she said. "I've just been to the hospital. . . . We've separated, Bill."

"You've—" He stopped stock-still, heedless of the jostling crowds. A wry smile came to his lips. "That's funny," he said. "Really very funny. Joan and I—we haven't been able to make a go of marriage either."

"Oh! I *am* sorry, Bill!"

"It doesn't matter so much about us. I guess we weren't really in love. You remember Joan, don't you? She stayed at Jeff Bailey's dude ranch in Silver Creek for a while. That's how I met her."

"Why, yes!" Sunday remembered a dark, clever girl, perfectly groomed, with a humorous mouth. "Of course I remember her. I liked her."

"I like her, too. We're still good friends, even if we are getting a divorce. But I guess I never loved her like I—" He broke off abruptly. "Let's duck in here and have some tea—then you can tell me all about yourself and—and Henry."

Minutes later, Sunday said, "And that's the whole sordid story, Bill."

His big brown hand reached across the table to cover hers. "It's a tragic story. You two had so much—and you were really in love. Isn't there any chance that you can patch it up?"

I'M afraid not. I love the baby now—I couldn't give him up. And he would always be a reminder—to both of us—that Henry had once been cruel and cowardly enough to deny his own son. It wouldn't work out now—I'd rather," she begged, "not talk about it any more. And you've had troubles of your own."

"I'm afraid they don't seem very important to me, compared with yours," he smiled. "I must tell Joan about Henry, though. They got to know each other quite well in Silver Creek, staying at the dude ranch at the same time."

"Oh—they did?" Sunday felt an unwelcome, ridiculous pang of jealousy. "I—I didn't know that."

He shot her a keen look. "In fact, I've sometimes thought that Joan married me on the rebound about as much as I married her that way . . ."

It was late when they parted, with an appointment to meet the next day; and that night Sunday knew such a sweet, dreamless sleep as she had not had for weeks. In the morning she called the hospital, to learn that Henry too had slept the night through, with a constantly decreasing temperature. She saw him again that day, for a few moments. He was still too weak to do more than whisper a few words of gratitude for her return, but the delirium was gone, and Dr. Hadley told her that recovery now was certain.

"I can leave him now," she said to herself. "I've done what I came to do." The thought brought her no happiness. Would another day matter? One more chance to see him?

She met Bill that afternoon, in a luxurious hotel lobby, and again they talked over a tea-table until dusk had fallen on the roaring city.

"I told Joan about Henry," Bill confided. "She's going up to see him today or tomorrow."

"Yes," Sunday said abstractedly. "I think it's wonderful, Bill, that you and Joan can still be friends."

"That's what happens when you don't start out with love," Bill said lightly. "Sunday—" There was a deeper note in his voice now. "Sunday—I hate to see you this way—so sad and unhappy. You know I'd do anything I could to help you."

She turned her head away to hide the tears that burned her eyes. "Of course I do, Bill dear."

"I've never really changed in the way I feel about you," he added huskily.

Consciousness of his goodness, his simplicity, swept over her. To how few women was it given to know a love like his—undemanding, adoring, certain! Perhaps she had always been a fool not to recognize it for the priceless gift it was.

"I have an idea, too, Sunday," he was saying. "You need to go away somewhere—start all over again. And I think I know where you can do it. I've got a cousin—Brad Jenkins—who owns a factory down in Linden, Illinois, and I think I could get him to give you a job. It's a nice little town, Linden—you'd like it—just big enough so people don't pry too much into other folks' business. And I just got a letter from Brad this morning. He wants me to come down and visit him. Wouldn't you like to come along?"

OH, I couldn't," she said. "I've got to go back to Lively and Jackey and the baby."

"But if you liked Linden, and if you got a job with Brad—why, then you could send for them."

She hesitated. Linden—the word called up a picture of trees and green lawns and flowers, quiet old houses, a tall town hall beside a friendly square. Room to live, room to breathe. And a job. Most important of all, a job that would provide for Lonnie and Jackey and Lively.

"Yes, Bill," she agreed quietly. "I'll go to Linden with you."

So Sunday has determined to start life over again, in new surroundings and among new friends. Will they help her to forget Henry and her ruined marriage? Don't miss next month's instalment of this exciting serial, in which unexpected developments bring the story of Sunday and Lord Henry to a dramatic climax.



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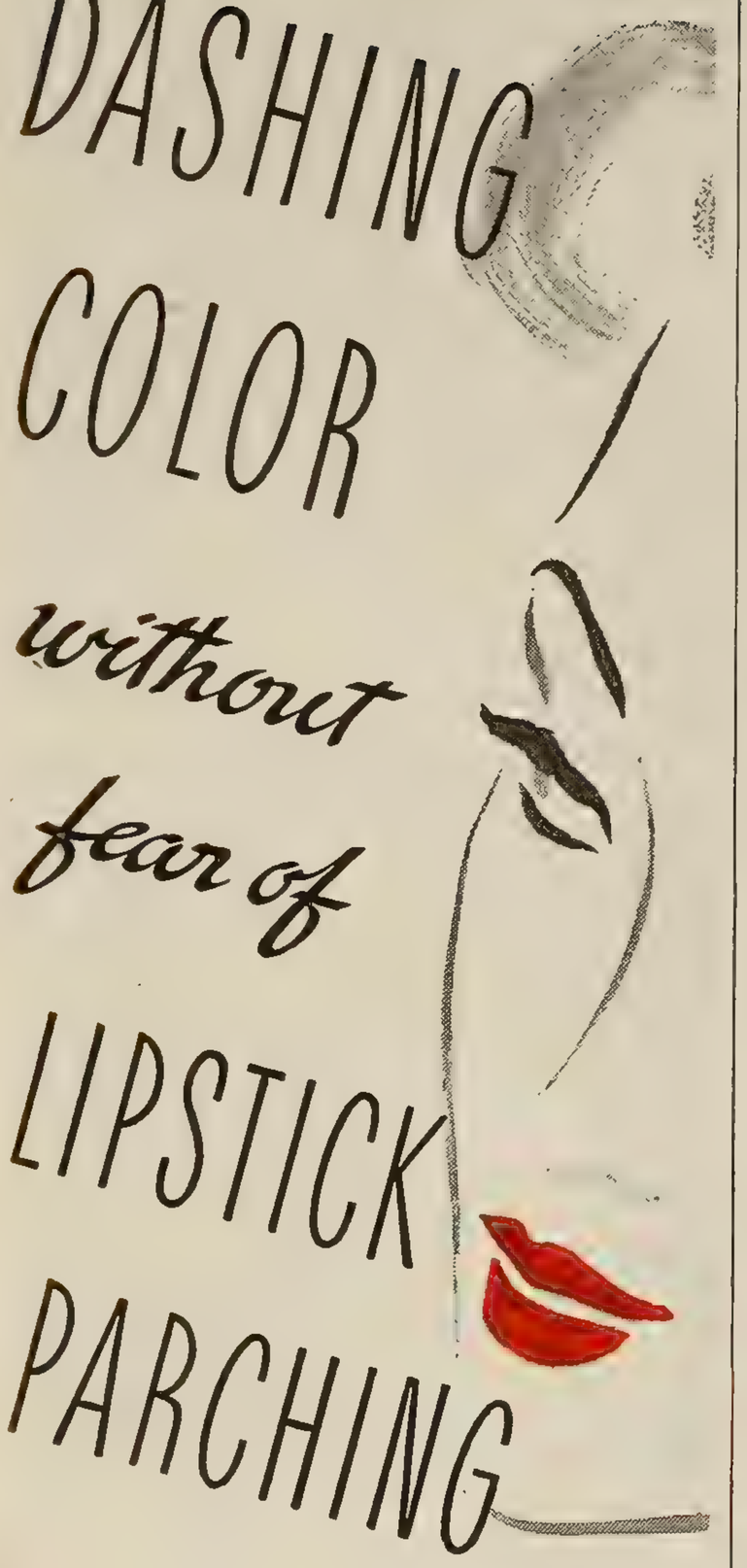
Marvelous Face Powder goes on so *smoothly* . . . clings for *hours* . . . agrees so well with even the most sensitive skin! *For complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. 65¢ in Canada.



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Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. *I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.*
My eyes are: Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐
Be sure to check color of your eyes!
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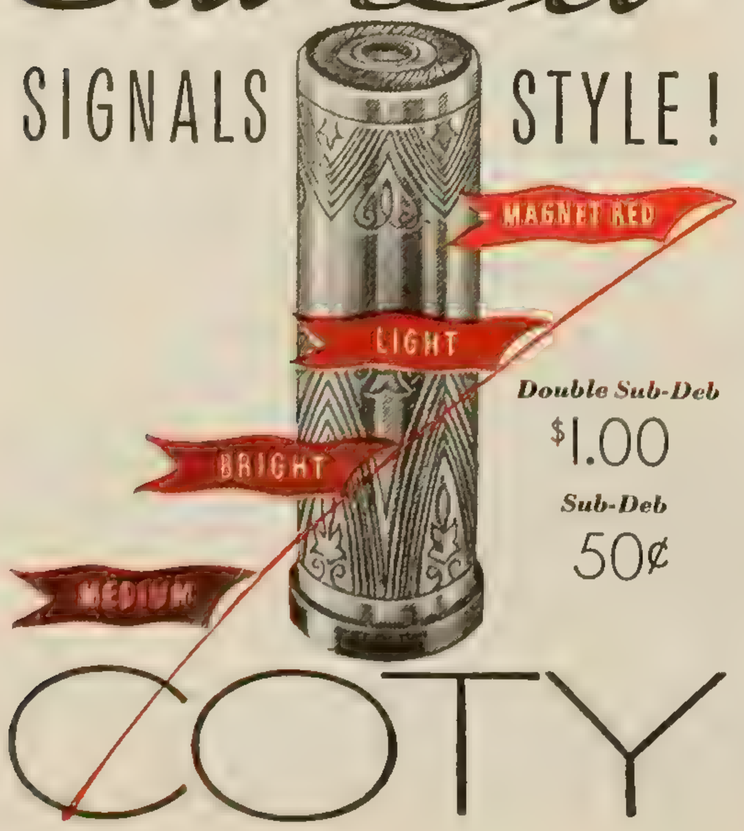
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COTY

"I Want A Divorce!"

(*Continued from page* 13)

found herself wanting to cry, at his honesty and his humility. "What a dirty trick," she said. "What a dirty trick it must seem to you—marrying you on the rebound. But it isn't really, dear. I do love you. I—I love you a lot. And if you'll just give me time —be patient with me—I'll forget about Rene. I know I will. I promise—"

Well, she admitted to herself three months later, some promises weren't meant to be kept.

In winter the fog was always there. The house across the street looked like something remembered from a dream, and the valley was lost in a gray void. The tall eucalyptus trees mourned overhead, drops of moisture falling from their leaves like tears.

She thought she would go crazy with the silence and the solitude and the everlasting gray fog.

JACK tried so hard; he was always gentle and considerate, but there was no use trying to avoid the fact: she did not love him. At first the memory of Rene had come between them, but now that had faded, and nothing was left to her but emptiness.

Christmas was coming. The gay season, the happy season. There was little happiness in her heart, but at least she could be gay. She and Jack had been invited out to several dinners and dances; and she, who had never cared a great deal for society, found herself looking forward to them. She went downtown and bought herself some new dresses, spent hours at the beauty parlor. It didn't really matter, she told herself, how she looked—but strangely, when she and Jack went out and she was conscious of admiring glances, she felt elation for the first time in weeks.

After Christmas there were more invitations, and suddenly she was able to drown herself in activity. Day after day, night after night, there was something to do—cocktails at the Top o' the Mark, dancing at the St. Francis, week-ends at someone's home down the Peninsula.

She hated it all, but she would not admit her hatred to herself. She hated Jack's meek acquiescence in all her engagements; she hated the way he went with her when it was obvious he was tired and wanted to stay home; later, she hated leaving him behind and going out with other men.

She hated herself.

One afternoon, six months after their marriage, everything came to an end.

She was in the living room, staring out at the blankness of the fog, when Jack came home from the office. "Connie!" she heard him calling from the hall. "Connie! Where are you?"

"Here," she answered dully.

"Oh," he said, entering the room. "I didn't think you were here, with no lights . . . Tired?"

"No."

"How would you like to eat downtown tonight?" he asked.

"If you like," she said indifferently. "I'm not particularly hungry—I've food here if you'd rather stay in."

"I thought—I thought we might sort of celebrate tonight. It's our anniversary, sort of—six months ago today."

"Oh. Oh, yes." She jumped up, every nerve on edge. "For heaven's sake, turn the lights on! I can hardly see you, this room is so dark! It shouldn't be, but the fog— Sometimes I think this fog will drive me crazy!"

He snapped on the lights and stood staring at her for a moment. "Connie," he said, "maybe it would be a good idea if you went south for a while and got some rest."

"Rest? What makes you think I need rest?" she demanded, determined not to give in to his love. Because if only he didn't love her, how much better things would be!

"Just that I've noticed lately—you seem to jump on people for no special reason—"

"You're not by any chance getting a martyr complex, are you?"

He flushed. "No—I simply said a rest might help you."

"Well, it wouldn't."

"How do you know?" he persisted.

"Because—because—oh, there's nothing the matter with me that a rest could cure!" she burst out. "Please, Jack—let's not talk about it."

"But I've got to," he said. "I hate to see you—like this. I want to know if there isn't something I can do. I've tried—I've given you your head, let you do as you pleased—"

"Let me? I didn't know I had to have your permission!"

"You've gone out when and with whom you liked," he went on with increased spirit. "Sometimes with me, sometimes without—and I haven't said anything. But this moodiness, and your dissatisfaction with me—with your home—it's getting me down!"

"Getting *you* down! What do you think it's doing to me?" This, she thought, is the end of the road we started on six months ago—this degrading, brutal scene.

She took a deep breath, to gain better control of herself, and when she spoke again it was more quietly. "Jack, let's not be melodramatic. Let's face the facts and be done with it. I'm sorry—but it's no go. Our marriage has been a mistake from the start."

"You want a divorce."

It wasn't a question. It was a statement of something he seemed to have known for a long time.

"Yes," Connie whispered. "I'm sorry, Jack . . . But I said that already, didn't I? Well, I am . . . It isn't so tragic, though—is it? I mean, isn't it better we found out now that it wouldn't work, while we're both still young?" His face didn't change its frozen expression, and she heard her own voice growing shrill. "You'll forget me—you'll find someone else who is better for you—someone who fits into your scheme of life—"

"You were my scheme of life, Connie," he said.

SHE took a plane to Reno, because she'd never flown before and everyone said the train trip over the mountains was dreadful. She'd thought that perhaps one of her friends—those friends who had invited her and Jack to the Top o' the Mark, the St. Francis, their homes—would offer to drive her up. After all, it was only a short trip—a few hours. But somehow, none of them

seemed to think of that, and she could hardly suggest it herself.

Reno. The lawyer . . . a nice place to stay . . . "Keno tonight, $50 drawing at eleven" . . . a girl crossing the street, wearing blue jeans and a mink coat . . . "Board and room is six dollars a day, and I'll be your residence witness when the time comes" . . . neon lights and cars parked diagonally to the curb . . . blue skies and a cold wind that blew all day long . . . at night the Colony Club, with cowboys standing close to women in chiffons and satins, drinking with them at the bar . . . the mingled odors of whiskey and saddle-leather and Aphrodisia . . .

Then, just when it seemed as though the six weeks would never end, Connie was in court. A few questions, a moment of silence while the judge looked over some papers—and it was over. She was no longer Mrs. Jack Sheldon.

She was glad of one thing. There'd been no talk of alimony. She had a little money of her own, left to her by her mother, and as soon as she got settled in San Francisco again, of course she would find a job. Perhaps George Staley would help her. . . .

SAN FRANCISCO had never seemed so beautiful. She found an apartment, high up on Washington Street; she called up people to tell them she was back in town.

"Connie!" the women said. "Darling! Back so soon? . . . Really? I can't believe it's six whole weeks . . . Oh, he's fine . . . And how does it seem to be back in circulation again?" And when she'd answered that question, there would be a pause, until she herself said brightly, "Well, darling, I just called to say hello. We must see each other soon."

"Oh, yes. I'll call you, Connie, shall I?"

But they didn't call.

She had lunch with George Staley. She'd thought, naturally, that he would take her to the popular Mark Hopkins, but instead he suggested a little cafe on Geary Street. "It's quiet there," he said. "We can talk."

Not that he did much talking. Was this the hearty, booming George who was such a grand host when he and Ann had had the Sheldons in to dinner? At last, in desperate irritation, she asked:

"What in the world is the matter, George? Surely I'm not being ostracized because I'm a divorcee! Didn't that sort of thing go out with Queen Victoria?"

He fiddled uncomfortably with his water-glass. "Of course not, Connie. It's just—the truth is—I'm not saying I feel that way myself, but—"

"Well?" she prompted.

"A lot of the folks—you know, they're all Jack's particular friends, and—"

"They think I treated him badly, do they?" she asked icily.

"Uh—not exactly, but—well, you know how people are."

"Thanks for letting me know, George," she said, and the rest of the luncheon was silent and uncomfortable.

She might have known something like this would happen, she thought. This was what came of losing track of all your own friends and getting to know only your husband's. Naturally they would all feel they had to be loyal to Jack. But when she came

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Photoplay plans to publish each month for the pleasure and delectation of its readers a famous and popular novel currently appearing on the screen.

Last month it was James Hilton's powerful novel, "We Are Not Alone." This month it is "It All Came True" by Louis Bromfield. Next month it will be another and following still another, all of this in addition to the wealth of authentic Hollywood information, articles, departments, fashions that for many years have made Photoplay the artistocrat of motion picture magazines.

PHOTOPLAY

DOUBLE LUCK, SPEAR THROWER!



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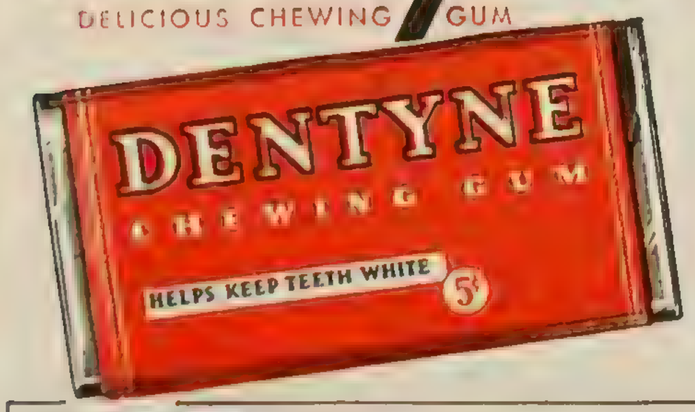
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HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
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to looking up some of the old crowd, the people she and Rene had known together, they had all disappeared, somehow. Or those that hadn't gone away seemed strange and stuffy.

One day she met Rene on the street. She hardly recognized him at first. He had just come back to San Francisco, he said, and for a moment they stood there, trying hard to think of something to say to each other; then they separated with vague promises about "getting together soon."

The old fascination was gone, entirely gone. She felt no emotion at all as she left the man who had made her marriage a failure.

It wasn't too long, luckily, before she found a job, as secretary-stenographer in a shipping firm. All day long she sat at a typewriter, slowly bringing skill back to fingers grown stiff from many months of idleness. But when she left the office the existence of her job vanished completely from her mind, because she had no real interest in it.

FOR the first time in her life, she took long walks. At night, on weekends, she tramped the city streets. To Fisherman's Wharf, then past rows of warehouses to the Embarcadero, where the air smelled of coffee and spices. Up the cobbled noisiness of Mission Street. Along the sparkling Marina, where the Golden Gate Bridge flung itself against the sky. But never out past Twin Peaks, into a part of town where the houses sat perched on the sides of steep hills, and there was always fog . . .

January . . . February . . . March. It was almost a year since her divorce—the longest year of her life.

And at last, late one Saturday afternoon, she could hold out no longer. Something was pulling her to the square little white stucco house, out on the top of the hill overlooking the valley that led to the sea. Her heart cried out for a sight of it. Just a sight, and then she would go away again.

It was foggy, of course. Terribly foggy, almost worse than she had ever seen it before; and the darkness had fallen early. There were no lights in the house, but a car stood at the curb. As she came closer she saw that it was a new one, and she wondered who owned it. She wondered who was living there now, too. Not Jack—he'd moved, she had heard.

Her heels clicked on the sidewalk as she went slowly past. The place seemed deserted, but it was as neat and clean as ever.

"Hello!"

She jumped. The voice—Jack's voice—came from the car at the curb. She had thought there was no one there. Now he was getting out, coming toward her, smiling and holding out his hand. "Connie. How are you?"

"Oh—just fine, Jack." How big he looked—so much bigger than she remembered.

"Taking a walk?"

"Yes, I—I was just taking a turn around the block to get some air."

"You live around here?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, no—I live quite . . . quite far from here. I really went much farther than I intended."

He half-turned, toward the house. "I came out to look at the old place," he announced.

"Why, of course," she said with a surprise that sounded false to her own ears. "This is it, isn't it? Haven't you rented it to anyone?"

"No . . . I preferred to leave it as it was."

"Oh." The monosyllable dropped into a vast silence between them, sank into it without making a ripple.

He threw back his shoulders, turned back to her again, and said in a conversational tone, "You're looking well, Connie. Having a good time?"

"The usual thing—a few parties—nothing really exciting. On the frivolous side, I'm afraid," she parried him. "I suppose you've been seeing the old crowd?"

"The old crowd?" he said vaguely. "Oh . . . yes, I see them now and then. Foggy tonight, isn't it?"

She smiled a little at that. "It's always foggy out here, Jack."

"Yes. Poor kid, it used to get you down, didn't it?"

"That was rather silly of me. As a matter of fact, I like the fog now."

He didn't answer. He simply looked at her, for a long moment, and then he said, "You're as beautiful as ever, Connie—and as sweet."

"Oh, don't!" His face began to swim through a mist of tears, and she fumbled frantically, unashamedly, for her handkerchief. "Don't say that. I'm not sweet at all. I'm—hateful!"

"Connie! What's the matter?"

ALL the emotion that had been locked in her heart for so long burst its bonds and came tumbling out. "I'm so miserable I could die. And so lonely. I threw away the only thing I really wanted—because I didn't have sense enough to see how much I wanted it. It took all these months of loneliness to make me see just how cheap and silly I'd been. And unfaithful! Because I really was unfaithful to you . . . in my mind. And now—now it's too late, and it's good enough for me. I deserve it."

He had her by both shoulders, holding her tightly with his big hands. "What are you talking about, Connie? What did you throw away that you really wanted?"

"Why—your love, of course."

"But you didn't," he said wonderingly. "I still love you. I'll always love you."

"Oh, no," she said, shaking her head. "I'm not going to inflict myself on you again. You're better off without me." And then the last remnant of dishonesty fell away from her, and she cried, "No, that's a lie! I *will* inflict myself on you, if you'll have me. I love you so much—and I've only just found it out, and I don't deserve it, but won't you take me back?"

The hands on her shoulders pulled her to him, and when they let her go again her hat was crooked and the flower on her coat was crushed, but her eyes were sparkling and her lips were laughing.

"It's a miracle!" Jack said. "It was a miracle when I found you the first time—and now it's happened all over again."

She shook her head. "That's not the miracle," she said wisely. "The miracle happened to *me!*"

"I Want a Divorce!" is heard every Sunday afternoon on NBC-Red, at 3:00 E.S.T., 2:00 C.S.T., 2:00 M.S.T., and 1:00 P.S.T.

Heartbreak Behind—
Happiness Ahead

(*Continued from page 19*)

"I believe we will, Ben," she said. "I do believe it."

And so they were married.

That statement is probably a surprise to most of you who have seen the incredibly youthful Mary Martin in Paramount's "The Great Victor Herbert." As a matter of fact, all through the years of struggle and success that followed, Mary kept the story of that marriage a secret from all the world except the folks back home in Weatherford. Only recently did news of it leak out, and only here has the full story been told:

THE honeymoon was Utopia on wheels. They burned up a thousand miles over the week-end and Ben had to sprint to make Nashville in time for her to begin classes again.

All that morning, through her French class, her English class, her mathematics and her history, she heard pounding in her ears: "I'm Mrs. Ben Hagman, Mrs. Ben J. Hagman."

For a month she lingered, like a girl lost in herself. The crowd at Penta Tau wondered what on earth had happened to their star attraction. None guessed the secret.

At Christmas she returned home, never to go back to school. She was tired of being a secret bride. She made a clean breast of it as soon as she had kissed her family. She told the Judge all about it first. He took it philosophically. Mrs. Martin wept a little, as mothers will. Then it occurred to all concerned that what mattered were the days to come.

The marriage received twin blessings from both parents. Ben was summoned to Weatherford for the holidays and it seemed as though the gods were smiling.

It was wonderful to be back home, Mrs. Ben Hagman concluded. Weatherford had never looked more alive, more friendly.

June came and so did a parchment for Ben. Then the decision was made. Ben would take a job doing legal work for an insurance company in Fort Worth, and there the couple would set up house-keeping.

Which is exactly what happened. She wept at leaving Weatherford.

Things didn't go so well in Fort Worth. By next spring the two had returned to Weatherford, where Mary's father took his son-in-law into his office.

Then Larry came into the lives of all concerned and became the central topic of conversation. Judge Martin and his junior associate were certain that he had the look of a barrister, this wide-eyed cub who disdained yelling, even when he was hungry. Mary wasn't so sure.

He was hardly weaned when his mother found the inactivity of a small-town matron weighing heavily on her. She looked around for something to do—and thereby betrayed, for the first time, her growing knowledge that marriage wasn't enough.

Practically from the time she was old enough to toddle, Mary had studied dancing. She loved it almost as much as she loved singing. So now she decided to open a dancing school.

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Ben thought it was a good idea, and Judge Martin went a step farther than that. It was a beautiful studio he built her.

In no time at all the word got around town that she was looking for backsliders in the gentle art of the dance. Ballet, soft shoe or what she called "sociable dancing"—it made no difference. In a month she had more pupils than she knew what to do with. She hired an assistant. Then another. Business got so good that she opened up other temples of the dance—four of them—in Cisco, Ranger, Eastland and Mineral Wells.

Just when everything was going along wonderfully—disaster.

Her lovely studio burned to the ground one midnight.

Standing in her nightgown and wrapper, watching the flames, Mary was heartbroken. Then there was a movement as of an earthquake beside her. It was Billie, her old mammy.

"Don't you go feelin' sorry for yourself," Billie consoled her, as she surveyed the inferno. "When the good Lord done took away all of Job's camels and sheep and goats, even his children, Job went right on believin' in the Lord. There's a reason for everything. Jes' you wait and see."

By the time a new studio was ready for use, summer had come. And summers in Texas aren't exactly tailored for such exercise as dance routines.

And now the portents were becoming more clear. She was almost—not quite—ready to admit to herself and to Ben that marriage had been a mistake. Mary was a mercurial, restless dreamer. Ben was a calm, deliberate man of business. He wanted to settle down in Texas—but Texas couldn't hold her.

Still, when she determined to go west that summer, to Hollywood, there was no open break. Perhaps Ben thought it best to give her her head, and that with a summer in Hollywood out of her system, she would be ready to be Mrs. Hagman again. Perhaps she thought so herself. At any rate, she had the blessing of husband and family when she first invaded Hollywood, in 1935.

IT was anything but exciting, this first visit. She saw little of the bright lights, none of the fabled gaiety. What she did do was toil like a robot at the Fanchon and Marco dance studios, learning the latest steps. In the fall she returned home, and all that winter she worked like fury. For a while this new fire, this fresh drive brought her some measure of satisfaction, a sense of achievement. But as winter wore on to spring she began to see a chasm opening up between the soul of her and a dancing career. Finally it became all too plain—she was lost, utterly lost.

Her marriage was lost, too. Now she knew it.

She and Ben were able to talk things over rather sensibly, and decide, at last, to call it all off.

When summer rolled around again she made up her mind. She would go to Hollywood again. Only this time she was going to lick the town.

For days Mary tramped around Hollywood, looking for a job in which she could sing. At last she found one, in the Ciné Grill. Then, after a while, another—this time in the Casanova Club. But it wasn't a lifetime commitment, and once more she was footloose.

For weeks there was no sign of anything. Then came a chance to audition for Buddy Rogers, who was leading the band on the Twin Stars radio program. For her test she reeled off a gay little ditty. Rogers smiled and nodded. "You're it," he said.

At last she was on the air!

Now once a week she cavorted over the networks, a yokel girl who had made good. It didn't seem real, this intimacy with Victor Moore, Helen Broderick and the rest. How unreal it actually was she discovered after thirteen weeks, when the program was discontinued.

SUMMER faded into fall, and fall into winter. Still no job. The situation was becoming grim. The money she had saved was dwindling.

She conceived the weird notion that maybe the movies were looking for her. It was no trick at all, with her radio and night-club background, to get tested by every important studio in town.

No dice. In fact one of the less-courteous testing department archangels gave her the following diagnosis. "Off-screen you're a nifty personality—but you photograph like Fu Manchu."

Letters from Weatherford began to trickle in, letters in a strange scrawl. Letters from Larry. He was six now, going on seven. She tried to picture him writing his five-line notes, a death grip on the pencil and a resolute look on his sweet face. She took on a new courage.

The Trocadero used to conduct a sort of super amateur hour by which undiscovered genius was given a chance, for virtually cakes and ale, to appear before a chic audience. Mary decided to take a chance.

She'll will never forget the night she walked calmly onto the Troc floor.

She didn't even wear a run-of-the-mill evening dress. What she did wear was an accordion-pleated skirt, a batiste blouse with ruffles and a red belt, wide as a barber's strop, for color. She looked demure as a debbie.

She nodded to the band-leader. Came the downbeat. And the familiar notes of "Il Bacio" (The Kiss). All during the catchy, sentimental introduction she sang liltingly, as thousands of sopranos have sung the piece before. But when the band hit the chorus, she went to town. She began to swing "Il Bacio," with all she had.

First came astonishment. Could they trust their ears? Was this innocent-looking lassie taking them (and "Il Bacio") for a ride?

Then some inspired soul began yelling. And by the time she had completed the chorus, everyone was yelling for encores.

The next morning she was fairly buried under an avalanche of telegrams: telegrams of congratulations, telegrams offering auditions and engagements. Before the day was over an offer came to sing on Broadway. And as if that wasn't enough, a radio executive offered her a spot on the Good News program.

That night, when she had calmed down, she called home. She talked to everyone. Finally she heard a familiar, small voice, the most welcome in the world.

"Hurrah for you, mummy," it said. "When are you coming home?"

"Soon," she said through her tears. "Soon, Larry."

It was late August when she left Hollywood and headed east for her conquest of Broadway. She stopped off at Weatherford long enough to get a good hug of Larry.

The night she arrived in New York was a heart-breaker.

No one met her at the station. Rain poured down from an angry sky. And later at the hotel, came the final bitter pill. The musical comedy in which she was to appear had been postponed for another year.

Heartbroken, she hung around town, too numb to go away. On the fifth day a ray of hope appeared.

"Look," exclaimed the producer who had brought her to New York in the first place, "I don't want to get your hopes aroused. You know how it is in show business. Still, if you're interested, there's an opening in a new show called 'Leave It to Me.' Seems that a lady named June Knight has kissed the part good-bye. She's getting married."

WELL, she auditioned and got the part, and the rest is history.

It's a twice-told tale how she knocked 'em dead on the night of September 28 by crooning "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." The performance made her a national figure.

It took the movie studios only until the following morning to begin sending her wires—and every wire contained the word "contract." For a minute Mary laughed to herself, remembering Fu Manchu.

At last the dream had come true. Her name was in lights. She had an engagement, too, in the swanky Rainbow Room, the Rockefeller showplace of the nation. Life was wonderful.

Until the night of December 10, 1938.

She was sitting in her dressing room waiting for the cue, her mind sweeping over the two thousand miles separating the Imperial Theater and Weatherford, where her father was ill. She had flown down to see him a fortnight before.

There was a knock on the door.

It was Victor Moore, the star of the show. He looked grave—grave in a tender sort of way. Then he walked over and put his arm on her shoulder.

"Mary," he said, "I've got an old story to tell you. I think it's older than show business, lots older than almost anything else."

"My dad?" she said, jumping up.

"Yes."

Sophie Tucker came into the room. She took the slim brunette in her arms. The girl's tears mingled with the mascara and made a wet, dark stain on Sophie's dressing gown.

She didn't attend the funeral. Her Dad would have wanted it that way. It was part of what he had called her "new obligations" when she had seen him last and had said good-bye to him.

By June she had made up her mind about the movie offers. She signed with Paramount. Here at last was rainbow's end. A part in "The Great Victor Herbert," opposite Alan Jones.

By now you must have seen the picture.

Meanwhile, Paramount is not letting her stay idle. She's at work getting ready for the shooting of "Kiss the Boys Good-bye," in which she'll play a temperamental Southern mint-julep in a satire on "Gone With the Wind."

It could happen only in America.



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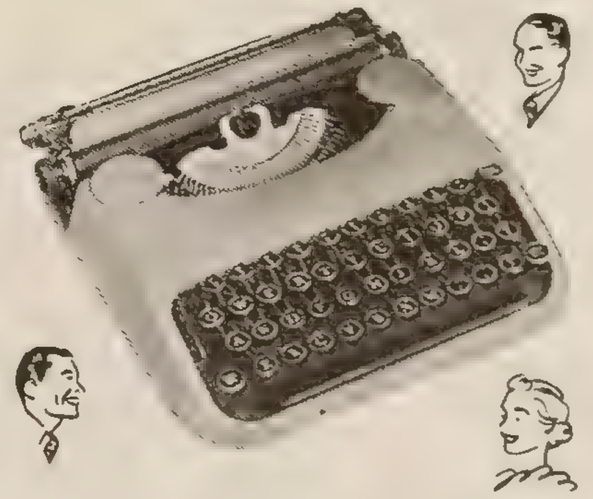
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Facing the Music

(*Continued from page* 33)

JAN SAVITT—A REFUGEE FROM THE CLASSICS

WHEN Jan Savitt was seven, his violin thrilled Victor Herbert. At the age of thirteen, all Philadelphia predicted a great career for the little Polish-born musician.

No young artist has risen so rapidly. Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms claimed him—but not for long.

Today the concert platform is but a memory. Jitterbugs, not longhairs, applaud the diminutive, dark-eyed lad. His pulse-tickling "shuffling rhythm" is broadcast over NBC from the Hotel Lincoln in New York. His Decca records sell briskly. But instead of the classics, he plays the hit parade champions.

"I was a child prodigy. Music claimed me before I was five," Jan explained, "I never saw a toy unless it was a musical one. Couldn't hold a baseball bat for fear of spoiling my precious fingers. When other kids were getting their first dates, I would be riding a sooty, excursion train to New York for more music lessons. Why, I didn't have a pair of long pants when I joined Stokowski."

That jazz conquered the classics to claim Jan for its own, is one of swingdom's strangest stories.

Jan was born twenty-seven years ago in Cracow, then a part of Russia. His father was a drummer in the Russian Imperial Regimental Band. The rattle of the snares beat a tom-tom lullaby for the boy. But not for long. Joseph Savitt rebelled against the rigid military system. He wanted freedom. So when Jan was two, the family emigrated to America.

The Savitts settled in Philadelphia with father putting his savings into the feathered hat business. Jan's mother, a woman alert to new customs, soon found out how her neighbors lived. Middle-class Philadelphians saved pennies so that their children would get music lessons. When Jan was five, he got his first violin lesson. This did not meet with his father's approval.

"Better teach him a trade," he warned his wife.

But when the wealthy woolen tycoon, Edwin Fleischer, started a symphony club for young musicians, Mama Savitt knew her boy was destined for a musical career. Jan's teacher got him enrolled in the string orchestra as concertmeister. One night the great Victor Herbert came. Jan played Wieniawski's Mazurka on an over-sized fiddle.

The composer and patron Fleischer were impressed.

Herbert placed a heavy arm on the awed youth's shoulder. "You might become the first great American violinist." Then he pouted, "But that fiddle. Too big, too big."

Fleischer soon fixed that. He bought Jan an $8,500 Ruggieri, perfectly proportioned for an under-sized 12-year-old lad, and began to pay for his music lessons under William Happich.

When Jan was fourteen, his older brother Bill urged him to commute on Sundays to New York and study under the noted Sam Franko.

Franko was captivated by his new pupil and brought him to the attention of music critics. A new child prodigy was rapidly being developed. When the Curtis Institute offered a violin scholarship, Jan won it.

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, idol of Philadelphia, was then conductor of Curtis Institute's orchestra class, aside from his duties with the great symphonic orchestra. He liked the thin, nervous lad who played so vigorously and devoted no time to frivolous pastimes.

One day he took Jan aside.

"How would you like to come and play in my orchestra?" The boy's answer stunned the great man.

"I don't know, sir," flustered Jan, "I'll have to ask my mother!"

At first the men in the orchestra sneered at this youngster.

"A kid," snarled one veteran, "just out of diapers."

But Stokowski had faith. Jan stayed with the Philadelphia Orchestra eight years—eight years of work!

Then something happened.

The fact that he was making $150 to $200 a week might have set off the spark. Perhaps his coming of age was responsible. He was now 22. But I would rather place the responsibility with Fate and his big brother Bill. The latter was now employed as assistant manager of the Forrest thea-

ter in Philadelphia. The Broadway shows played there—shows filled with beautiful girls, light-hearted young people, and music that was light and swingy. As Jan huddled near the stage door, when he could sneak away from the concert hall, all these things rose before him.

"This music reacted strangely within me. I got a kick out of it," Jan tells you now.

WHEN radio station WCAU offered him the job of musical director, Jan could not resist. Here was his chance to become a human being and not a musical instrument. He told the fatherly Stokowski—and the maestro agreed.

The radio work attracted the dance set. Offers came to play at parties, college proms, and hotel rooms. They liked the unusual tone of this new band. Jan had brought all the resources of the classics into play. He wove a style—shuffling rhythm—that comes right from Dukas' "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and Spohr's Violin Concerto.

By 1938 Savitt's band had gained promise. An engagement at a dance in New York turned the tide. Mrs. Maria Kramer, owner of the Hotel Lincoln, was searching for a band to succeed Artie Shaw at her hotel.

Savitt opened at the Lincoln in December, 1938. They've been there ever since, except for a few excursions.

At the present time a dusky lad named Bon Bon is Jan's only vocalist. Bon Bon's real name is George Tunnell. He used to sing with a colored trio on NBC.

Savitt's plans are definite. He starts a lengthy tour in February, and by Spring might get married. But he won't talk too much about that.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet

It Was Written in the Stars; Katie Went to Haiti (Royale 1783) Johnny Green. A new phonograph company and a pair of Cole Porter pulse-tickling tunes that deserve hearing. Johnny Green's band with Beverly as vocalist.

Last Night; Many Dreams Ago (Victor 26397) Hal Kemp. The laurels go to the vocalists, Nan Wynn and Bob Allen in this soothing platter.

Out of Space; Blue Rain (Decca 2802) Casa Loma. Casa Loma comes back into its own as a leading dispenser of sweet music. Pin a medal on Kenny Sargent.

Speaking of Heaven; I Thought About You (Vocalion 5182) Will Bradley. A new band in a season that has been loaded with newcomers and vague promises about arresting, original styles. But this Bradley-Ray McKinley combo stands out spectacularly.

Three Little Maids; Tin Roof Blues (Varsity 8071) Hylton Sisters. Spicy, suggestive lyrics ably interpreted by a trio of warblers that may give the celebrated Andrew Sisters some competition. Varsity is the less expensive disk of the new U. S. Record Co.

Some Like It Swing

Faithful Forever; Bluebirds in the Moonlight (Columbia 35289) Benny Goodman and Mildred Bailey. A foolproof combination on a coupling from Gulliver's Travels.

Johnson Rag; Down Home Rag (Victor 26598) Larry Clinton. Solid stuff interpreted by a specialist in this bracket of swing.

Cirribiribin; Yodelin Jive (Decca 2800) Bing Crosby-Andrew Sisters. The record companies become generous and give two for the price of one.

You're A Lucky Guy; Love Is Here (Bluebird 10482) Artie Shaw. The little man that isn't here made this one before he renounced his throne.

She Really Meant to Keep It; Palm of Your Hand (Varsity 8117) Johnny Messner. Not for Aunt Hattie, but a **double entendre** successor to "She Had To Lose It At The Astor" a platter that got word of mouth from coast to coast and became a smash hit. Will do miracles at parties that begin to sag.

White Heat; You Can Fool Some of the People (Vocalion 5156) Jimmy Lunceford. Hotter than a sun-ray lamp you forgot to turn off.

To Ken Alden, Facing the Music
RADIO MIRROR Magazine
122 E. 42nd Street, New York.

I would like to see a feature story about _____

Please tell me where this band is now playing _____

I like swing bands_____ I like sweet bands_____ I like bands that mix 'em up_____.

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Youth— FOR KEEPS!



■ Seventeen-year-old Mary Small gives some grown-up advice—use plenty of good soap and water before putting on make-up.

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

THE old saying was, "Beauty is only skin deep." That is a great deal deeper than you might think. To maintain a beautiful skin we must observe all the laws of general good health and also the special laws of skin care. Moreover, we have to consider the dermis, or true skin, as well as the epidermis or outer layer. Beauty cannot be put on with make-up alone. We have to begin with proper cleansing and with the preparation for make-up—that is, the right soap and the right powder base.

Pretty seventeen-year-old Mary Small has an understanding of these fundamentals that would do credit to an experienced cosmetician. Come to think of it, she is experienced—she has been singing in public since she was five. She has had theatrical experience as well as radio. All those years of the varied make-ups for public work, and she still has a skin as clear and fresh as a child's. In private life she uses the minimum of cosmetics, believing that the younger you are the less you need them. But she is very, very choosey about her soap and what little powder base she does use.

You hear Mary's warm contralto voice on the Ben Bernie Hour Sunday evenings at five-thirty over CBS, and it is hard to believe that such a natural, unspoiled young girl has attained her mature artistry. Those who work with her say she can pick up a song and learn it in five minutes, and has a genius for original treatments of song lyrics. She has a poise and serenity that rises to any occasion—and there have been many important occasions for her as a guest artist starred on practically every radio program of note.

The first step towards maintaining that youthful skin is a thorough cleansing with a good soap. There are many on the market so free from irritating ingredients that they could not harm even the skin of a baby. You can make a simple test by touching your soap to the tip of your tongue. No soap tastes good, of course. But if there is any free alkali or other irritant present, the soap will seem to burn.

Nevertheless I strongly advocate a light upward massage with a good cleansing cream first. Then a gentle but thorough cleansing with soap and softened water, two or three times a day. The natural oil of the skin is given out from tiny sacs which lie close to the hair roots. If the opening gets clogged, the oil hardens and darkens into blackheads, or infection arises and pimples form. At the very least these clogged pores give the skin a coarse and grimy look. Nothing else is so effective in clearing them as a good lathering of soap.

Those who have dry skins which they think are irritated by much soaping should use first a cleansing cream of the emulsion type (rather heavy). For those with oily skins, or for the simple removal of make-up, a liquefying or thin cream, and less of it. But please, always, plenty of good soap and soft water.

When the skin is cleansed right into the pores, put on your favorite foundation. And here you must experiment to find the one best suited to your skin, and to your age. Very light for young people. Heavier for the mature woman. There are excellent ones of all types. Some are foundation creams, some are lotions, some are of a type which suggests a glorified theatrical make-up and aid greatly in the concealment of blemishes. There are bases for the dry skin, for the oily skin. There is one that contains healing ingredients, very cool and soothing. Select yours and use it. Foundations protect the skin, and enhance make-up.

HOW'S YOUR COMPLEXION?

ACNE sufferers are often needlessly afraid of cosmetics. The first thing to do is to find out which kind of acne you have. It might be best to consult your doctor and let him tell you. What is properly called acne has a half dozen different causes. It may be gastric. It may be caused by a vitamin deficiency, which is readily corrected by eating a prepared yeast. It may be from bad teeth, or from some temporary irregularity in the glandular system, or even from nerves. In such cases, cosmetics and creams give temporary relief. Get at the cause. If it is a case of clogged oil pores, good soap-and-water cleansings are the answer, together with special creams. The great cosmetic houses all have acne creams and lotions which are the result of years of research.

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

WITH the misconception of Canadian winters (I look out my window as I write and the lilac-tree beneath it is budding again in mid-December, cross my heart), it seems hardly good tactics to introduce a gentleman by the name of Frost. His first name is not Jack, but Rex, which is some compensation, but there is a very valid reason for a Canadian radio columnist wanting to talk about Rex Frost. You see, Rex Frost has been ten years in the Canadian broadcasting business, six of them with the same two commercial programs.

Tune to CFRB, Toronto, at 12:40 P. M., Mondays through Fridays, or dial the same station Mondays through Saturdays at 11:00 P. M., and you will hear a clipped British accent that will strongly remind you of Boake Carter, that is, a Boake Carter with the waspish sting removed. At the noon hour period he will be holding the fort for the Goodyear Rubber and Tire Corporation's daily Farm Broadcast, the Ontario farmers' unfailing barometer for the past six years of price and crop conditions. At eleven o'clock of the evening, he will be holding forth on European affairs for his tens of thousands of listeners to his Armchair Club, sponsored by the Royal Canadian Tobacco Company, also in its sixth year of popular dialling.

Physically, Rex is in the neighborhood of six feet, with a wisely kind look in his gray eyes. He's in his early forties.

Rex was born in London, England. His father wanted him to be a lawyer like himself. Rex, spending a great deal of time around the courts (unofficially, of course), decided the Law was dryer than the pages of Blackstone. So he decided to become an engineer, and took a Science course at deah ol' Cambridge. The engineering job turned out to be a position in a London bank. After a year at Brussels, someone told him that Canadian banks were always on the lookout for good men. Which brought Rex to these shores, and a job in a Canadian bank. His start in radio came with an oil concern as program director, from whence he graduated to CFRB as Commercial Manager.

His record of continuous broadcasting on the same two programs is probably unequalled on the continent, and certainly unique in Canada. Rex sort of inherited the Farm Broadcast. One hot July day in 1933, he was getting ready for a round of golf, when the 'phone rang. It was a Chicago businessman wanting to talk farm broadcasts. Resignedly, Rex, who scarcely knew one end of the horse from the other, let duty take precedence over pleasure. He saw the Chicago man, who had an idea for a daily summary of livestock activities and markets and produce bulletins. This was something new in radio. Almost unenthusiastically, Rex accepted the gentleman's contract on behalf of CFRB. A search began for a broadcaster with agricultural background. None suitable could be found. The station manager unsympathetically told Rex he was responsible, and would have to air the show himself. Rex dived into the business of agriculture, waiting expectantly for the three months' contract to run out. Run out it did, but the station listeners clamored for more. That was six years ago, and Rex Frost is still waiting for CFRB to find someone to take his place on the Farm Broadcast.

THE constant companion of Rex Frost is his movie camera. No matter where he goes, the little black box goes with him. And his hobby is proving profitable. In three months, he will have ready a film of his own making, "Cavalcade of Europe," with which he will go on lecture-tour.

An amazing person, this Rex Frost, and an extraordinary life he has led. But I think the thing that intrigues him most at the moment is that he has one of the first honest-to-gosh penthouses in Toronto, roof-garden and all.

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TRIMAL

Woman in Love

(*Continued from page 37*)

"Oh, what have I done, what have I done!" Tam whispered, half to herself, in black despair.

"It's just something we have to get through," George persisted reasonably. "It's a mean bit of road, but we simply have to get over it, you and I. What I want you to do is to drive yourself down to Bill Martell's and stay with Ellen—"

"You mean that you—you think they'll take you right away—"

"I expect so," he said quietly.

"I see," Tam said in a dead voice. "Go on."

"Well, this is it: Go down to Menlo Park and take it easy with the Martells. They understand. In a few days, drive down to Los Angeles and see Kohl, about that movie offer. Next June, or some time after that—"

"Next June? Oh, my God!" Tam whispered.

"Well, any time around then. By that time old Martell will have done some good work here, and one talk with the governor will do the trick."

SHE put her elbows on the table and her face in her hands, and he saw the bright tears slip through her fingers.

"Don't cry, Tam."

She made no answer. After a while she found a handkerchief and dried her eyes and made herself smile at him with her lashes still wet and her lips trembling.

"We've nothing to regret," he told her softly. "Even poor Mallory would probably have been grateful for the quick way out if he'd known it was coming. Tam, my little beloved girl, my wife, you won't forget me, and I'll live on your letters and books, and it won't be forever. And some hot summer day we'll climb into the car and head here for Halfmoon Bay, and we'll stop and get eggs and coffee—— And then we'll forget all this; it won't leave any mark."

"But how to get through today!"

"Oh, well, time goes on. It'll go by."

"You don't want me to go to court and cross the bay with you?"

"Positively not! There'll be photographers, newspapermen. Let's cut all that. No," he said seriously, "if I'm not back early in the afternoon—go down to the Martells', won't you?"

"Yes," she said with white lips.

"You've got money?"

"Yes, I'm fine."

"And listen, dearest. Write me!"

"Oh, George, don't!"

She trailed after him as he threw a few things into a bag, stood forlornly watching him, one of his old sweaters pressed against her heart as if to staunch a flow of blood.

"Well, it's ten of ten; I'd better move," he said with a great air of briskness. He slipped on his big coat, buckled it, put his arms about her and kissed her once, briefly. "Goodbye, my heart," he said.

"Remember that I will never love anyone else in the world as I love you," Tamara said steadily.

He picked up his hat and his bag and went out without turning again.

After a long while she went into the bedroom; George's pillow still held the impress of his big untidy head, and she slid to her knees and laid her face against it for a moment of weakness. Tears fell on the crumpled linen. But almost immediately she was on her feet again. The beds were pulled apart, windows opened to cold, fresh, rushing air, garments put away in orderly fashion.

She telephoned Menlo Park.

"Ellen, I'm so sorry, but I'm not getting down today. . . . Yes, but I want to be alone; I'm all right. I just feel sort of—battered, and I want to be alone. You'll forgive me; I'll be down tomorrow. And then I go on to Los Angeles. He wants me to. And Merry Christmas!"

GEORGE had been right. Time did pass—somehow. She saw Kohl, and he made her an offer and she accepted it, and then for a time she was in Hollywood. And after that there was a play, and a tour, and the dates on the letters she wrote to George were September . . . October . . . November . . . May . . . July . . . October again.

Mid-December, almost two years after George had gone to prison, and she was in Sacramento with the play. Tamara hated the town because of bitter memories that never would die, memories of Mayne swaggering and self-satisfied, memories of her first sickening misgivings as to Mayne's love for her. She wrote the governor gallantly, asking for an interview. There was no answer—there was no answer. . . .

Governor Coates would go to San Quentin on the nineteenth. The sixteenth, the seventeenth came; and still Tamara could not manage her coveted five-minute interview. Early on the evening of the seventeenth Billy Martell came into her dressing room. He was in Sacramento, he explained, to see the governor himself about George, or to make it easier for her to see him. "I saw his secretary today," he added. Tam turned anxious eyes upon him.

"Whittell! What did he say?"

"He wasn't exactly encouraging, Tam. Not that he knows much, but, of course, he's very close to the governor. He said that Coates always made up his own mind about things of that sort: 'Mrs. Davis's seeing him wouldn't affect him one way or the other; he's not in the least interested in women,' he said."

Tam's face flamed. "I wasn't going to flirt with him!" she said coldly. "It was just one more thing that I could try. George told me that Coates was a forlorn hope, but I thought—I thought—being Christmas time—"

"Shall you see George this Christmas, Tam?" Billy asked.

"Oh, yes. We go down to San Francisco tomorrow to play a week. Christmas is Tuesday; I'll go over and see George on Monday. I dread it," Tam said under her breath.

"It's awful," Billy agreed.

It stabbed her, and her busy hand was still as she asked in a quiet voice: "You don't think there's any use trying to see the governor, Bill?"

"Well, tomorrow's Sunday, and the governor's gone with his family all day, and early on Monday he goes down to San Quentin," Billy admitted regretfully.

An hour before train time the next morning Tam telephoned the executive mansion. Before he left for

Woodside could Governor Coates possibly see Mrs. Davis for five minutes? It was very important.

Governor Coates and Mrs. Coates had gone to Woodside last night.

"Oh, thank you," Tam said weakly. "They—they couldn't be reached there?"

"If you would write a letter, Mrs. Davis—" the secretary said kindly. Tamara tried to answer that she had written many letters, but tears choked her, and she hung up the telephone with no further words. On Wednesday of that week she sent out from her dressing room at the old Geary Street Theater in San Francisco for a paper: the governor's pardons were duly listed there. A Burke, a Castagni, a Miller—there were nine in all. No Davis.

She saw him at the prison on Monday—Christmas Eve—came back alone across the gray winter bay with the familiar icy agony at her heart. It was hard enough to steel herself to see him, to arm herself with cheerful odds and ends of news, to fill her arms with books and handkerchiefs and cake and olives. But the coming away was the insufferable thing; that was the time when her courage and nerve were at their lowest ebb. The memory of his quiet courage, his concern for her, his utter weariness, would tear at her heart for hours afterward like the teeth of animals.

GEORGE had said to her, "No pardon? Coates threw me down, did he?" and she had answered gallantly, "Billy and I mean to attack him again right after Christmas!" but the few words had told her that George had been hoping great things, as they both had been, from the Christmas list of pardons.

It was only three o'clock when she came back to the city and turned her car south toward Menlo Park and the Martell house—yet when she reached it, she felt a weariness, a nervous despair in her own soul that made any thought of Christmas joy seem unbearable.

Children were boiling all over the house; evergreen ropes had been put up; there was a great burst of holly in a jar in the entrance hall, and fires roared everywhere. Ellen Martell, in the midst of the cheerful pandemonium, was sweet and sympathetic; but the contrast between all this comfort and happiness and the cold stone of the prison was too much for Tam; she could not face the long dinner table, the chatter, the joyous expectations and surprises.

When Billy Martell came upstairs a few minutes before dinner-time, she was standing in her bedroom door, with her hat and coat on.

"Hello, Tam! Where you going?" he demanded in a tone of alarm.

"I thought I'd get some fresh air. . . . But I'm glad you're home. I wanted to speak to you a minute." She gestured toward a wide cushioned seat in the hall. "Billy, did you ever get to see Coates?" she demanded.

He patted her hand. "Well . . . no," he admitted. "Look, Tam, Ellen says I've got to rush. Run on downstairs and I'll see you in a few minutes." He hurried down the hall.

Tamara went back to her room and walked to one of the darkened windows. She stood perfectly still, hardly conscious of emotion or thought; everything seemed dulled within her heart and brain; nothing mattered.



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Quite suddenly, as if propelled by a force outside of herself, she was at the desk, scribbling a note.

"Ellen darling," she wrote, "I'm a death's-head at your party and I'll only spoil it for you and everyone else. I'm sorry, but the children and the fun and the presents seem more than I can bear tonight; I'm going up to the city, where I'll see a movie and eat a large unromantic steak, and I'll surely drive over and see you all tomorrow, or at latest the day after. I'm not sure where I'll be, but I'll telephone. Merry Christmas to you all! Do forgive me."

She scratched a crooked, tear-splashed "Tam" at the end and put the note in a conspicuous position against the lamp. She crossed the upper hall noiselessly, opened a door upon a back staircase, and let herself out at the side door without encountering a soul or hearing any sound except the joyous racket of Christmas Eve.

SHE went quickly along the drive to the garage, got her car and was in it and driving out of the gate into the road before her breath would begin to come naturally or her heart stop its frightened beat.

The road to San Francisco was lighted, and punctuated by flying smaller lights that came roaring toward her, blinded her, and went rushing south. But she did not follow this highway far. She knew now where she wanted to go—to the little cottage on Halfmoon Bay, where she and George had once spent a heavenly week-end. It had been during Mayne's trial—they'd stolen away to spend two days' respite from strain and anxiety.

"Some day, darling, we'll buy this cottage," George had said. He didn't know that she had remembered that, and had bought the place herself, with her Hollywood earnings. Bought it, because it was the one place in the world where she felt as if she and George were still together.

She unlocked the door, carried in the groceries she'd bought at the general store in the village two miles away. Speedily, with stiff fingers, she filled the stove, poured kerosene on the kindling. In one second there was a heartening roar or blaze against the closed stove plates; in exactly seven minutes the kettle began to sing.

"This is the thing I wanted to do!" she exulted. "I'm alone—and when I'm alone I can think about George."

But she felt a little sense of uneasiness, too, as she realized suddenly that she had never been quite alone in this secluded cabin before, so far from any other habitation. Always, when she came down here for a few days, she'd had someone in from one of the neighboring families to cook and keep her company.

She reminded herself that one's fears and the action of robbers, murderers, maniacs rarely struck upon the same instant—but, poaching eggs, she wished that she had not thought of such words as robbers, murderers, maniacs.

Perhaps there were men hiding in this house at this exact minute. The telephone was there, of course. But the service stopped at six. Too bad to have remembered that—a telephone was almost like a person!

Her heart leaped into her throat at the sound of a voice. But it was only a black cat, as welcome almost as a friend in this silent dark hour. Tamara welcomed the cat effusively, fed him while she ate her own supper, and when she went to sleep an hour later on a cot dragged into the kitchen for warmth, the cat was settled on her feet. The sound of the sea was friendlier now, and the stove's red eye had a protective, comforting aspect in the warm kitchen. Tam, tired by the long full day, was almost instantly asleep.

Voices. She started up from a very abysm of unconsciousness to the fearful realization of voices. Someone outside saying, "S-s-h-h!"

Tam sat up in the dark, her heart thundering. With a sudden lessening of warm weight on her feet the cat leaped to the floor. There was utter silence everywhere, except the tick of dying ashes in the stove.

It had been her imagination. But her heart would not stop its suffocating quick beat, nor her muscles obey her fluttered reason when her mind told her that she must simply lie down quietly again. The sound of a motor engine was coming nearer. It would pass. It would go away again.

A slow fan of light went over the ceiling; outside the kitchen door the motor stopped. There was a fearful interval of silence. Then a voice, shouting: "Tam!"

Life came back into her veins. In the dark she sprang from her blankets, sobbing, calling back madly in answer:

"Oh, George, George, George!"

Somehow, in the black cold and dark she was across the kitchen floor, and fumbling at the lock, and then the sky and the wheeling stars showed in the opened doorway, above the dim silhouette of the hills, and the lights of a motorcar cut a tunnel of light through them, and a figure was there, coming at her; arms were warm and strong about her, and George's cold hard face was against her warm one, and she was crying, crying bitterly, with her arm about his neck.

"Tam, you poor darling, you poor little idiot! My sweetheart—my darling sweetheart!"

He was half leading, half carrying her back into the kitchen. "You've escaped! You got away! You found me!" she breathed.

Just to look at him was enough; she could look at him forever. George. George with her again, nothing else mattered. It was enough to watch George carrying in wood, dragging things about, driving shadows before him, tramping about with a heartening noise that seemed to make the house the safest, sanest, coziest place in the world.

Every few minutes he stopped what he was doing and came to kneel beside her and kiss her. Tam would put up a hand to stroke his hair, smile at him shakily, but she could not speak without tears.

"Frightened you, did I?"

"It was silly. But I'd been nervous, anyway."

"But darling, you shouldn't have run away down here. You frightened the Martells terribly."

She lay on the couch before the hearth; the big sitting room was warm in the winter night from the fire George had built. Then, suddenly, a thought struck her, and her fingers tightened on his hand, her voice trembled. "You'll—you'll be here tomorrow, won't you?" she faltered.

"I'll be here tomorrow, darling; we'll have Christmas breakfast together. I'm—out, Tam."

"Out?" she repeated dazedly.

"For always. It was to be a surprise for you, Tam. Bill and I fixed it up, fools that we were. I got my pardon yesterday—today, was it? Only this afternoon, it was. But Billy and Ellen had an idea that it would be wonderful to surprise you!"

"Pardoned! You knew when I saw you—when was it, yesterday?"

"No, I didn't. My God, Tam, you don't think I could have let you go away from the prison not knowing, if I had known!"

"Billy knew."

"Not until today. He was on his way to San Quentin, to tell me about it, while you were there seeing me. He missed you by about ten minutes. If he'd driven just a little faster he'd have seen you. He told me about the pardon—it's all due to Billy's persistence that the governor finally came through with it—and then he telephoned Ellen. Ellen said, 'Tamara's coming down here for dinner, and we'll keep it for a Christmas surprise!'"

TAMARA'S wondering eyes broke over his reproachfully.

"But I was there when Billy got home!"

"So was I, darling—within a few feet of you, shaving and bathing and getting into decent clothes. I was supposed to go downstairs, when I looked presentable, and let you find me there. And I went down, and waited—and waited—and you didn't come. You'd been gone about an hour when they found your note, saying you'd gone to San Francisco."

"Oh, George, George!" Tam wailed. "What a fool I was!"

"What fools we all were! Well, I looked for you in San Francisco—all the places you might have gone to, and you weren't there. And suddenly it struck me that in your note you'd said you'd drive *over* and see the Martells tomorrow. That didn't sound as if you'd intended to go to San Francisco at all, so I asked Hills, Billy's chauffeur, if there were any place you could drive 'over' from—and he told me how you'd bought this cottage," George related.

Tam rubbed a small thumb back and forth on his big hand, tears still brimming out of her eyes. "George, is it really all over—are you and I just one more married couple, at last?"

"Just exactly that. Free to do just what everyone else is doing."

"It's a dream—talking to you, having you again!" she whispered.

"It's a true dream."

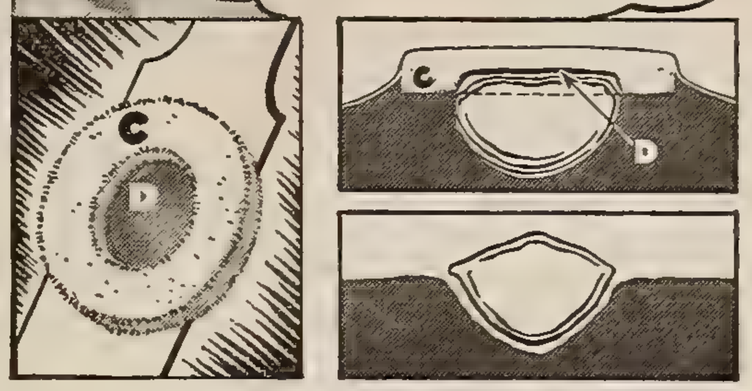
"And I thought—only tonight I thought that life would never be anything else but one long heartbreak! And we know each other, George," Tam pursued, in a voice of utter content, "there aren't going to be any surprises or disillusions; we know each other through and through! I know you're going to like your eggs poached tomorrow morning, and that you like the top of the milk bottle better than regular cream. I—" Her voice dropped; she whispered: "I love you so, George," she breathed. And again their lips were together, while there was no sound in the room but the occasional dropping of ashes in the fire and an occasional flurry of wind in the chimney.

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Beech-Nut Gum



How to Sing for Money

(*Continued from page 25*)

It is often a real handicap to be able to learn a song too quickly, because the learning is too superficial to stand up under pressure. The "quick study" is prone to get a hazy impression of the song rather than a clear mental engraving, and that is where the careless wrong notes begin to creep in. So if you're in this group, recognize the danger and whip yourself into thoroughness. Learn the written melody so that you can sing it perfectly, note for note, without words and without leaning on accompaniment.

Next, *choose your key*

Remember the time you got halfway through rehearsing a song and your voice cracked reaching for that high note? What did you do? You went back to the beginning and started over again, a little lower.

THAT high note was beyond your vocal "range." When you started over again in a lower pitch, you transposed the key and thereby adjusted the song to your range.

The next order of business is how to go about finding the key in which you should sing any given song. An inexperienced singer is apt to say, quite flatly, "My key is E flat." In other words, he expects to transpose every song to that key. This is, of course ridiculous. Every song is a new transposition problem, the key in which you sing it depending upon the key of the printed copy, as acted upon by your individual vocal range.

Third, *phrase your song*

When you breathe, you pause. These pauses put a sort of vocal parenthesis around the words you sing, dividing a song lyric into definite groups of *related* words.

The first move in phrasing a new song is simply to mark the copy with checkmarks at the places where you plan to breathe. Planned phrasing assures you of a plentiful supply of breath throughout the song, and helps you gain confidence by always singing the song in the same way.

Short phrases are intrinsically dramatic, exciting. Long phrases are more sweeping, romantic, soothing, and intimate. If in a certain song you're taking the loss of a lover rather lightly, in the Ballad manner, you'll favor the shorter, more casual phrasing—if you're rather sad about the thing, you'll go more for the long phrases—and if you're very bitter indeed, you'll return to the short phrases, but add punch to them with a forceful delivery technique.

If you smoke a lot, your breath capacity may be small, and it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to do a daily half-dozen to build it up to the point where you have breath enough to draw out the full beauty of some of the long phrases.

In any event, *stay within your capacity;* never attempt a phrase which taxes you. Gauge the amount of breath you will need for a given phrase (whether a full breath, a half-breath or a sneak) and arrange your rhythm to allow the necessary time to take it in. Don't puff—too many breaths give a choppy effect, and if your capacity is abnormally low, set about developing it. And don't strain or hurry, because the essence of naturalness is apparent lack of effort.

Fourth, *fit your diction to the song.*

You undoubtedly chatter along at a great rate in ordinary conversation, without a thought of diction. That's fine: otherwise you'd sound like a self-conscious elocutionist and nobody would like you. I want you to sing in the same relaxed spirit.

You must learn to make your singing diction clear, because audiences can't ask "What?" You must make it attractive, too, because you're singing for money now and you want the customers to like you and your songs. You must learn how diction flavors moods, for obviously a girl whose heart is breaking won't torch out her sorrow in crisp, crackling articulation.

Many people think that good diction consists of not saying things like *gonna hitcher.* But it's much worse to sound so pure that it hurts. While the beginners' diction often offends through carelessness, just as often the classical singer is annoying and hard to understand because of his over-correctness.

Above all, I want you to seem natural. Don't rhyme *been* with *seen* and *again* with *rain* unless you've done it from the cradle. Maybe you have an accent of a regional (idear—suh!) or social (Moiphy—hunderd) character which, though natural, is unintelligible or objectionable. If so, change it *just* enough. You must sound like you.

Set the song's tempo and pace.

THE proper tempo for a song is determined by three considerations:

1. *Mechanical factors.* The words must fit the music as comfortably as possible for your voice and delivery-technique. Some singers with pleasing voices can't sustain long notes without wavering—so they step up the tempo to shorten these notes.

2. *Artistic factors.* Different moods take different tempos. The breezy, reckless effect of "I'm Gonna Lock My Heart and Throw Away the Key" was heightened by singing it in fast tempo, in contrast to the slow tempo which used to set off the melancholy effect of a real torch song.

3. *Showmanship and Musical Sense.* If you'll run over a song in several different tempos while you're working it up, when you hit the right one you'll "feel" it. Showmanship may dictate that you do the song out of its technically proper tempo, either for the sake of novelty (on a hit song that's being aired a dozen times a night) or to fit your own peculiar style.

Pace is that gradual ebb and flow *within* the basic tempo which gives the song movement, life, and vitality.

A change in Pace may be sharply marked; or it may be only the imperceptible speeding up and slowing down of conversation. The child reading from a primer drabs along in a dull, lifeless monotone which robs the content of all interest. Now, however, imagine the chatter of the most interesting conversationalist you know—she speaks slowly, for emphasis, for a bit: her voice quickens with excitement and becomes staccato as she makes her point: then slows again. Vivid, full of motion and interest, and convincing, isn't she?—and it's her subtle change of pace, that constant



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ebb and flow of movement, that makes it so.

Pace in singing is much the same sort of thing. You delay the opening of a phrase, and then hurry over it with an effort of excitement; you dwell on an important word, and then hurry over the casual words which follow, and you use many other devices, all with the idea of getting away from woodenness to the conversational, personal intimacy of the interesting rendition.

But remember that using a trick of Pace without a good reason for it is Schmaltz. And Schmaltz is vocal hokum—that exaggeration of expression which frankly appeals to the listeners' emotion. It reached its all-time height in Jolson's "Sonny Boy," in singing which he dropped to his knees, stretched out his arms, and throbbed his sobbing, breaking, despairing, behind-the-beat tremolo until the aisles ran with tears.

Build up an applause-inviting ending.

The intensity of your applause is the outward measure of your success as an entertainer. Applause comes at the end of your number. Therefore, the ending of the song is where you must bid for that applause.

An effective ending has two fundamentals: climax and finality. To be *climactic*, the ending must top anything and everything that has gone before. It may be louder, or softer, or higher in pitch, or more emotional, or it may even contain some element of surprising novelty; but it *must* be a "topped." The most common ending is loud and high. It's most common because it's the safest. Your very vitality infects the audience and their stimulation reaches such a pitch that it finally spills over in frantic applause. True, an ending which fades a soft song into dreamlike nothingness can be equally effective, but only if you're a clever artist and everything is perfectly staged. It's risky.

ONE common problem remaining to be mentioned is the *revamping of a male lyric so it can be sung by a girl, and vice versa.* As a rule, you simply change *he* to *she, boy* to *girl* and so on, but do not alter important words to fit this need, especially rhyming words, because then the change is so noticeable that it's offensive. If a written lyric can't be unobtrusively re-sexed, sing it as written and nobody will mind; most girl singers did the rampantly male "Change Partners" successfully with no lyric change whatever.

Dependence upon Special Arrangements is an admission of weakness. You say, in effect, "I'm not good enough to put this song across as written; I'll have to prop myself up with tricks." It isn't arrangements you need, it's to build up your delivery technique. Special arrangements can never substitute for honest ability, they can only serve now and then to highlight and bring it out.

Here is my personal idea of a good arrangement: It must be simple, comprehensible, honest, and straightforward. It's a plan; a campaign designed to most effectively put over a song. It does things only for reasons, and is natural and unassuming to such a degree that it almost isn't an "arrangement" at all.

When a singer marks an ordinary song copy with his simple routine, lines up the phrasing, paces a few spots and plans to bring out a few

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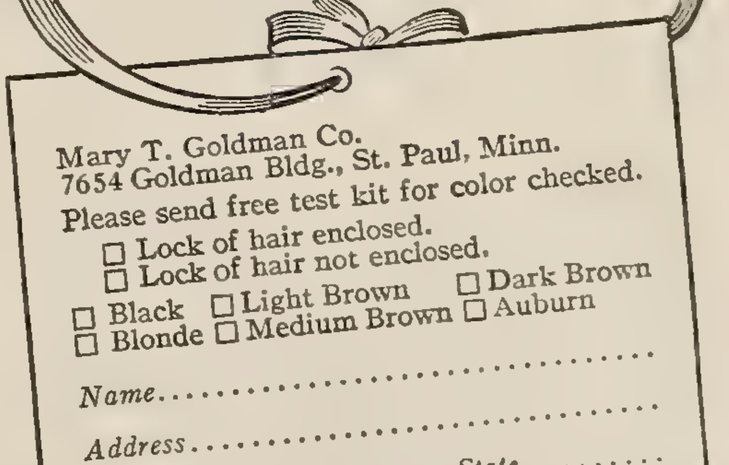
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significant words, brightens up his repeats with a melodic variation or two, and works out an applause ending, *that is a special arrangement.* It simply changes the song just enough to bring out its fullest appeal, creates two or three outstanding moments, and personalizes the song to the singer; but it's the best special arrangement that money can buy.

Bringing a Song To Life

Suppose a girl says to you, "I'm in love." "Well," you reply vaguely, "I'm sure that's very nice," trying to hide your inner feeling of so what, it happens every day. But suppose she says instead, "I'm *so* in love!" Your ears begin to wiggle gently, and you murmur a sincere "Tell me more"—especially if she dwells a bit on the so-o-o. The point is that in every important phrase, there is one significant mood, and only one.

To determine this mood, run over the lyric and ask yourself, "What emotion should I be feeling as this song comes from my heart?" In "Little Lady Make Believe" it's parental tenderness. "In "Lover Come Back to Me," it's entreaty. In "Carolina Moon," it's nostalgia. In "This is My Lucky Day," it's joy. In "Ya Got Me," it's light banter. In "Where Are You?" it's hopeless longing. In "Hallelujah," it's exultation. Of course, in most popular songs, the predominant emotion is love of one kind or another ranging from the gay feeling of "Says My Heart" through the serene romance of "Now It Can Be Told" to the throbbing intensity of "More Than You Know."

So decide upon the primary Mood and create it, because an audience bent on amusement want to *feel*, not think. And when the mood is created, sustain it alone throughout the song.

NOT long ago I asked several successful singers this question, "What's the one thing about your singing that gives it its distinctive style?"

Frances Langford said, "Maybe it's that I *live* the song; it's like a story. When I go on, it's happening to me. When it's all over, it's like walking out of a dream." Kenny Baker said, "Even the corniest song has some lines with meaning and feeling in them. When I sang "Oh Promise Me," the boys kidded a lot, but some of those lines meant a lot to me." Jane Froman said, "I approach a song from the lyric angle first. The music is important, of course, but I can't do anything with a song until I've made the lyric part of me. If I can't mean a song, I just don't sing it."

These three are representative of the tops in the singing profession. They know plenty of vocal tricks, tricks as good as any flashy "stylist" in the business; but when I asked them about Style, they didn't even think of tricks.

For Style is the sum-total of everything you know and are: it's your singing character, your vocal personality. Style, that distinction which sets you apart from the herd, is the vocal expression of the idealized *you.*

I like to think of a singer's style as something that can be summed up in a single adjective, a trademark. Maybe your public won't consciously realize that it's your trademark, but they will subconsciously realize that you're pleasingly "different" and remember you accordingly. Right there, by the way, is the ultimate purpose of Style: to make your audience notice you and remember you.

Here is what I consider the best way to go about giving your singing Style an obvious, surface distinction. Analyze your stuff. Discover the quality which is or can be made most "different" or outstanding. Then develop it and feature it. To be different, a quality doesn't have to be odd. It can simply be noticeably *better* than the same quality in your competitors. You'll probably settle on your potentially strongest point, the thing you naturally do the best.

Tricks are so easily and quickly copied by your competitors that they don't retain any element of distinction long enough to be true style. Mildred Bailey comes to my mind as an exception. That's because although her tricks (Melodic variations) are planned, she invents new ones faster than the competition can steal them. Martha Raye is another: hers aren't copied because they're spontaneous; she's one of the few who have the gift of hot improvisation, never doing any number twice in exactly the same way. And by the way, their tricks are superlatively *good.*

SWING SINGING

To enter the swing singing business you need, among other more important things a phonograph and an axe. The phonograph is for stealing the latest licks hot off the new records. The axe is for breaking rules.

True Swing Swinging is Instrumental Imitation

You aren't a singer now; you're a hot band instrument which happens to use words. That's why the singing rules are broken. *Vocal tone?* Your thin, whiney tone copies that of the tenor saxophones or muted trumpet. *The smooth legato?* You cut off or damp your tone within the phrase just as the guitarist does. *Logical phrasing?* You now phrase according to the melody, not the sense of the words. *Attractive diction?* Artificial diction helps to get that whiney tone and is considered "cute" at the moment. *Sustaining the mood* and *stressing the important words?* You're not singing now, you're playing, and the lyric doesn't count for much. *Naturalness?* Forget it—the first tenet of swing singing is unnaturalness.

Well, getting personal about the matter, can you sing swing? The fact of the matter is, you either can swing or you can't. If you can't, any attempt at it verges on the horrible. The natural swing singer can rock the daylights out of a melody without changing a single note.

Are you a swing expert? Then I've some advice.

Comes first the pleasant advice. You probably haven't realized that you're imitating the hot instruments as you sing. Now that you know it, do it systematically; instead of stealing licks and tricks from the other swing singers, take them hot off the horns and get credit for being "original."

But right now your new ideas may be too clever for even your jitterbug public, and of course, you're away over the heads of the adult group. You feel the variations on a melody even before you hear the melody itself, and that's bad. Look at it this way. Would you appreciate the clev-

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erest burlesque of Garbo, if you had never seen Garbo on the screen? Of course, you wouldn't since you'd have no standard of comparison. Then why not toss in some plain melody on a first chorus so that people will appreciate what you're doing later on?

Comes now the advice that is less easy to take. You're not very commercial right now, and in another few months you may not be commercial at all. The trend is away from swing. Hot music, as such, is going back underground until a new generation rediscovers it. Don't let the milling youngsters around the bandstand blind you; it's the millions of people around the radios in the living rooms, the families in the neighborhood theaters, the adult sophisticates in the night clubs whom you must please in the long run.

So how about catching this trend? Start by editing your swing style a bit, asking yourself, "Wouldn't this passage be more effective if I sang it straight?" Tone down gradually. I admit it's going to be hard to do, with swing in your blood, but you can do it—if you're smart.

How do you and the microphone get along together? Are you friends or enemies? If the latter, you have entirely the wrong idea, and you need Charles Henderson's introduction to the singer's best friend—none other than that same microphone. Read next month's chapter of "How to Sing for Money" for an intensely valuable explanation of microphone technique—something you must have before you can hope to be a successful entertainer.

My Most Dramatic Case

(*Continued from page* 16)

getting there, and in the work that awaited me, I was able to push the problem of Bob and Beatrice into the back of my mind; and when I returned to my office I had recovered at least a degree of poise.

It was after office-hours, but Bob was waiting for me in the hall.

"Beatrice told me about seeing you," he said.

I tried to be reasonable. I told him how much Beatrice loved him; I reiterated that I wouldn't marry him if he purchased his freedom with her happiness. But he was like a man possessed—and though I realized this, I could feel the old fascination taking hold of me once more. In spite of myself, I pictured our life together as it could be.

AND when at last he abandoned words and held me in his arms, I could argue no longer. Against all my judgment, against my knowledge of right and wrong, I returned his kisses. It had been so long—so terribly long—since anyone had reminded me that I was a woman.

The abrupt ringing of the telephone brought me back to reality. "Let it ring," Bob said; but if I was a woman, I was also a doctor.

"It might be important," I said, and picked it up.

As I listened to the deep voice of Dr. Pastor, my old friend and staff surgeon at the hospital, I knew that this was probably the most important telephone call in Bob Warner's life.

"Oh, no!" I remember whispering. "How horrible . . . I'll be right over."

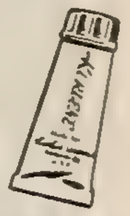
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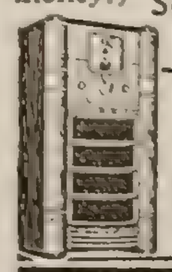
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I hung up and turned to Bob. "It's Beatrice," I said, trying to keep my voice from trembling. "She's been hit by an automobile and—and Dr. Pastor says her condition is serious."

He stepped backwards, as if he were trying to ward off a blow. His gaze searched my face, and I knew we both had the same terrible suspicion.

Had she stepped in front of that speeding car on purpose?

An hour later, I had finished my diagnosis. There was one chance—a slight one—that we could save Beatrice's life by operating. Dr. Pastor agreed with me.

Beatrice was conscious. Her eyes never left my face when I told her that Dr. Pastor would operate immediately. I thought at first she hadn't even understood, because she whispered, "Bob— Is Bob here, Hilda?"

"Yes," I said. "He's outside."

"Can I see him? I mean—I'd like to see you and him, alone."

I glanced across at Dr. Pastor. He nodded slightly and went out.

IS it awfully—dangerous, this operation?" Beatrice asked. Between the bandages her face was shadowy. I couldn't tell what she was thinking.

"There's a certain amount of risk in all operations—" I temporized.

"I'm going to die—that's true, isn't it?" she demanded.

"Certainly not. You're going to be all right, Beatrice. Dr. Pastor is one of the best surgeons in New York—"

"Oh," she said just as the door swung softly open and Bob came in, "but I want you to operate on me."

"Hello, Beatrice," Bob said.

"Hello, Bob." Even though the dim bedside lamp was turned aside so no light would shine into her eyes, I could feel Beatrice watching us.

"Beatrice, I don't think you understand," I said. "Dr. Pastor has had a great deal more experience than I in cases like this. It would be much better for him to operate."

"Oh, no, it wouldn't," she said in that same soft, faraway voice. "I won't let anyone at all operate on me except you."

"But don't you want to get well?" I demanded.

"Yes—now I do. I didn't when I jumped in front of that car." I heard Bob's sharp indrawn breath.

Beatrice went on: "But now I want to get well—and *you've* got to help me, Hilda."

"I?" I gasped.

"Yes—don't you see, that's my way of making sure I'll get well. Because you won't dare to let me die. You know that people would say you wanted to get rid of me because you loved Bob."

"Don't be insane, Beatrice!" Bob broke in. "Hilda is a respected surgeon—no one would believe that of her."

"Oh," Beatrice said, "but even if they didn't, Hilda would wonder herself—enough to keep you and her apart for the rest of your lives. You see"—her voice fell so low that we could scarcely hear—"you see, I love you so much I can't bear to share you with another woman, even after I'm dead. . . ."

"But it isn't fair to put such a burden on Hilda!" Bob argued. "How can she operate successfully if she's worried—afraid—"

"If Hilda won't operate, I won't let anyone else. And my death will still be on her conscience, because she could have saved me . . . but she refused."

I listened unbelievingly.

"And suppose I operate, and save your life?" I asked her. "Then, will you give Bob his freedom?"

"If I live," she answered, "I'll go on fighting to keep him! . . . Well, Hilda, will you operate?"

"I—I can't, Beatrice! It's not right to ask me," I said.

"Then I won't let anyone else touch me!" she said, flaring into unexpected hysteria.

Bob laid his hand on my shoulder. "Hilda!" he begged. "Please say you'll operate. It's our only chance!"

I looked up into his face, drawn, tense, and I knew that whatever he asked I must do.

"Very well," I said with a great weight of fear on my heart. "I'll operate on you, Beatrice."

Outside, in the corridor, he took my arm. "I'm sorry," he said. "It was the only way to keep her quiet—but of course I don't expect you to do the operation. After she's under the anaesthetic, she won't know—"

Actually, it was a way out that hadn't even occurred to me—and it was only a second before I realized that it wasn't really a way out at all.

"But I have to operate," I told him dazedly. "I promised I would—and I can't break my promise."

"Oh, she won't know—" he began.

"No—but if we tricked her—if I let Dr. Pastor operate, and she—died," I said, "I'd feel that it was my fault. That's silly, isn't it? There's no reason why I should, but—I'd feel as if I'd killed her then, too. That's why I have to keep my promise."

WHILE I scrubbed my hands and got into my sterilized apron I tried to recapture my old trick of not thinking about an operation. I tried—and failed. I had to think about this one, even if thinking of it brought me to the edge of a breakdown. It was a tremendously difficult surgical case, under the best of circumstances—and I was to perform it under the worst! Dr. Pastor would be beside me, assisting, but the real responsibility would be mine alone. Suppose the knife cut a hair's breadth too far? Suppose my fingers lost their strength? Suppose—so many things?

I looked at my hands. They were trembling. My forearms felt cold and numb. My heart was thudding in my breast so I could scarcely breathe.

Dr. Pastor was looking at me anxiously. "Hilda—should you perform this operation? You look a little under the weather—"

"I'll be all right," was all I could trust myself to say.

The operating room had never seemed so big, the stretch of polished floor between the door and the table so long. Above white masks the eyes of the nurses and the anaesthetician regarded me intently. Did they, by some intuition, know?

The light clicked on overhead. "How is the patient?" I asked.

"Going under nicely," the anaesthetician replied.

I took a deep breath, stretched out my hand toward the nurse at the instrument table.

The nurse slipped a scalpel into my hand. Through the rubber glove I felt its sturdy steel handle—cold, clean, familiar. Strength flowed up my arm from it, through my whole body — wonderful, glorious strength

and sureness.

I bent over the silent form on the table and made the first incision.

It was twenty-four hours before we knew that Beatrice would live. All that time Bob stayed at the hospital, waiting, though I went home and got what sleep I could, while Dr. Pastor observed the case.

Unbearable relief came when I heard that Beatrice would live—to be followed by the sadness of Dr. Pastor's next words—"But, Hilda, as I feared—she'll be an invalid the rest of her life."

I too had feared that. The surgeon can save a life, but sometimes he cannot make that life whole again.

"You'll tell Mr. Warner?" Dr. Pastor asked, and I nodded.

Bob came into the office a few minutes after Dr. Pastor had left. "You wanted to see me, Hilda?" he asked. "Pastor told me what a wonderful job you did on Beatrice—that you saved her life—"

"Yes."

DO you know what that means? That we haven't lost our chance at happiness together, after all?"

"No, Bob," I said. "It doesn't mean that. There's something you don't know. Beatrice will be an invalid as long as she lives."

"An—invalid!"

"We'll have to stand by her. *You'll* have to stand by her. You can't leave her now." He took a step toward me, and I said quickly, "No—don't, Bob. Don't make it any harder for both of us. Don't you see—when two people deny their love, as we did, they commit a sin. They have to go on paying for that sin, just as you and I—and poor Beatrice, too, though she had nothing to do with it—are paying now. There *is* no happiness for us, together. We condemned ourselves, ten years ago, to live the rest of our lives apart."

"Hilda!" he cried. "That isn't true!"

"Yes it is," I said. "I've thought it all out, Bob. I knew, even before I operated, that Beatrice—if she lived—would probably always be an invalid. I knew that whether I saved her life or not, we'd have to say good-bye to each other."

"But I love you—and you love me!" he said despairingly.

"I could never love you as much as Beatrice does," I answered. "You know that. Once before, I showed you that my love for you was less important than my work."

That was intentional brutality, and it had its effect on him. Quickly, I followed it up: "But Beatrice—why, you are her whole existence! Won't you go in to see her now, Bob, and tell her that you're ready to forget all that's happened, if she will? Make her life worth saving! That's the only way either you or I can be happy now—by giving some meaning to our existences!"

Slowly a measure of understanding dawned on his face. "A meaning to existence!" he said softly. "There's always been a meaning to yours, Hilda—never to mine."

After he'd gone, the tiny office seemed to close in on me—to hold everything that was left in my life. Books—files of case histories—surgical instruments in a glass case. Everything efficient, neat, orderly, sterile.

There's an old proverb—"Physician, heal thyself." That's what I must do.

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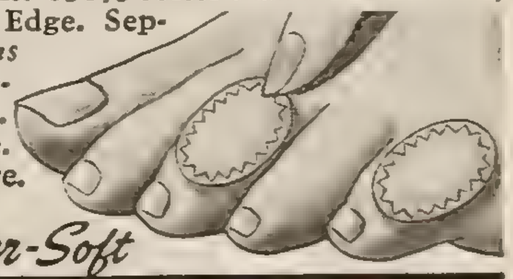
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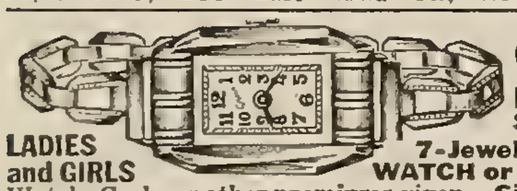


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It Had to Happen—

(*Continued from page* 11)

laurels to someone else.

In Hollywood, where — tragically enough—a success in marriage is more noteworthy than a failure, other young couples fighting desperately against the bitter odds of marriage versus career have envied the Bob Hopes their "perfect marriage." Now that Linda Roberta (for "Roberta") Hope has arrived to crown their happiness, they know that Dolores and Bob have nothing to fear.

The Hopes adopted little Linda from the famous "Cradle" in Evanston, Illinois, last September. They had been on the waiting list for "a boy two years old" for over a year. When they stopped in Chicago enroute home from London this summer, they drove out to Evanston to drop in on Mrs. Wolrath and see how their chances were for getting a son for Christmas.

"Don't worry. You'll get your baby," Mrs. Wolrath told them cheerfully. "I've heard a lot about you two. As a matter of fact, I have a baby now I had in mind for you—only six weeks old. Of course it's a little girl, and . . ."

"Bob thought we should get a little older baby." Dolores objected, weakly, "he thinks little ones are so red, you know and so wrinkly."

"We really wanted a boy," said Bob.

"But could we just *look* at her?" asked Dolores.

THAT was the end of the argument.

Dolores spent two weeks in San Francisco in personal appearances with Bob, then went back to Chicago to get Linda.

Ever since her marriage Dolores had wanted a child. At first she hoped for one of her own. When the best New York physician told her there was no possibility of that she wanted to adopt one.

"We have such a happy life, Bob. We should have a child to share it. Our marriage wouldn't be complete without it."

Bob didn't consent at first. Perhaps he harbored a last small doubt that one day Dolores would find that being "Mrs. Bob Hope" wasn't enough, and would want to think of her career again. What of the baby then?

"Wait a little, darling," he said.

All of you who liked Bob's radio show last year, and made his program —a newcomer to the air—a quick success had something to do with the final decision. Once the show clicked, Bob and Dolores knew that they would be in Hollywood for a long time, and that they would have a permanent home—in the California sunshine—and peace and security to offer their child. As soon as they knew, they wrote to Mrs. Wolrath.

If Bob had been doubtful about babies, especially small ones, Linda soon cured him of his misgivings.

The biggest change—Bob and Dolores' old New York friends would never believe it—is evident every morning about eight o'clock. Things are buzzing around the house by then.

"You know," Bob remarked one morning as he pulled himself out of bed at a quarter to eight, "This is just about the time we used to get in back in New York when I was rushing you."

"I'd get away from the club at 2:30," Dolores recalled. "And then we'd go to Rubens' for a sandwich. Remember the night we went to Harlem to hear some swing band and didn't get home until nine o'clock the next morning?"

"And the night," said Bob, "that we went for a hack ride in Central Park? And there was snow on the ground and the horses' hoofs actually crunched!"

Remembering all this, they laughed. And then Bob asked:

"Dolores, do you remember New Year's Eve in 1933?"

And suddenly there were tears in Dolores' eyes, for even now she cannot remember that night without trembling. That New Year's Eve was the night Bob proposed to her.

It is a story, however, without which no picture of Bob Hope would be complete. It is a picture of a softer, gentler fellow than his fans take their smooth, wisecracking idol to be. It was that gentle fellow with whom Dolores Reade fell so precipitately in love, and the fellow little Linda will know as her father.

The night she met Bob—and the milkman—for the first time, Dolores had her first good look at a New York sunrise. Not that she had been without masculine admirers. There were half a dozen rich and prominent New Yorkers playing stagedoor Johnny for Dolores. But she had enthusiasm only for her career, and pampered it with plenty of beauty sleep.

She was on her way to stardom. Love? She had no time for love. Marriage? Don't be silly.

That was before December 21, 1933.

He came in with two other men. She knew George Murphy—who was dancing in "Roberta"—and Bob Maxwell. George introduced her hurriedly to the other man.

I'VE brought Bob over to hear you sing," he said. She thought he must mean Bob Maxwell and smiled.

The three were going on to the Ha-Ha Club for supper and asked her to come along. She accepted. As soon as they found their table, George and Bob Maxwell left them to greet some friends on the other side of the room. She was left alone with the nice, anonymous young man.

"Let's dance," she said.

"I don't think I feel like it," he answered.

She was furious, and suddenly acutely aware of him. How did he dare? This—this *chorus boy*—had refused to dance with her. She looked around for Bob Maxwell, and caught his eye. In a moment they were on the dance floor, and the anonymous young man was alone at the table. Next he was at Maxwell's side, tapping him on the shoulder.

"I'll cut," he said.

She began an indignant refusal, but before she could speak, they were in the middle of the floor dancing. Maxwell had gone back to the table.

"I feel like it now," he said, and laughed.

It was four o'clock when they left the club. They went on from there to Rubens' for scrambled eggs. Someone mentioned golf, and Dolores and her still anonymous young man found they were both enthusiastic golfers.

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Everyone talked at once until suddenly it was six o'clock.

"I've got to go home," she said, and he called a taxi.

At the door, he slipped two tickets into her hand. They were for the next matinee of "Roberta". "Come backstage afterwards," he said.

It was daylight, and her mother was asleep when she came in. Dolores woke her to tell her the good news.

"Mother, I've met my husband! And I don't even know his name!"

The matinee was the following Wednesday. She went shaking at the prospect of seeing him again. The curtain went up, and he was on the stage—not in the third row of the chorus, as she had expected, but alone in the glare of the footlights, singing "Now That I've Got You Goin' What You Gonna Do?"

What *was* she going to do? He was Bob Hope, the *star* of the show, and she hadn't known it. He had come to hear her sing, and she had treated him like a fan. He was so wonderful, so clever. He was the whole show. How could she face him? She wouldn't. She would go backstage, but not to see him. She would go to see George. She could talk to George until she had conquered the horrible embarrassment.

BOB'S dressing room was on the first landing. She saw the door was open, and she tried to brush by without his seeing her. But he looked up, and called her in. She found herself chattering stupidly, "wonderful show—you were so wonderful—wonderful of you to ask me . . . have to go now" and she ran out of the room.

The next night he called. The maid gave her the message. "Mr. *White* Hope is calling."

Would she be around if he dropped in at the club? Yes, oh yes!

And that evening she walked out into the foyer, to the top of the steps leading down into the club. Across the room she saw him, sitting at a table for two with one of the most beautiful blondes she had ever seen!

The waiter put a chair at the table for her. For twenty minutes she tried to talk sensibly and her heart was in her shoes. Then two men joined them.

"Sorry to be late, Bob," they said.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Bob point to her, and then to his heart. The two men were most attentive to the beautiful blonde girl. And her heart bounced up out of her shoes and stuck in her throat.

The whole week was like that. As soon as she was alone, she knew that the whole thing was hopeless. And then she'd see him again, and they'd tear out to Harlem, or go for a hack ride in Central Park, and they talked as easily, familiarly, as if they'd known one another all their lives, and she knew they'd always be together.

New Year's Eve was on Saturday night. Bob was taking a late train to spend the holiday with his mother in Cleveland, but they had dinner together. He showed her the cameo brooch he had bought for his mother's Christmas present.

"She'd love you," he said.

That's all there was. Bob, on the surface so flip is really too shy to put his deepest feelings into words. But she knew what he meant.

They ordered champagne, and drank toasts to "our year" and then Bob went off to the train, and Dolores to the club.

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She went home early, and in the hotel elevator picked up a morning paper. A well-known gossip column was full of news that morning. Half way down she read "———— phones to say that she and Bob Hope have been secretly married for a year!"

New Year's day was horrible. She fled the hotel, and the questions of friends, and walked for hours, up and down the gray, deserted canyons of New York's streets.

Could it be true? Could he have deceived her? "No," she said aloud, "it can't be true. If it's true he'll just have to get a divorce!"

No wires. No phone calls. But of course he hadn't seen the item.

Monday when she went to the club, she felt that everyone knew. Even the waiters looked at her sympathetically. "They've seen that story, and they know I love him. They know . . ."

A corsage of orchids was waiting for her, with Bob's card. And a telegram. "Happy New Year, Honey. I'll see you tonight." That was all, but it gave her hope.

He came into the club at midnight, and she sat at his table.

"Did you see the item in the paper?" he asked her at once.

"Is it true?" she said.

"You know darn well it's not true."

And that was that. Bob's heart was still in her possession!

Dolores was booked to open at the Embassy Club in Miami on January 14. Her mother and sister, who steadfastly resisted any suggestion that Bob Hope might make a proper husband for their Dodo, looked upon the Florida engagement as a godsend. Maybe Dolores would come to her senses once she was away from this fellow. An actor!

As usual, when deeply moved, Bob, when he had met Dolores' mother, had buried his real feelings under a stream of wisecracks. She hated him!

Dolores' Miami booking was for eight weeks. At the end of four she had lost ten pounds, Bob's phone bill was $500, and she broke her contract. Bob met her at the train in New York, and within a few hours they were on their way to Erie, Pa., and the justice of the peace.

Dolores made a few half-hearted stabs at continuing her career after that, but it was no go. She had no spirit for a career—her marriage was all absorbing.

Events moved quickly for the Hopes. Bob clicked on the air in a show with Al Goodman's band and Jane Froman, and Hollywood pricked up its ears. When his Hollywood radio chance arrived, pictures too were waiting for him.

Now that the family has grown, Dolores is busy, indeed. A tiny baby is a full time job. So is supervising the construction of a new English farmhouse. Dolores does both, and still finds time to be with Bob whenever he is free.

The first excitement of having the baby is over now, and in its place the sort of warm contentment that fills a house where love is.

The house itself seems to a stranger passing by to shed a warm light all of its own, to say that here happy people live.

"We *are* happy," Dolores says, "We're so lucky."

And you know as she says it that here is a marriage that will be warm and safe and secure, "so long as they both shall live."

Second Husband

(Continued from page 32)

I don't think he fully realized what I had done when I smashed that glass on the wall.

I have no memory of the passage of time after that. All I know is that at last someone was pounding on the door, then battering the flimsy panels down. Two men—the manager and the house detective, I later learned—rushed in. Thank heaven, they believed my breathless explanations enough to agree to hold Jake Hunter for investigation!

The clock on the bureau showed me I had only fifteen minutes to get those matching pieces of paper to the bonding company. Fifteen minutes to save Bill . . .

I just made it. When I stepped into the office Bill was going over to one of the bonding company executives, his hands outstretched, saying bitterly, "Go ahead, get out the bracelets and snap them on."

October 3rd . . .

WHERE were you all day?" Grant asked me at dinner.

"At the theater," I said.

Bill and Ben were there and I thought it wiser to tell Grant about the box-office theft and Bill having been a suspect when we were alone. But the Fates were malicious. I'd no sooner spoken than Edwards announced that Mr. Harwood was on the telephone and that he had been trying to get me all day.

After I talked to Harwood there was no time to explain anything to Grant. I was late for the theater. And when I returned home he had retired and left a note asking me not to disturb him since he anticipated an exhausting day today.

But things are never so bad they can't be much worse. Today at three o'clock I was at Mr. Harwood's office to keep the appointment I had made with him over the telephone last evening. To my surprise Raymond Rogers, just back from England, was there. So was a Mr. Harry Wilson of KDF Pictures, Inc.

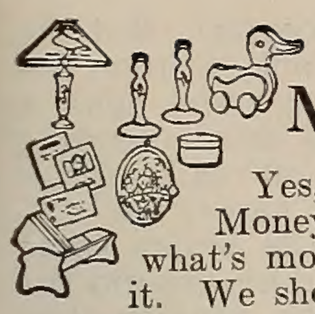
Mr. Wilson offered me an unbelievable motion picture contract. The play is closing in another ten days, and Mr. Harwood urged me to sign. I explained that I couldn't without consulting Grant. They went into an adjoining room to telephone Hollywood, and Raymond and I were left alone.

He was very sweet. "I'm glad of this chance to talk to you," he said. "I want you to know I'm engaged to be married—to a girl I've known for years."

I reached for his hand. "Raymond," I said, "I'm so glad!"

And again Grant walked in upon us—to misunderstand.

"I begin to see," he said, "why it was so difficult for you to tell the truth about your whereabouts yesterday. You and Mr. Rogers had a little rendezvous, no doubt, to talk over old times."



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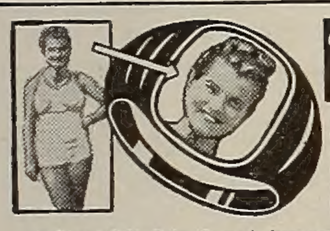
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"Grant," I said, "you're being foolish . . ."

Then Mr. Harwood and Mr. Wilson returned and I couldn't say any more.

"You're the man we want to see, Cummings," they greeted Grant. "We've been waving the most flattering motion picture contract before your wife and she won't sign it without your approval."

"Then," said Grant icily, "she won't sign it."

October 7th . . .

I've signed that contract *without Grant's approval.*

And I haven't troubled to tell him about the box-office theft and all the rest. I won't spend my life denying his suspicions, proving my loyalty and devotion. I won't! I won't! If he hasn't enough love for me to have faith in me we can't go on.

October 8th . . .

Bill and Ben Porter went to Grant and told him everything. And Grant came to me so truly sorry for what he had said and done that all I knew to do was take him into my arms and receive his kisses and pretend I didn't notice his tears.

December 2nd, Hollywood . . .

I've truly been too busy even to open these pages, much less write in them. Tonight is the premiere of my first picture, and Grant and Dick and Fran are to be there.

December 2nd—later . . .

I can't sleep. One minute I want to sing at the top of my lungs. The next I want to slip to my knees and pray. Tonight was glorious. They stamped and shouted and cheered when the picture ended. In spite of everything it was a brilliant, overwhelming success. . . .

February 12th . . .

Again, there's been no time to write. I'm finishing another picture. And now I know what a hard taskmaster success is. This picture must be as good as my first one . . . and that is the way it will go on and on, I guess. Until something happens to change the pattern. . . .

February 27th . . .

Until something happens to change the pattern!

Now I know what that something will be. Blindness! For weeks I've known print blurred before my eyes. And I've told myself it was nothing in the world but over tired nerves. But today when I stumbled into a chair that was a little too much. I went to see a doctor. He tried to be kind. He said:

"It may only be temporary."

March 2nd . . .

This may be the last time I will ever write in my diary. My sight has grown steadily worse, and today I can barely see the words as they come from my pen . . .

It's ironical. The doctors don't know anything definite about my sight. But they have told me one thing—very definitely. I am going to have a baby.

Once that would have been incredibly joyous news. Now it's different. To have a baby and never see it smile. . . . To have a baby and never know the color of its hair in the sunshine. . . .

"Quite suddenly," the specialist said, "your sight may return. It's largely up to you. You must rest and not worry."

June 5th . . .

I can see. *I can see!*

My vision isn't always clear. But

I'm "Choosey"

...and here's why I choose

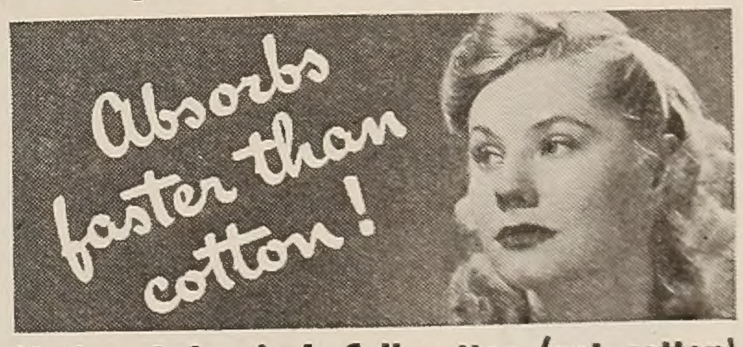
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I have the word of the most eminent eye-specialist in New York that I'm on the mend. We came East a few weeks ago. Of course I can't make pictures now.

June 6th . . .

Grant wants to adopt Dick and Fran. He wants them, and the baby who is coming, to have an equal right in his estate. It's so wonderfully understanding and generous of him.

June 15th . . .

The most glorious thing has happened! Bill has been cleared of that thirty thousand dollar embezzlement for which he went to prison. The man who really took the money died —and left a letter behind him. It appears Bill deliberately took the blame, because he was deeply in love with this man's daughter and because he thought his father would make up the loss and that would be that. He didn't know banks never let a crime go unpunished.

July 15th . . .

Grant's Uncle Arthur is here visiting us at the Cummings estate on Long Island. I should be terribly happy, here in the midst of all this loveliness. But I keep thinking of Aunt May as one of those black clouds that cover the sun. Ever since she came there has been tension in this house.

Dick and Fran have done a turnabout regarding their adoption. In fact, they became so hysterical on this score that I had to promise them Grant would drop the matter.

"Don't want to make trouble," Ben Porter told me, "but I heard Auntie May talking to the children in the rose garden. 'You poor tots,' she told them, 'you don't really know what's going to happen to you when you're adopted, do you? Mr. Cummings will have the right to send you away when he's your real father. With a child of his very own he'll want to do that, too. And your mother won't be able to stop him.'"

July 16th . . .

I went to Aunt May. I told her I knew about the trouble she had made because she didn't want my children to become Grant's legal heirs and jeopardize her portion of the Cummings fortune. I asked her to go away. But she laughed at me.

I saw Grant coming across the lawn. I grasped the back of a basket chair. I fainted!

"You were having words with Brenda," Grant accused Aunt May. "You were exciting her when the doctor has repeatedly insisted she must be kept quiet. Aunt May, I'll have to ask you to leave. At once!"

How do I know what he said if I fainted? Well, to tell the truth—I hadn't. I was acting! And when Aunt May and Uncle Arthur have gone and things have returned to normal I mean to tell Grant all about that faint!

October 4th . . .

There may have been worse days. . . .

There may have been worse storms. . . .

But I doubt it.

Marion, my secretary-companion, and I went for an innocent little drive. Trees crashed around us. Rain dug holes in the country roads. We lost our way. And as we drove through the dark, blinding rain, some of the fury of the storm took hold of me . . . and I knew we must find a dry place for my baby to be born.

God *will* provide. We were miles from any village or hospital. But the shack in which we took refuge belonged to an engineer who was a radio amateur, with a small sending apparatus. He sent out calls for a doctor. And a doctor came!

So did Grant. For the police radio car in which he was riding around the island trying to locate Marion and me picked up the S.O.S.

As soon as it was possible Grant moved the baby and me home. Grant Junior now is ensconced in his pretty nursery. And I'm spending day after day in the quiet of my room trying to regain some of the strength that ordeal cost me.

October 5th . . .

I'm worried about Dick and Fran. The doctor has insisted I see no one, and Grant, frantic with worry over me, won't let them in my room. The baby is brought in, naturally. I have to nurse him.

The baby is brought in. But Fran and Dick are kept out!

There trouble lies. For every time the door opens—almost—I can see their little forms waiting, waiting, waiting in the hallway. Children are such funny little creatures. So easily hurt, so easily frightened. If only I could talk to them and make them understand!

October 6th . . .

I've had a long talk with Dick and Fran. *Grant asked the doctor's permission.*

"You know," he told me, "when I saw them standing in the hall last night, watching the nurse bring Grant Junior in to you, my heart went out to them."

Now that Grant has a child of his own he has more tolerance for childishness, is more sensitive to young thoughts and young fears.

December . . .

Life goes on. . . .

A dozen things at least have happened since I last wrote. Some good, some otherwise . . . But I'm beginning to see that just as it is only Time that brings problems, so it is only Time that can solve them.

My second marriage still cannot be rated an unqualified success. There still are those times when I feel as if I must divide myself between Grant and Grant Junior and Dick and Fran in order to keep them all satisfied. There still are misunderstandings and rough spots in the road. Just now it looks as if all of Grant's fortune is gone, swept away in the European war. I don't really care about that —what I do care about is Grant's health, which is precarious since the financial strain began.

But I am learning to put my trust *in* myself—to meet problems as they come, do my best to surmount them, try to feel secure in the knowledge that our love has weathered other storms and will no doubt weather more.

"Time will take care of everything, Honey," Ben Porter has often told me. And so it will. But it depends upon what we do with our time how Time will take care of things. And with that in mind there's only one thing to do . . . carry on, hoping, believing, loving.

THE END

Listen to Brenda Cummings' further adventures in Second Husband, starring Helen Menken, every Tuesday evening over the CBS network.



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